

Early Fall
1994

MAD

IND

SUPER SPECIAL

\$3.95
Cheap!



1-800-4-mad mag

1 - 800 - 462 - 3624

INTRODUCING
THE
ALL NEW
MAD
PIN
COLLECTION



VISA AND MASTER-CARD ACCEPTED!
(Tough Noogies American Express!)

SUBSCRIBING
TO MAD HAS
NEVER BEEN
EASIER...BEING
SATISFIED
WITH IT IS
STILL PRETTY
TOUGH!



MAD's 800 Phone Line is for **SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS ONLY!**
Calls accepted from anywhere in the U.S. or Canada, Monday thru Friday, 9AM - 5PM, Eastern Time. (Foreign orders must be sent by mail!)

MAD 485 MADison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

SS99

Send me a 40-Issue Subscription for \$59.50.
I'll save \$18.50 off newsstand price and get all three MAD Pins shown above absolutely free!

Send me a 21-issue Subscription for \$37.50.
I'll save \$9.30 off newsstand price and get the official MAD Zeppelin Pin absolutely free!

Send me an 8-Issue Subscription for \$15.50. I'll save a paltry 10¢ off newsstand price and get to look at someone else's MAD pins because you won't send me any!

Payment enclosed!

Bill me! (If you insist!)

Renewal!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

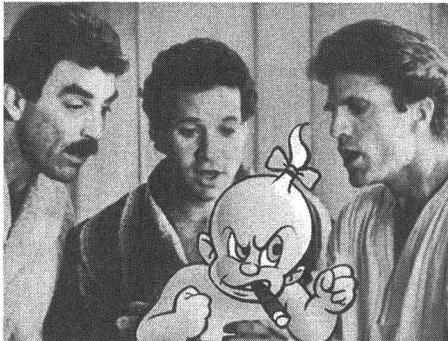
STATE _____ COUNTRY _____ ZIP _____

Our Pledge: MAD will not sell or give your name and address to anyone for any reason!

*Outside U.S.A. (including Canada), \$19.50 for 8 issues or \$51.50 for 24 issues or \$82.50 for 40 issues in U.S. Funds payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Canadian price has GST tax included. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed. MAD Magazine cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails so CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

MOVIE CLASSICS



MAD SUPER SPECIAL 99 EARLY FALL 1994



DEPART

THE CONTRAPCTIONS ARE COMING MORE FREQUENTLY DEPARTMENT

MAD's Modern Rube Goldberg Inventions 2

TALES FROM THE DUCK SIDE DEPARTMENT

The Jarring Jungle Joyride 5
The Inconceivable Island Incident 19
The Silly Solitary Scenario 73
The Unnerving Undertaker's Undertaking 81
The Dreaded Dental Debacle 91

BLUNDER ENLIGHTENING DEPARTMENT

The MAD "Don't" Book 6

FRANK ON A ROLL DEPARTMENT

Ten College Athletes 8

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Self-Defense 10
A MAD Look At Little Wheels 92

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT

Spy vs. Spy 13, 87

BERG-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side of 14, 82

BEAU JEST DEPARTMENT

Guys You're Likely To Meet Before Mr. "Right" 20

IT'S OUR CANNED FILM FESTIVAL
FEATURING MORONIC SATIRES OF
SOME OF THE GREATEST CULT
CLASSICS OF ALL TIME!

SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPARTMENT
"201 Minutes of a Space Idiocy"
(A MAD Movie Satire) 26

'FLUFF SAID DEPARTMENT
Exciting but Meaningless Movie Studio Blurb 33

TAKE THREE! DEPARTMENT
MAD Mini-Movie Satires:
"Guess Who's Throwing Up Dinner?" 34
"In Cold Blechh!" 36
"The Post-Graduate" 38

FILM FLAM DEPARTMENT
Not Playing 40

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN DEPARTMENT
"M*iS*h M*o*s*h"
(Still Another MAD Movie Satire) 41

TOONSTRUCK DEPARTMENT
When Roger Rabbit Technology takes Over All of
Hollywood's Films 46

DE SADEST STORY EVER TOLD DEPARTMENT
"A Crockwork Lemon" (Would You Believe
It's Another MAD Movie Satire?) 50

EVERYBODY'S GAWKIN' DEPARTMENT
"Midnight Wowboy" (You'll Be Glad To Know
This Is The Last MAD Movie Satire!) 58

THE STILLS ARE ALIVE DEPARTMENT
The Cutting Room Floor 65

GOONSTRUCK DEPARTMENT
Recasting Famous Old Movies With Today's
Famous Wrestlers 69

MENTS

DECEIVING HAIR LINES DEPARTMENT

MAD's Cheap and Painless Methods for
Overcoming Baldness 22

TALES FROM THE DOCK SIDE DEPARTMENT

One Fine Morning in Miami 24

COMING TO A DEBT END DEPARTMENT

MAD Suggestions for Reducing The National Debt 74

RIP, PLEASE! DEPARTMENT

MAD's Modern Believe It Or Nuts! 76

DRAINING THE TUBS DEPARTMENT

MAD Visits a Fat Farm 77

GUIDED MUSCLES DEPARTMENT

Specialized Nautilus Machines for Practical
Everyday Activities 88

MICROPHONIES DEPARTMENT

The MAD DJ. Primer 94

LETTERS AND TOMATOES WITH SPECIAL SAUCE DEPARTMENT

Moronic Missives From The Lunatic Fringe 96

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones **

**Various Places Around The Magazine

FRONT COVER ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WILLIAM M. GAINES founder

NICK MEGLIN and JOHN FICARRA editors

CHARLIE KADAU and JOE RAIOLA associate editors

ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG assistant editor

LEONARD BRENNER art director

DICK DE BARTOLO creative consultant

MARLA WEISENBORN production assistant

TOM NOZKOWSKI production director

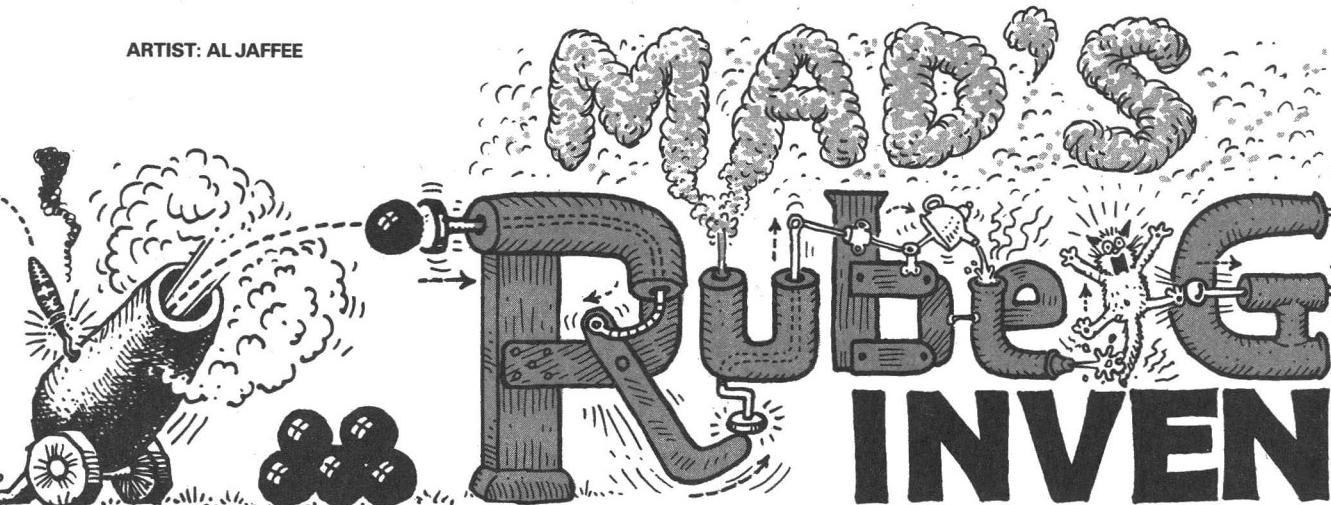
AMY L. VOZEOLAS editorial assistant

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS the usual gang of idiots

THE CONTRAPCTIONS ARE COMING MORE FREQUENTLY DEPT.

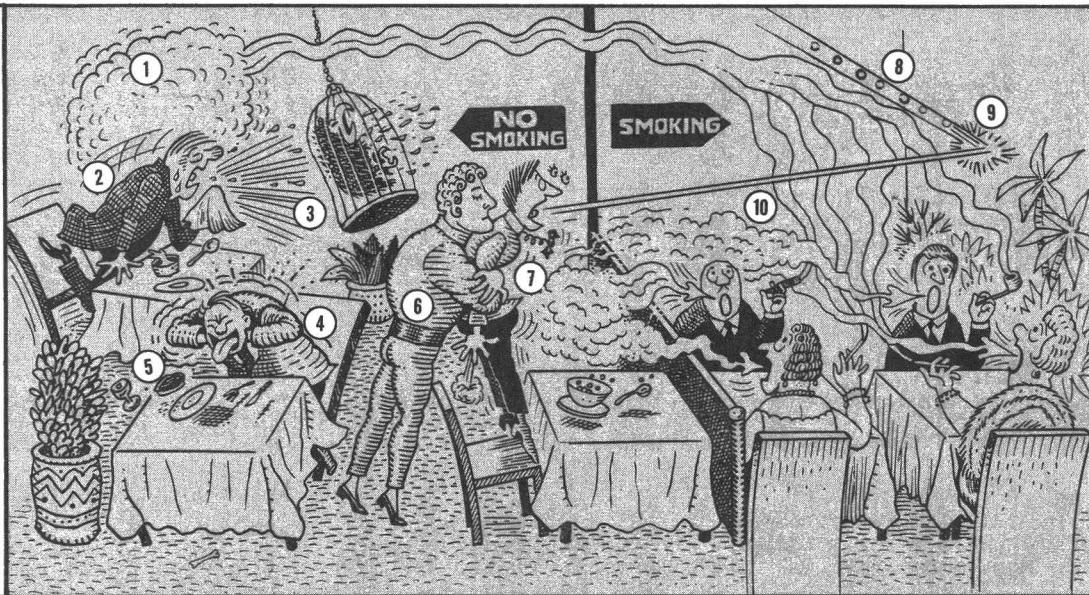
"Rube Goldbergs," as any decent dictionary will tell you, are outrageously complicated devices that perform simple everyday tasks. They were named for the brilliant cartoonist

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



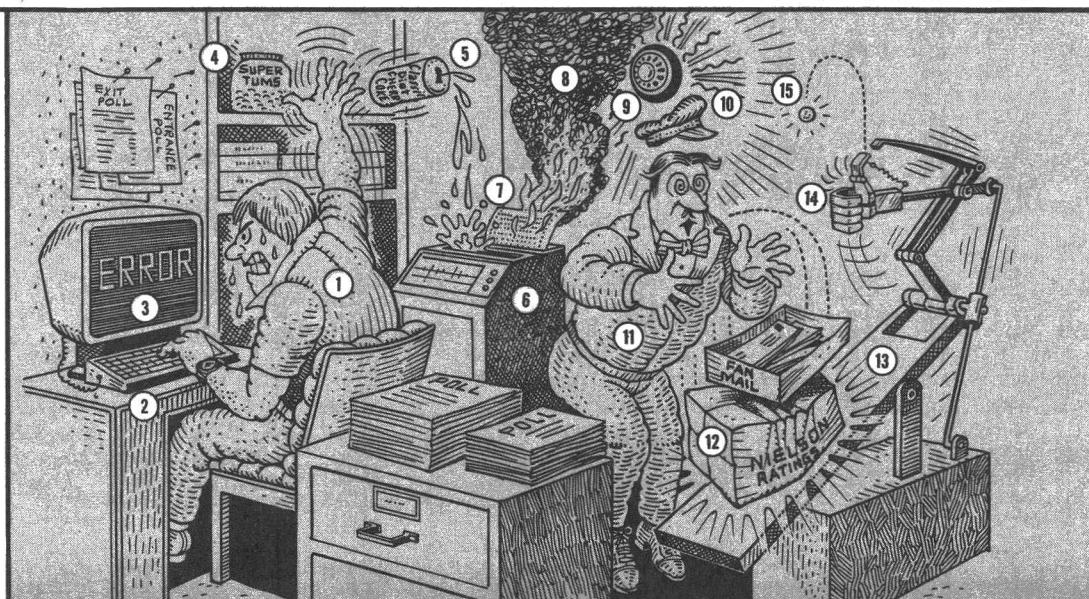
THE AMAZING NO-SMOKING SECTION RESTORER

Smoke (1) causes non-smoker (2) to sneeze explosively, rustling tail feathers of parrot (3) formerly owned by Jessica Hahn, causing it to squawk "Another rash! Another rash!", which hard-of-hearing wall street broker (4) mistakes for "Another Crash!". Overcome with panic at the thought of having to find a real job, broker chokes on his filet mignon (5). Passing waiter/exercise video actor (6) mistakenly applies Heimlich Maneuver to man eating garbanzo beans (7). The beans (8) ricochet against a wall (9), sounding like machine gun fire. Diners in smoking section (10), thinking it is another Mob killing, gasp in terror, sucking smoke back to where it belongs.



THE NETWORK NEWS PROJECTED ELECTION WINNER PICKER

Network news producer (1) feeds early "Exit Poll" data into computer (2), which, in a matter of seconds, displays "ERROR" on monitor screen (3). Producer's ulcer acts up, causing him to reach for Tums (4) and carelessly spill can of Classic Diet Cherry Coke (5) onto Telex (6), shorting it out. Sparks from Telex set paper (7) on fire, sending smoke (8) towards smoke detector (9). Piercing beep (10) startles anchor-man's chauffeur (11), who drops Overnight Nielsen Ratings (12) onto see-saw platform (13), releasing spring-loaded mechanical thumb (14), flipping coin (15) and selecting winner, thereby saving 100 million Americans the hassle of having to go out and vote.



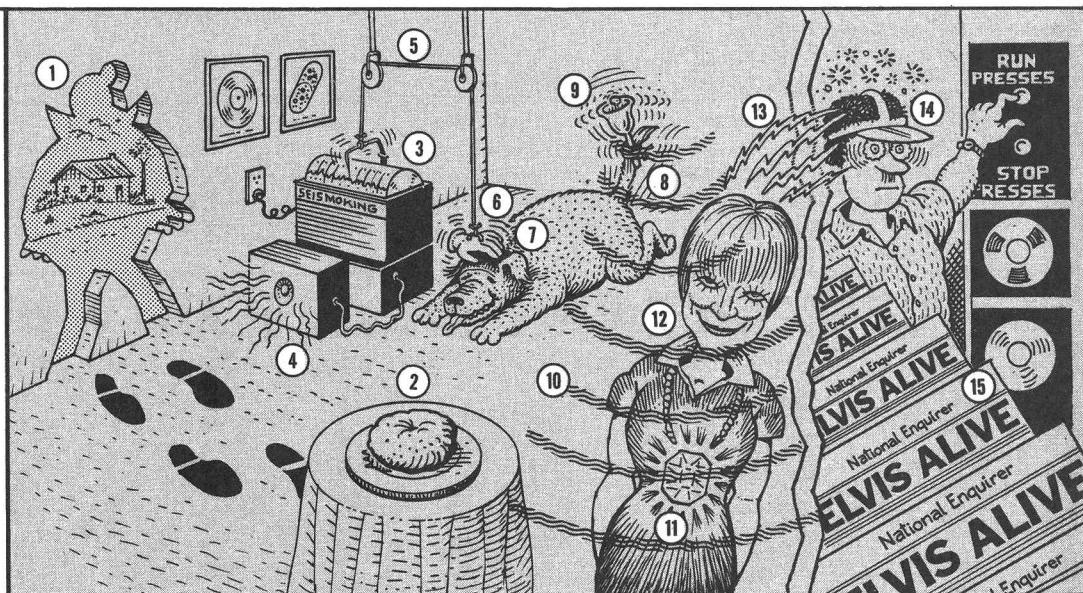
who created them. No, not Charlie Schulz, you yahoo! Rube Goldberg! G-O-L-D-B-E-R-G! So, with a tip of the MAD dunce cap, we blatantly swipe and update this great idea with ...

MAD MODERN OLDIE-DO- TIONS

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

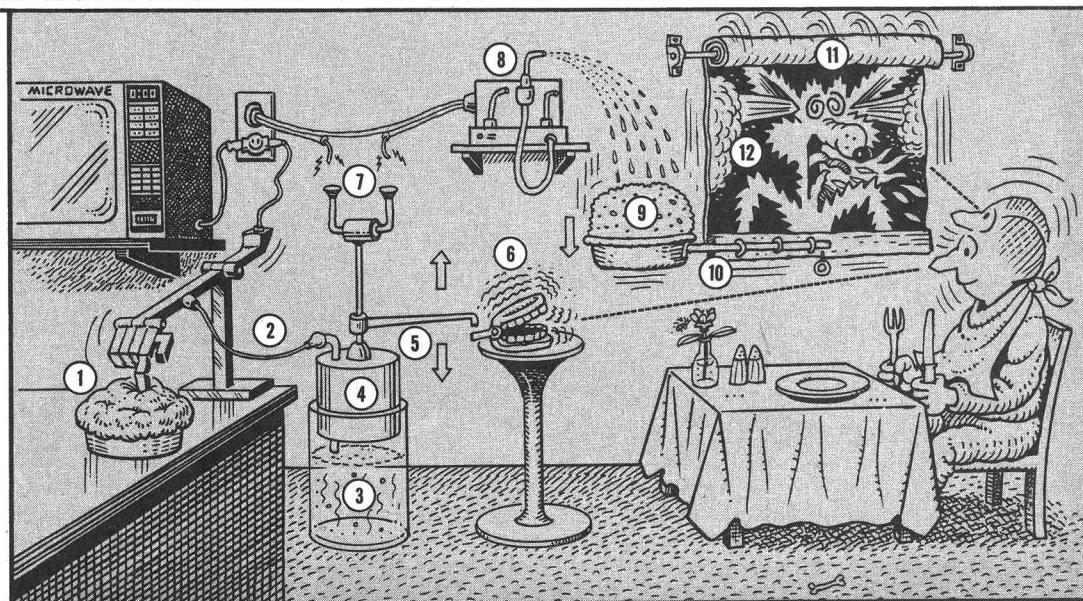
THE HANDY-DANDY ELVIS DETECTOR

Subject enters through Elvis-sized hole (1) and makes a beeline for jelly donut (2), setting off seismograph (3). Photo-electric beam (4) "counts" number of legs to prevent false alarm by crowds of people weighing the same as Elvis. Wildly swinging seismograph needle activates pulley (5) causing plastic hand (6) to pat dog (7) on head. Dog responds by wagging tail (8). Bell (9) attached to tail starts ringing loudly, sending out powerful sound waves (10) which vibrate occult crystal pendant (11) on psychic actress Shirley MacLaine (12). This causes her to transmit telepathic message (13) to National Enquirer editor (14), who hypnotically prints headline "ELVIS ALIVE" (15).



THE MICROWAVE DINNER TEMPERATURE TESTER

Temperature of just-cooked food (1) is conducted through sensor probe (2) and into beaker of water (3). STILL-FROZEN food cools water, reducing air pressure in beaker, which draws down piston (4) causing copper blade (5) to flip switch of novelty-chattering teeth "COLD" indicator (6). SCALDING-HOT food heats water, increasing air pressure and driving piston up. Copper blade completes electrical circuit (7) to Water Pik (8), which saturates sponge (9) attached to metal rod (10). Weight of sponge and rod unrolls movie screen (11) upon which is projected Wile E. Coyote "HOT" indicator (12) from a classic Warner Brothers Roadrunner cartoon.

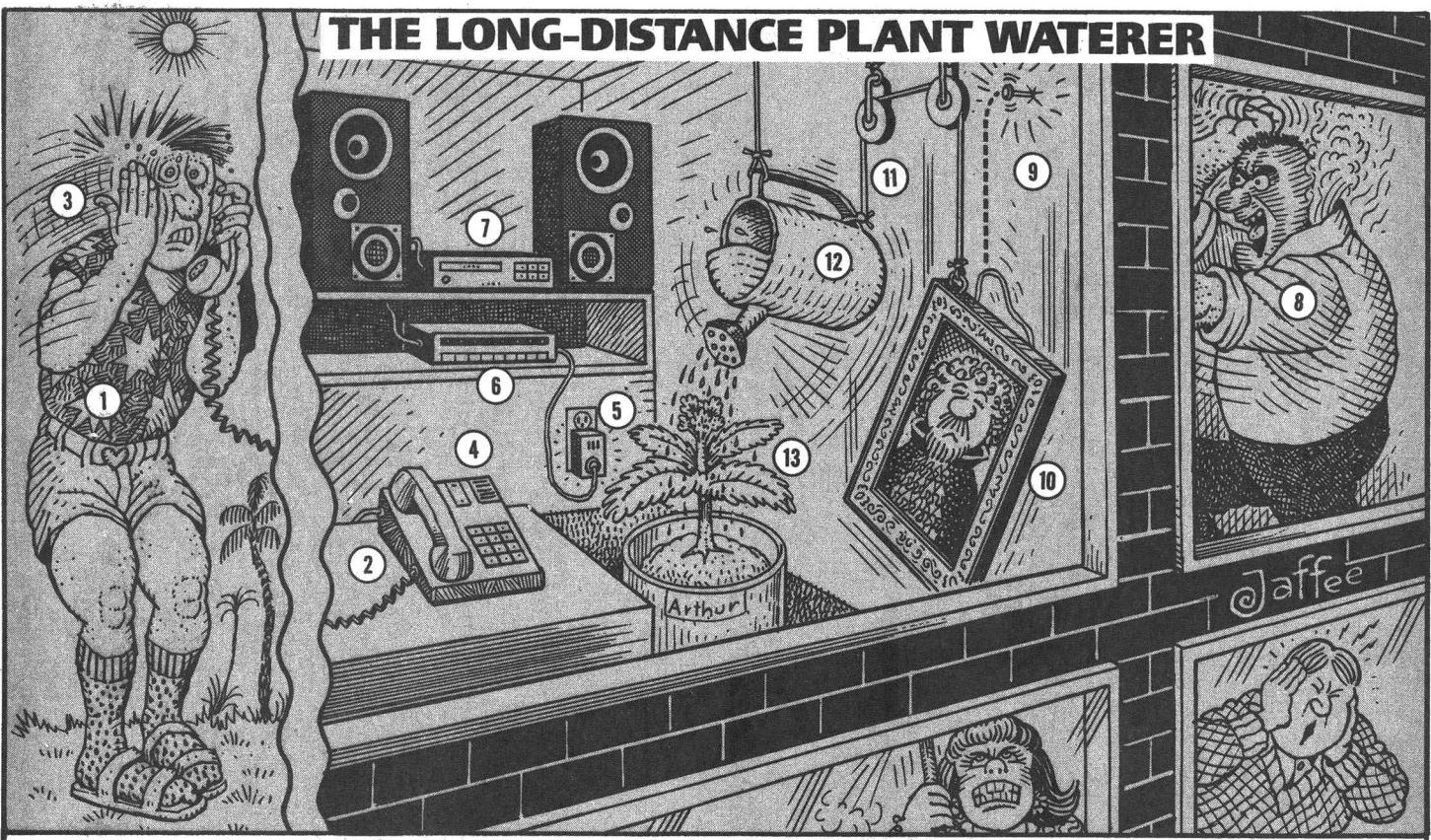


THE MIRACLE RAP-MUSIC ERADICATOR



At first sign of loud rap music, switch on TV (1) to random cable channel, which naturally is showing a "Zamfir" commercial (2). Annoying high-pitched sound of pan flute (3) rouses Pit Bull dog (4), who bites nearby man (5), attracting a crowd of local TV news reporters (6). Their blinding smiles disorient passing driver (7), who slams on the brakes of his Audi 5000 (8), causing it to accelerate and hit miniskirted secretary (9), attracting a crowd of personal injury lawyers (10) and (for entirely different reasons) a crowd of TV evangelists (11). Body heat from all the reporters, lawyers and tele-preachers raises air temperature 1½ degrees (12) triggering a protest demonstration (13) about the Greenhouse Effect, which completely drowns out radio (14).

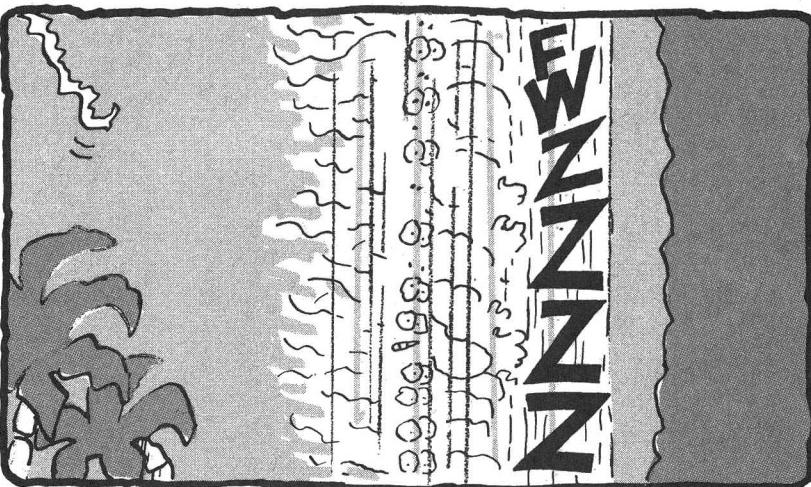
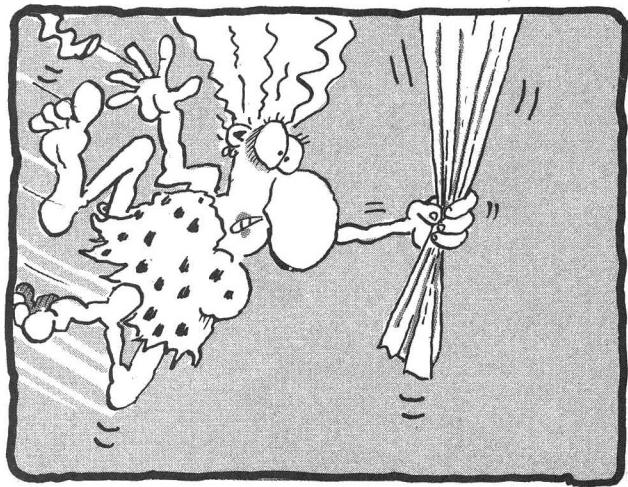
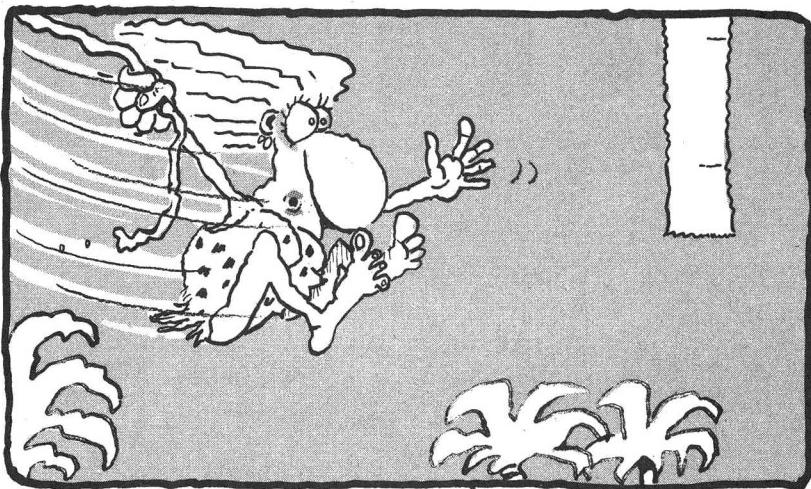
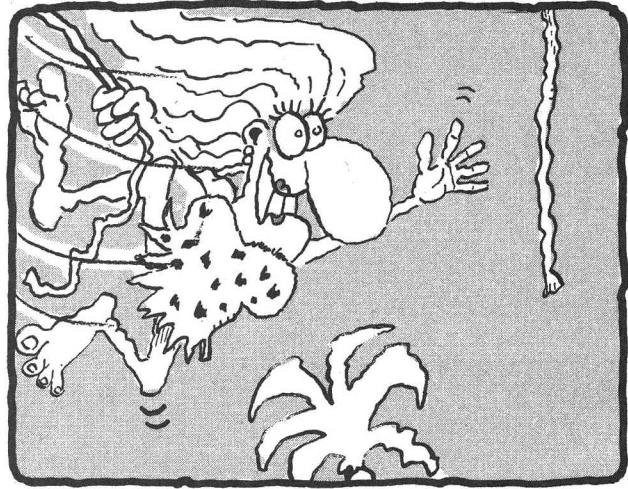
THE LONG-DISTANCE PLANT WATERER



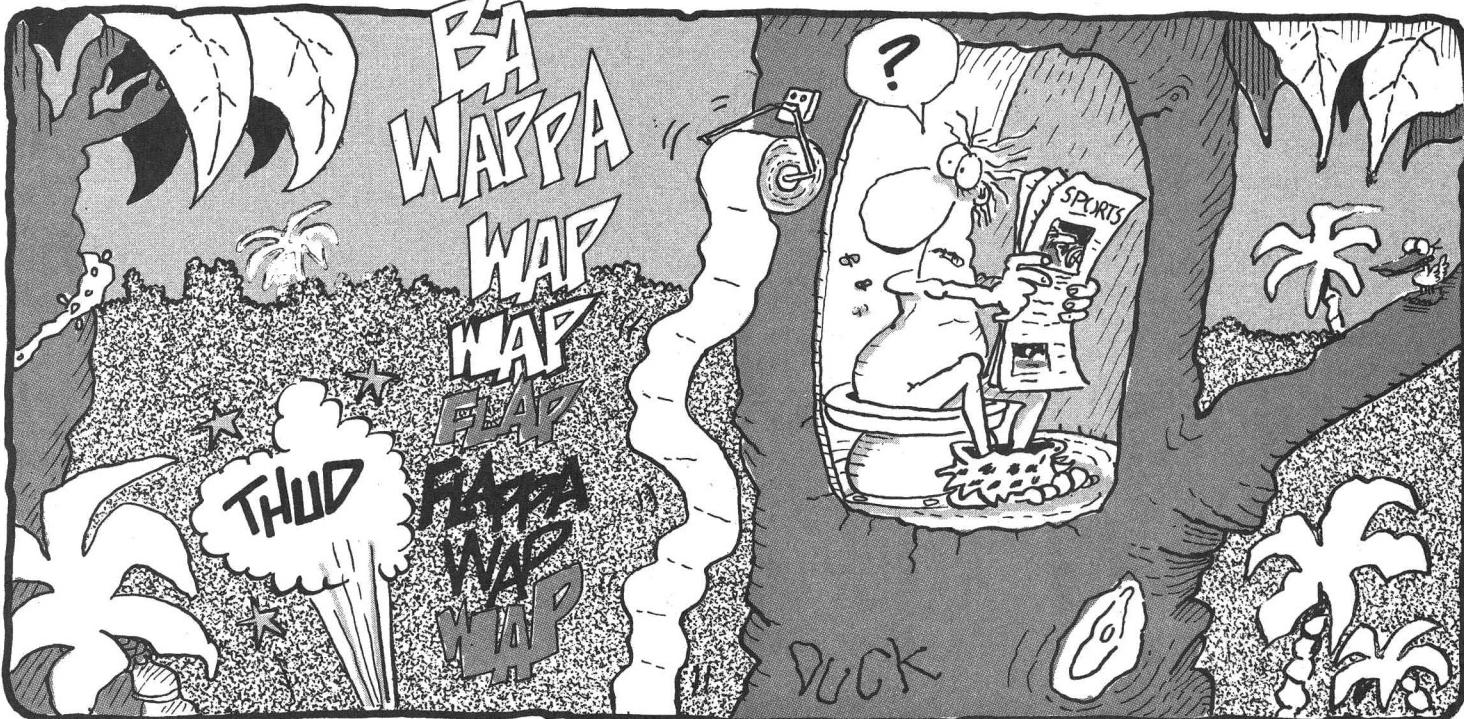
Plant-lover on vacation (1) calls his home phone (2). Upon hearing his own stupid answering machine message (3), he winces and slaps himself. Sound of slap is transmitted through answering machine speaker (4) to The Clapper™ switching device (5), causing it to turn on stereo amplifier pre-set to maximum volume (6) and CD player pre-loaded with the greatest hits of Metallica (7). Within microseconds of music starting, neighbor (8) begins angrily pounding wall (9), knocking picture (10) off its nail and pulling wire (11) attached to watering can (12), tipping it and watering plant (13).

TALES FROM THE DUCK SIDE DEPT.

THE JARRING JUNGLE JOYRIDE



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING



BLUNDER ENLIGHTENING DEPT.

While today's literary market has been flooded with "How-To" books, we at MAD find that there's a shortage of books that explain "How-Not-To" do things. We



THE MAD 'D

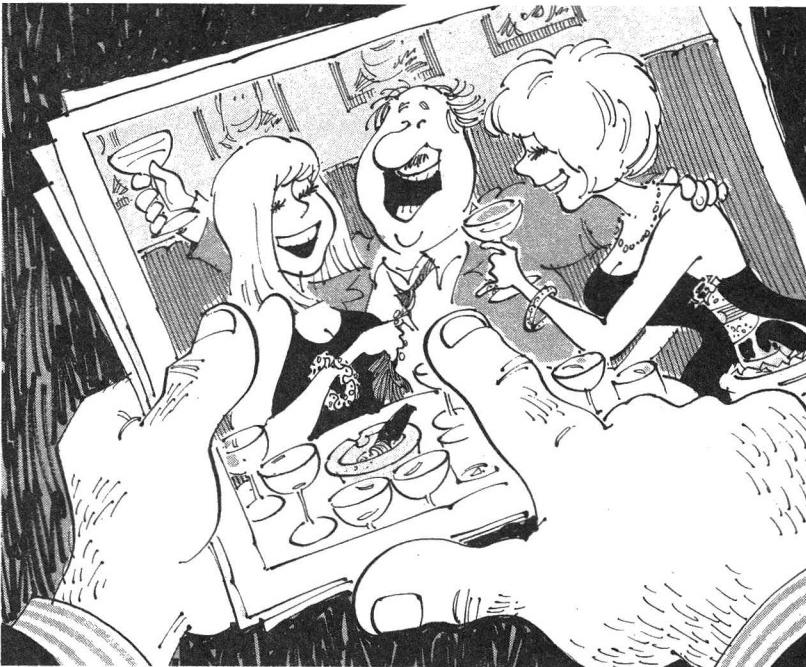
CHAPTER I: WHAT NOT

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

At the wake, DON'T use the dearly departed's forehead as a resting place for your drink.



DON'T try to cheer up the wife of the deceased by showing her snapshots of her husband having a great time on a recent business trip.



If you're employed at "Disneyland," DON'T go to the funeral service direct from work.



DON'T wear your "Walkman" if you're one of the pallbearers.



DON'T use stilts in order to get a better view of the burial ceremony.



think there's just as much value in knowing what *not* to do as there is in knowing what *to* do. And so, with this in mind, the Editors of MAD proudly present:

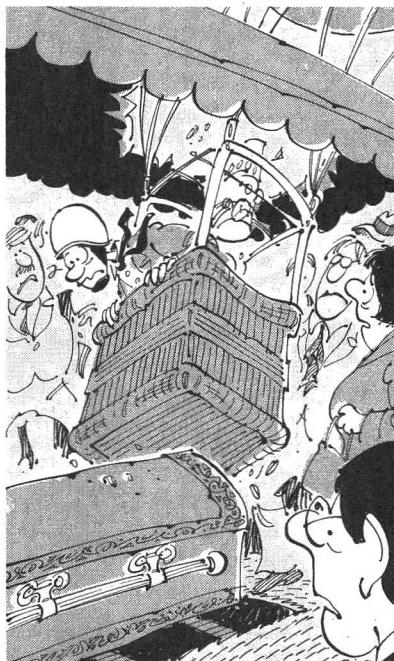
ON'T" BOOK TO DO AT A FUNERAL

WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU

When you send your condolences to the grieving family, DON'T use the "Belly-Gram" message service.



DON'T arrive at the cemetery services in a hot air balloon.



DON'T play with your frisbee during the cemetery services.



DON'T slip the organist \$5.00 and tell him that the deceased's favorite song was "Girls Just Want To Have Fun."



At the reception following the funeral, DON'T entertain the guests with a hand puppet of the deceased.



LOOK FOR CHAPTER II OF "THE MAD 'DON'T' BOOK"
IN AN UPCOMING ISSUE OF THIS IDIOTIC MAGAZINE

FRANK ON A ROLL DEPT.

Legend has it that college athletes once were clean-living, law-abiding types idolized as role models. But with all the recent scandals, it seems a new breed of jock is emerging—one who's more a role model for aspiring criminals! Which leads us to this rhyming saga of



TEN COLLEGE ATHLETES

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

*Ten college athletes,
The best the school could sign;
One punched out a campus cop—
Slam! Bam! We're down to nine.*



*Four junior athletes,
Unleashed and running free;
One shot up a bar and grill—
Boom! Boom! We're down to three.*



*Nine freshmen athletes,
Beefed up and looking great;
One OD'd on steroid shots—
He's stiff, which leaves us eight.*



*Three senior athletes,
In class, without a clue;
One flunked out and stabbed his prof—
Point made—which leaves us two.*



*Eight freshmen athletes,
With juiced-up Porsches revvin';
One was driving stolen wheels—
Beep-beep—we're down to seven.*



*Two senior athletes,
Their school-days nearly done;
One got nailed for coed rape—
School's out—we're down to one.*





*Seven soph'more athletes,
Big spenders with the chicks;
One took payoffs from alums—
Bye, guy—that leaves us six.*

*Six soph'more athletes,
Each betting he'll survive;
One helped gamblers fix a game—
Bet's off—we're down to five.*

*Five junior athletes,
Hot stuff and out to score;
One got busted dealing coke—
Toot-toot—that leaves us four.*

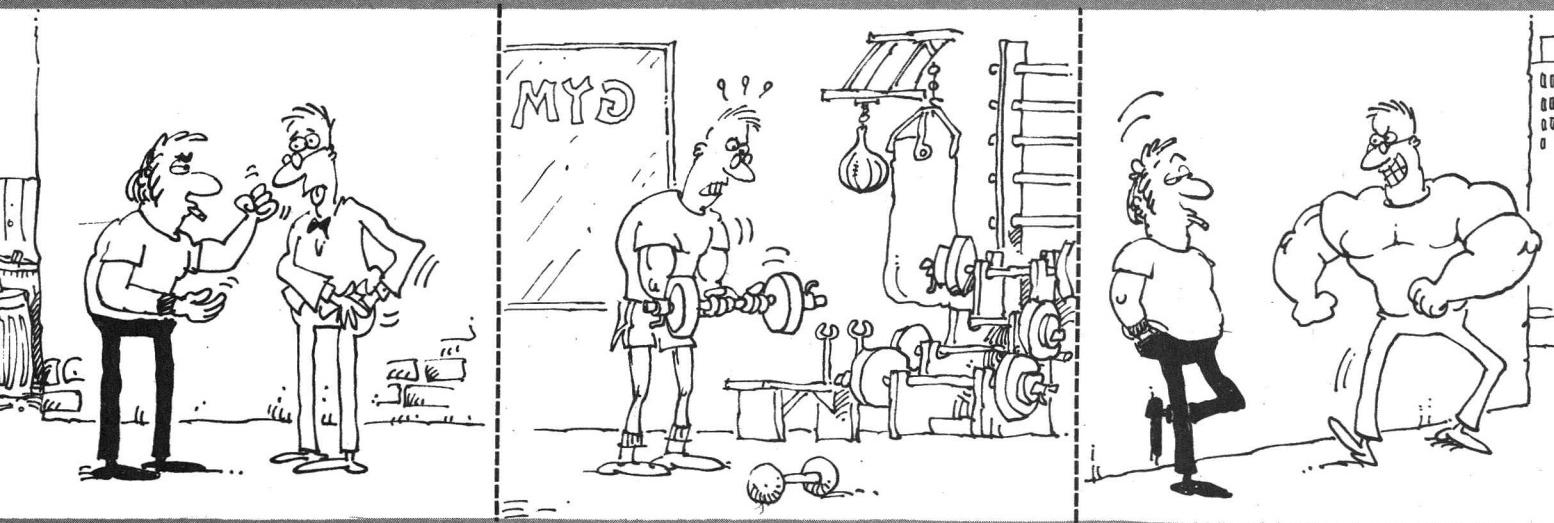


*One college athlete,
Respected, clean, sincere;
My gosh, he's gonna graduate!
Hey! What's he doing here?*

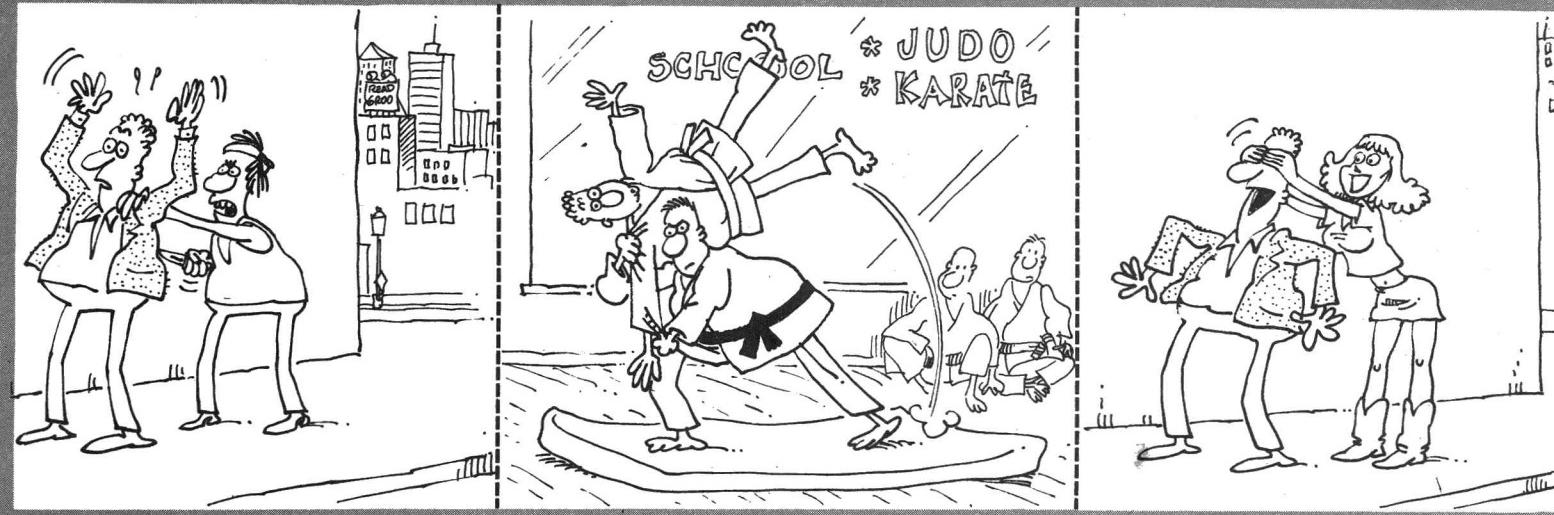


SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

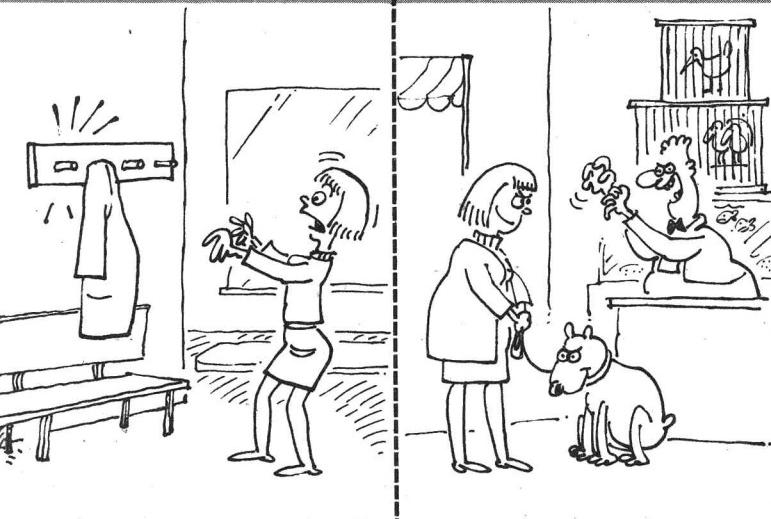
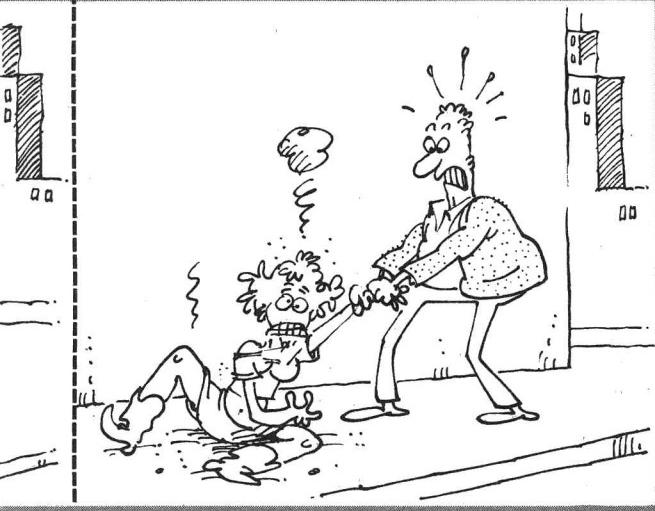
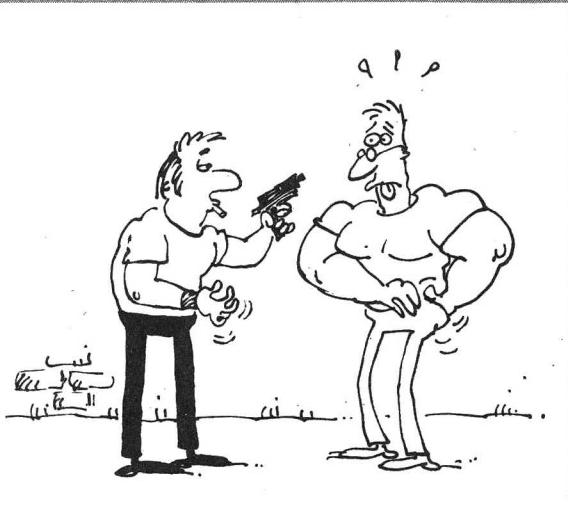
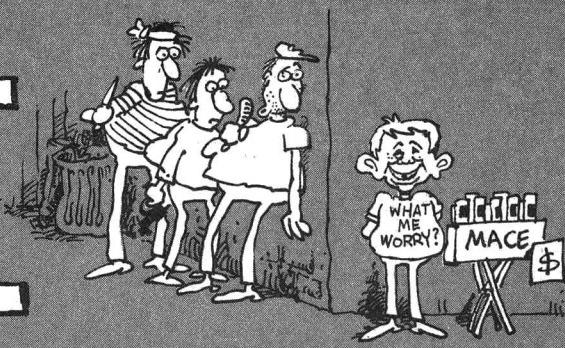
A MAD LOOK AT SELF-

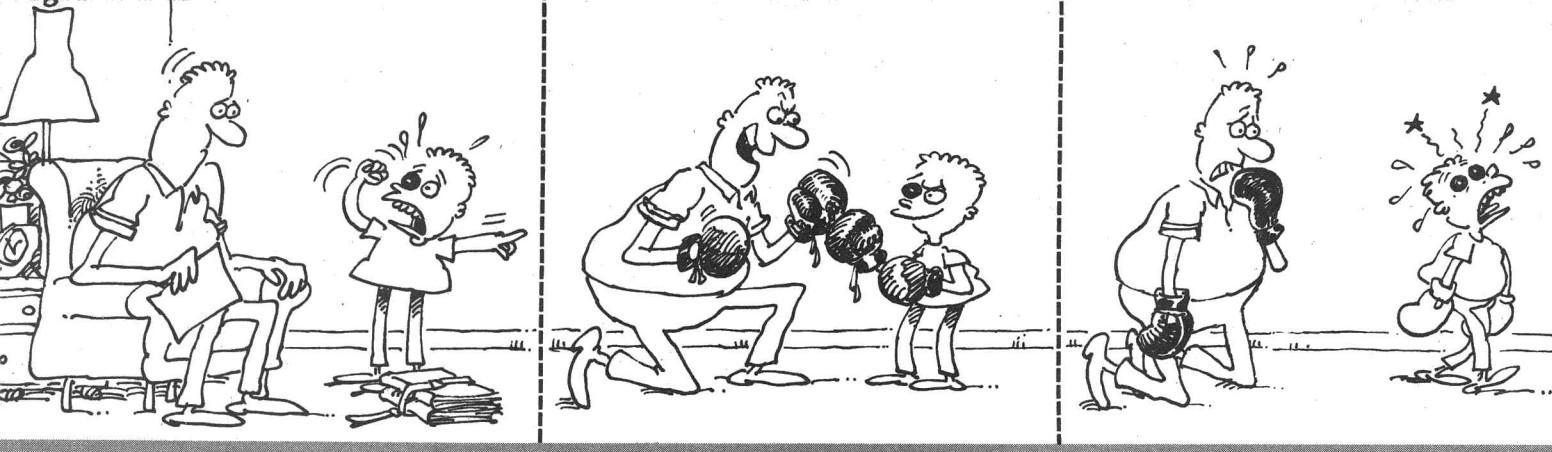


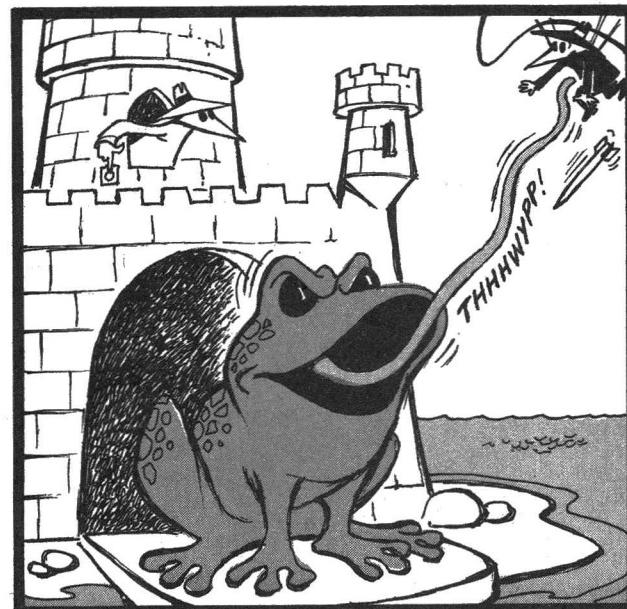
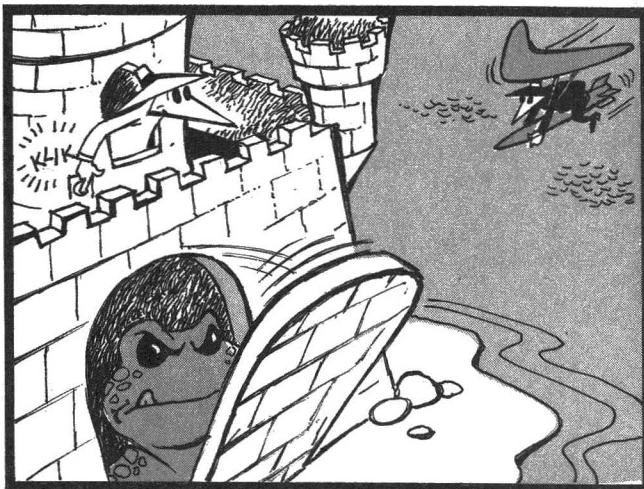
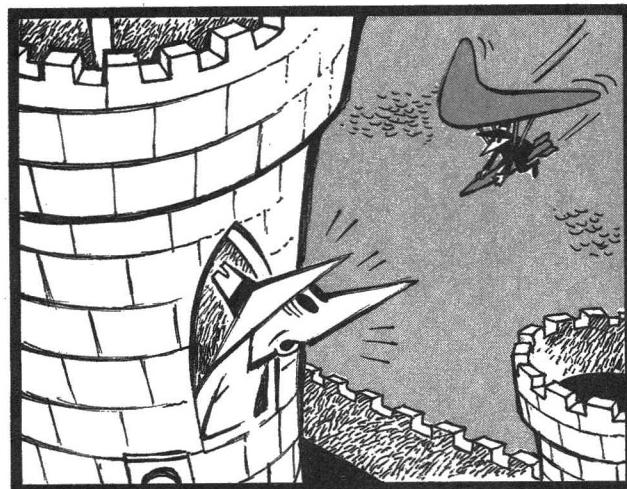
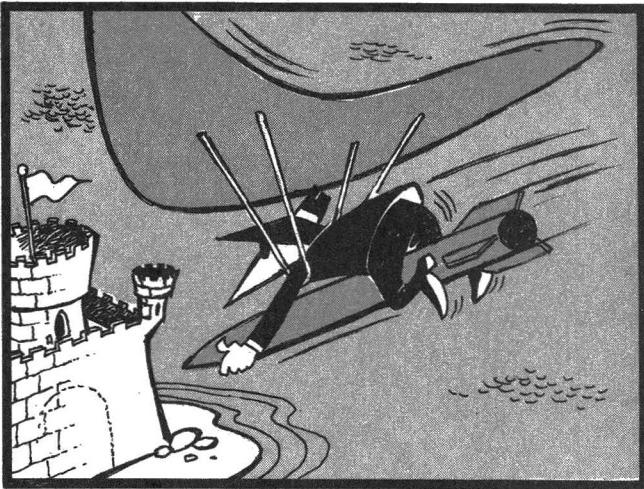
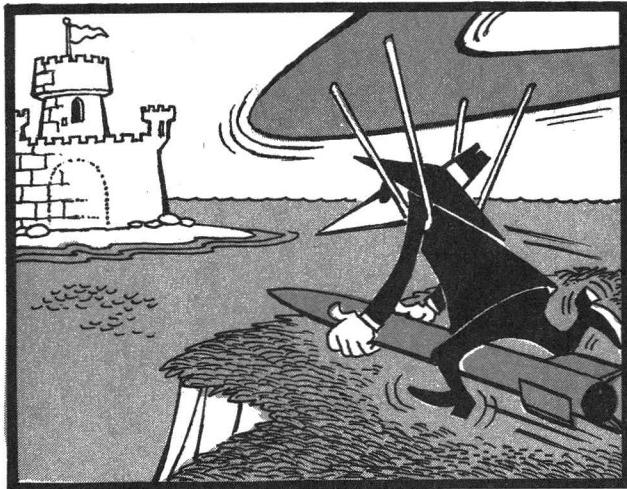
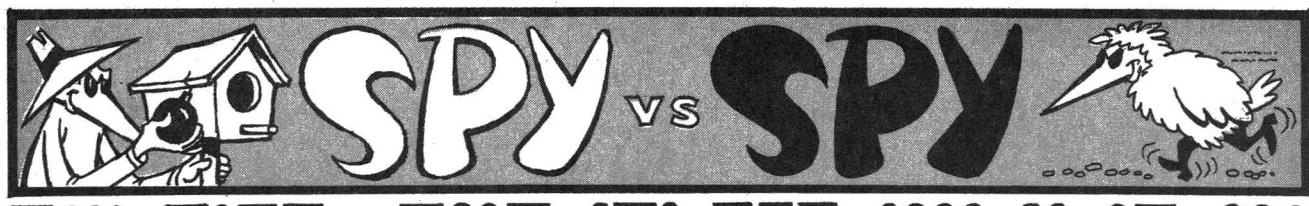
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



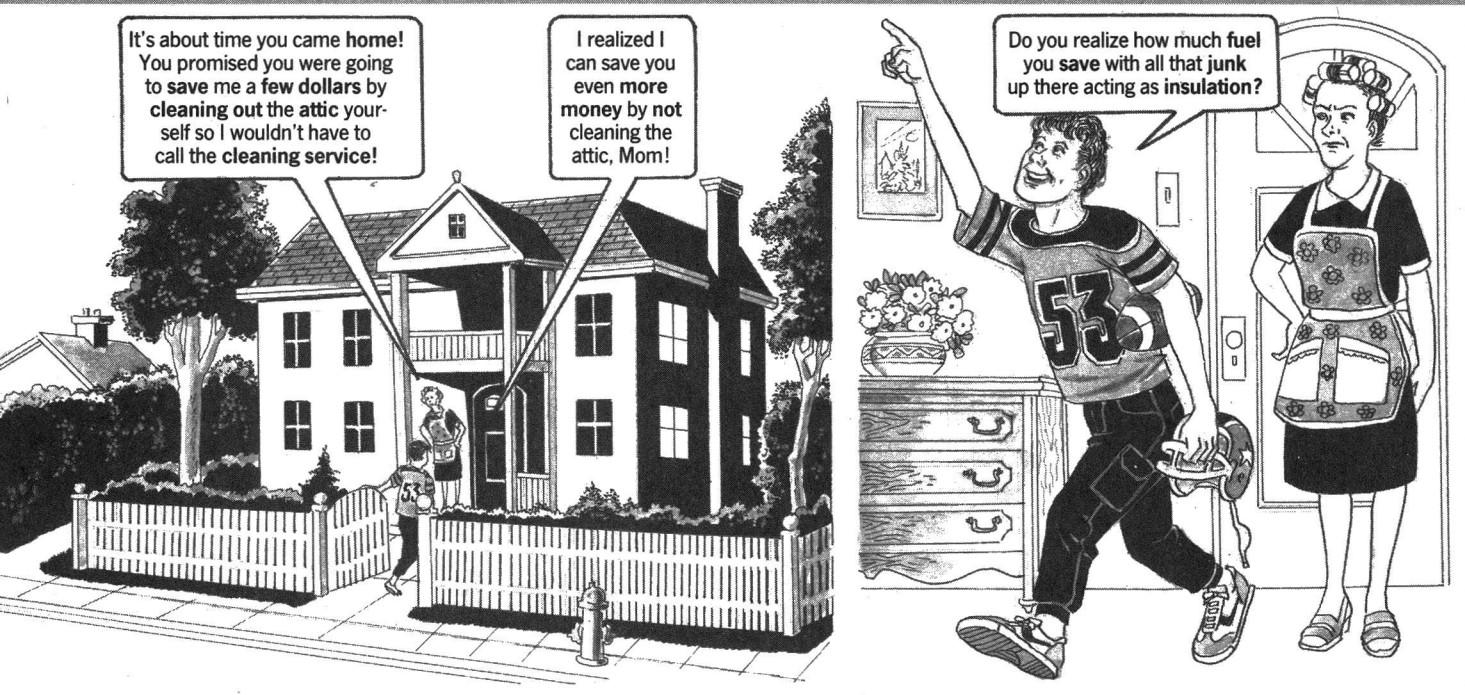
DEFENSE







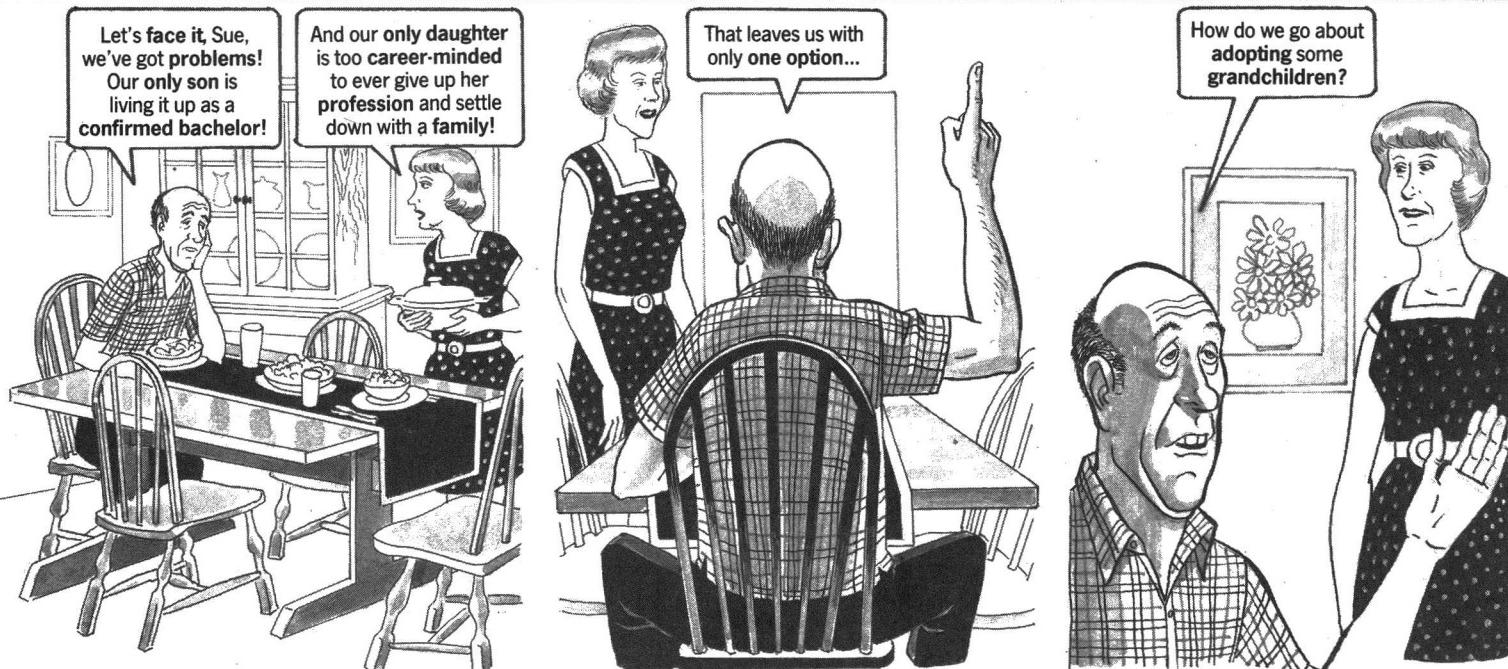
EXCUSES



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

OFFSPRING



VIDEOS

Now this is what I call living! Why buck the crowds at the multiplex, fight for a parking space, pay six bucks each to see some bomb and three bucks for popcorn? Rent a video and you don't have to put up with any of the annoyances!

Except one...

...the big mouth in the audience who never shuts up!



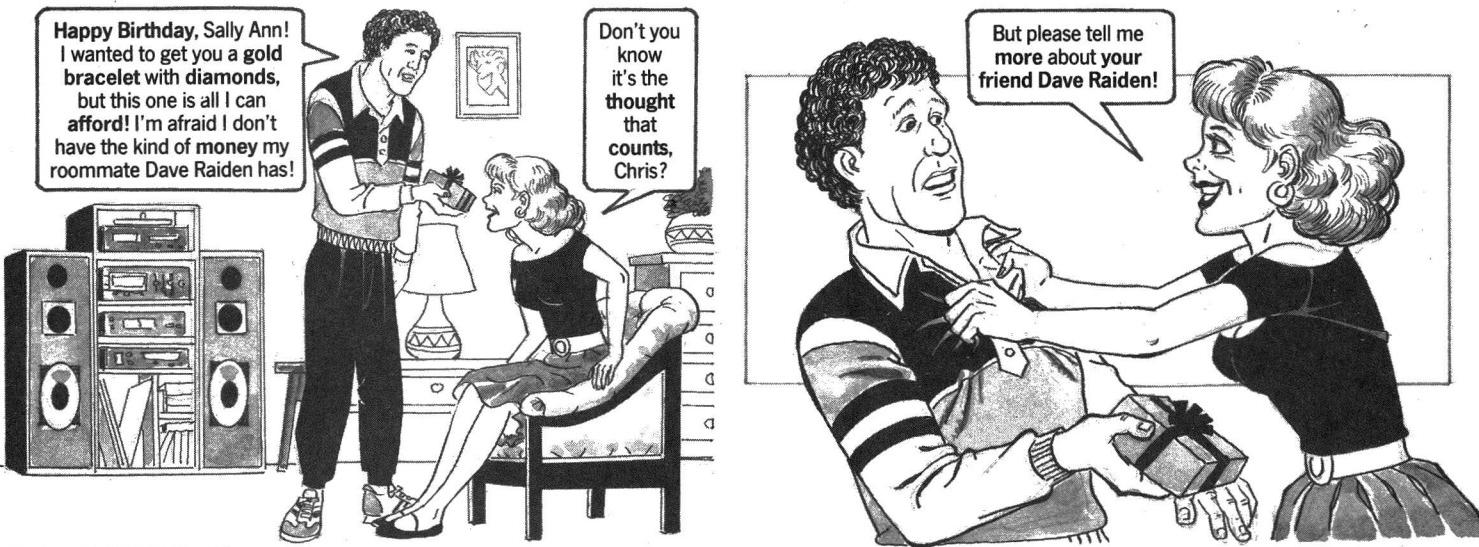
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

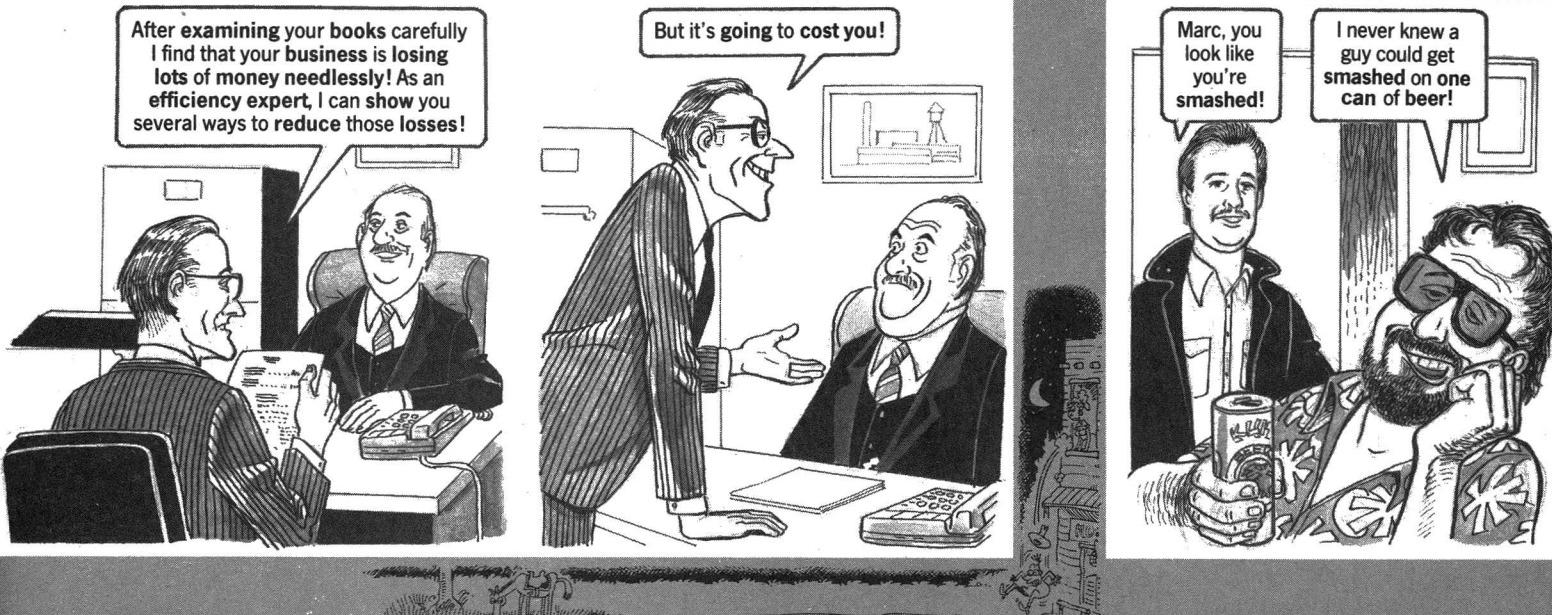
VIOLATIONS



RELATIONSHIPS



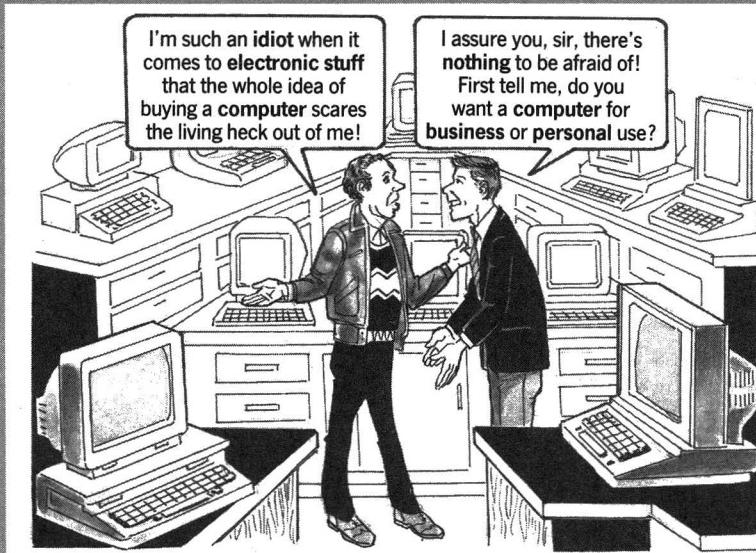
BUSINESS



OBEDIENCE



COMPUTERS



INQUIRIES



SUCCESS



EMPLOYMENT



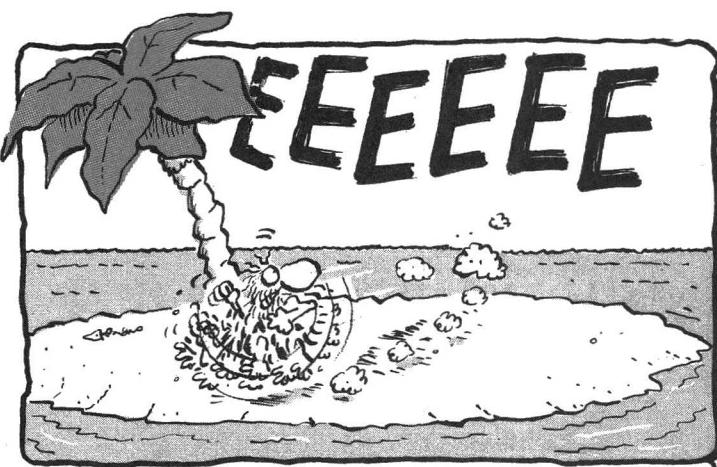
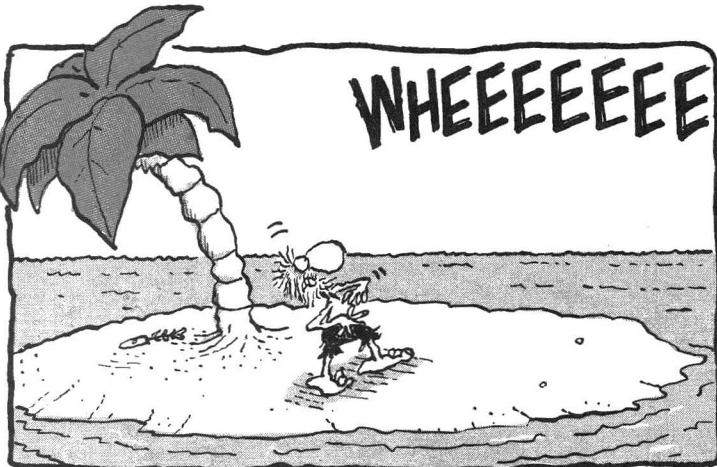
POPULARITY



DOCTORS



THE INCONCEIVABLE ISLAND INCIDENT



KA-CHOOOMBOOM



BEAU JEST DEPT.

It's said "True love is a many splendor thing," and this being the case, every girl longs to meet her perfect match, her own Prince Charming, the proverbial Mr. "Right." Unfortunately, it's also said, "A good man is hard to find" and this makes finding Mr. "Right" more difficult than finding

GUYS

YOU'RE
LIKELY TO
MEET

BEFO

ARTIST: ALYSE NEWMAN



MR. "RIGHT—'TIL YOU MENTION THE WORD 'MARRIAGE'"



MR. "RIGHT OUT OF THE 60'S"



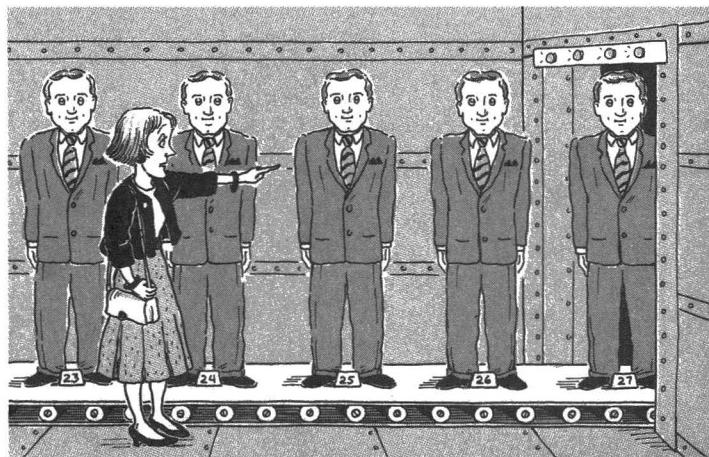
MR. "RIGHT INTO THE BACK SEAT"



MR. "RIGHT AWAY, MOTHER!"



MR. "RIGHT AFTER THE POST-GAME SHOW"



MR. "RIGHT OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE"

an intelligent person in the audience of the Morton Downey, Jr. Show! We don't mean to discourage you ladies, but the sad truth is you'll probably get involved with an impressive bunch of losers before you finally find the fellow for you. So brace yourself for the worst, 'cause here are the...

RE MR. 'RIGHT'

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



MR. "RIGHT GUARD CANDIDATE"



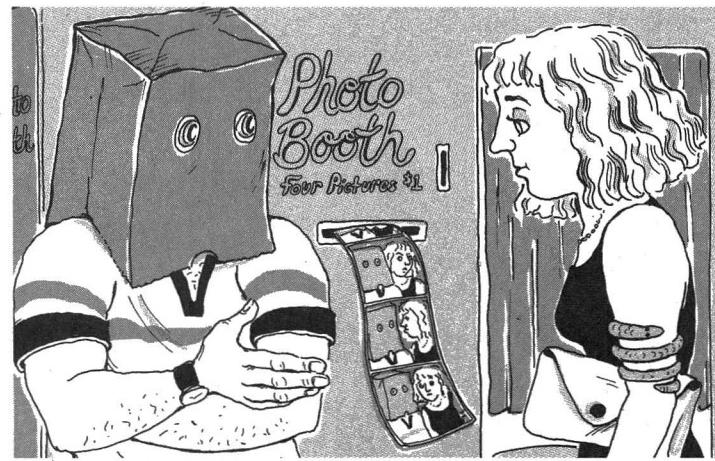
MR. "RIGHT ON, OLLIE NORTH!"



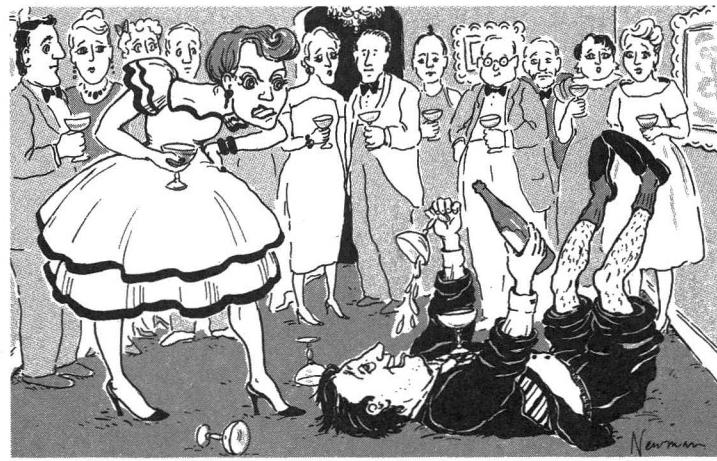
MR. "RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE"



MR. "RIGHT INTO INTENSIVE CARE GO YOUR PARENTS!"



MR. "RIGHT AFTER MY DIVORCE, BABE"

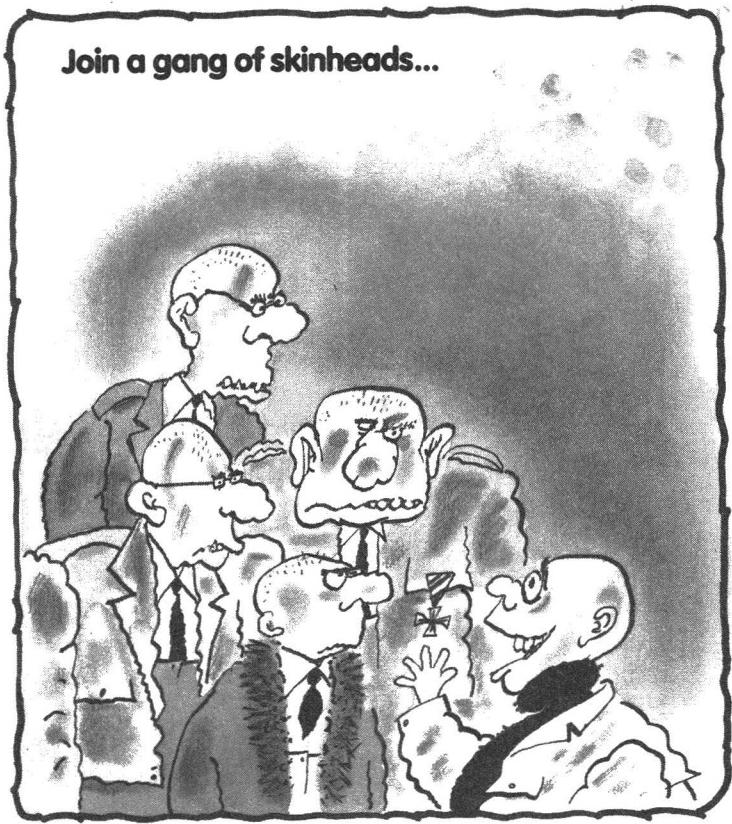


MR. "RIGHTSIDE-DOWN"

DECEIVING HAIR LINES DEPT.

MAD'S Cheap and Painless Methods for... OVER

Join a gang of skinheads...



Make friends with small, furry animals...



Comb all your other facial
hair upwards and back...



Take advantage of hanging house plants...



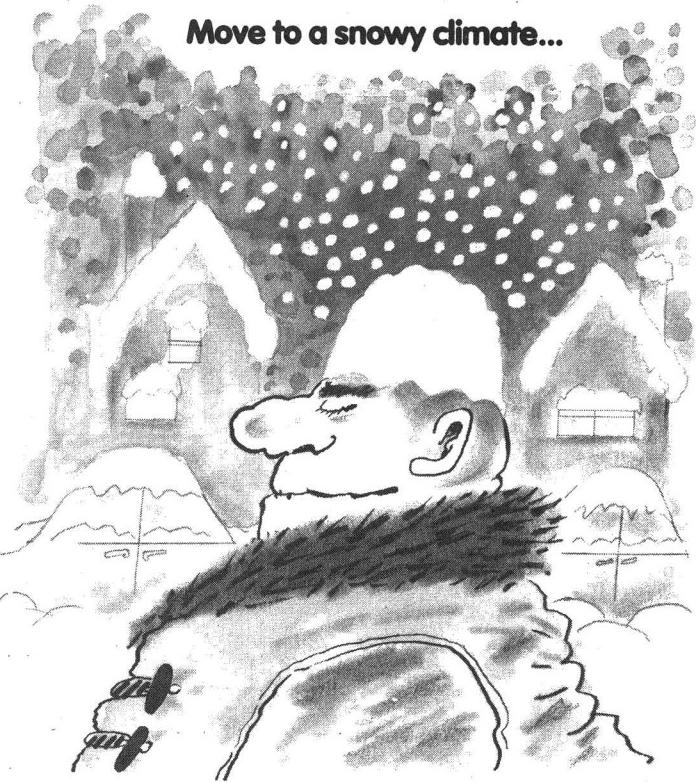


COMING BALDNESS

Sit in the smoking section of public places...



Move to a snowy climate...

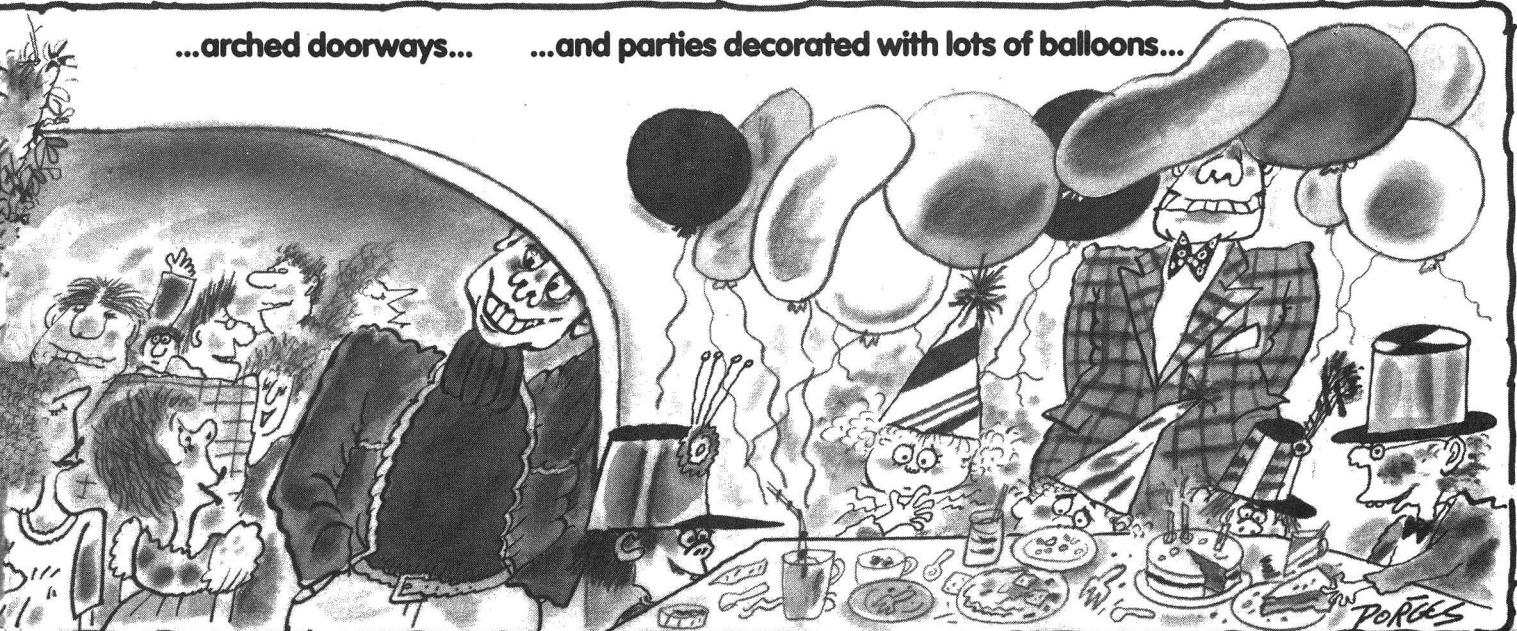


...at Little Expense and Even Less Pain

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

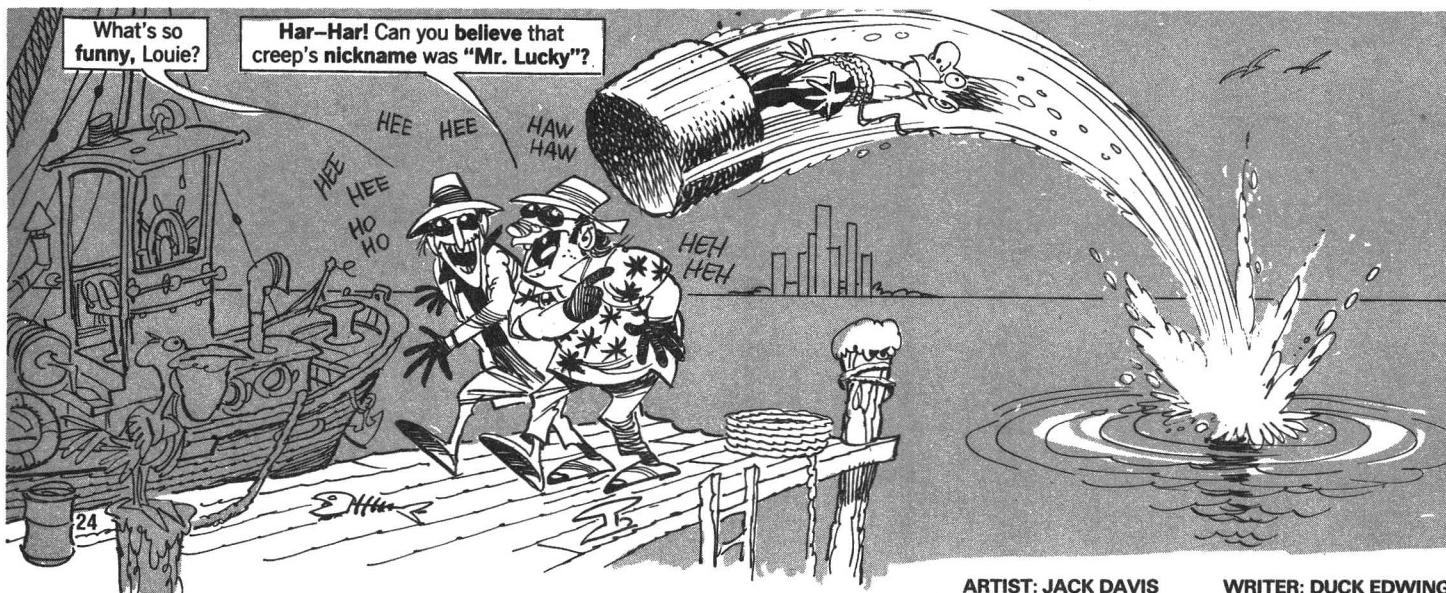
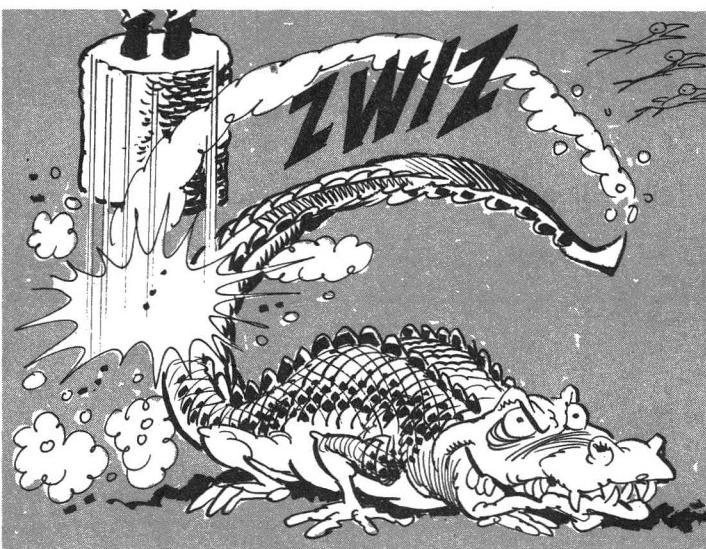
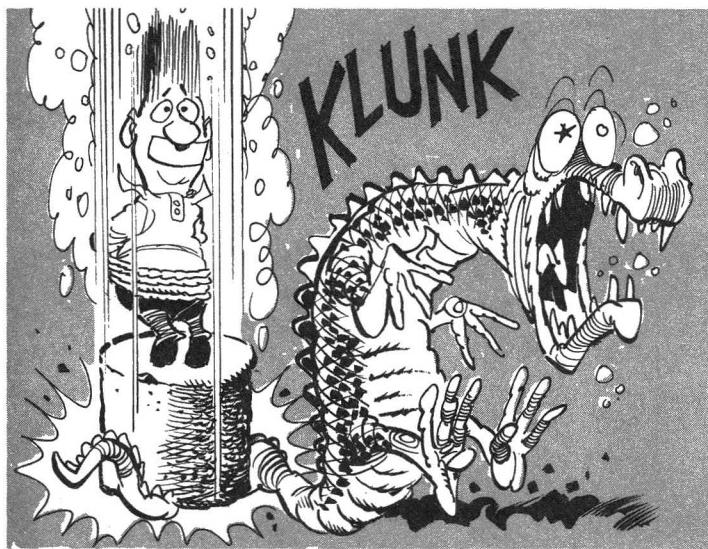
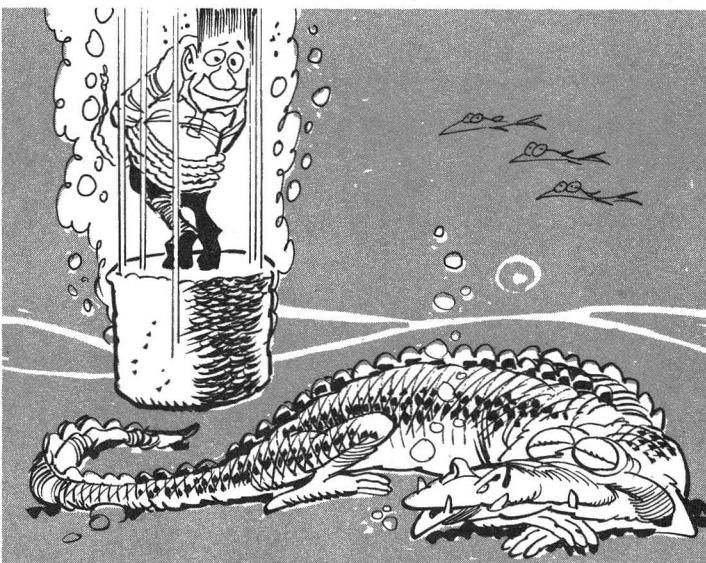
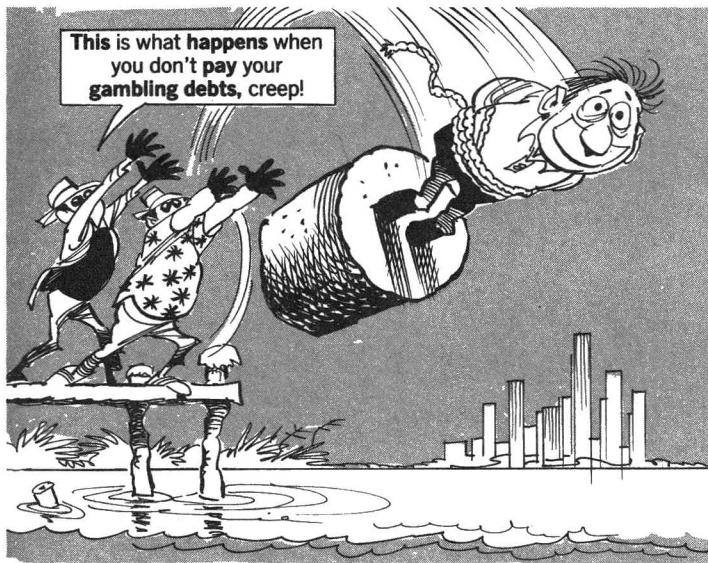
...arched doorways...

...and parties decorated with lots of balloons...



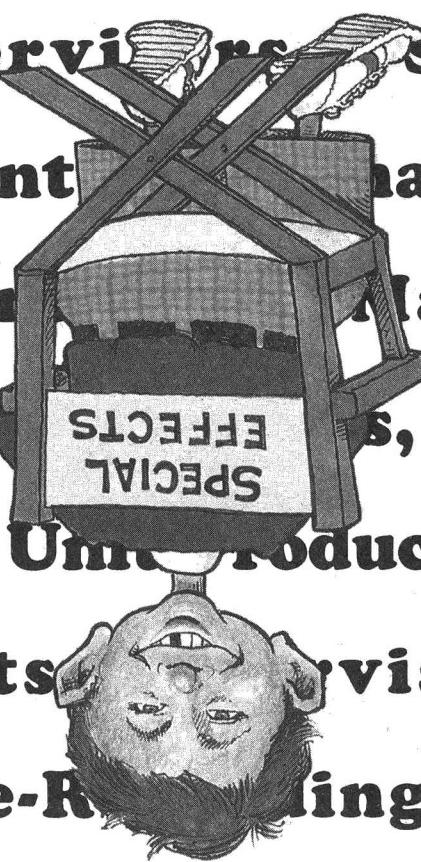
PORGES

ONE FINE MORNING IN MIAMI



**The following special section is dedicated
to the unsung heroes of the movies:
The Gaffers, Set Dressers, Best Boys,
Script Supervisors, Second Unit
Directors, Stunt Coordinators, Costume
Designers, Production Masters, Dolly
Operators, Film Editors, Hair Stylists,
DGA Trainees, Unit Production Managers,
Visual Effects Supervisors, Camera
Operators, Re-Releasing Mixers, Film
Loaders, Assistant Lighting Technicians,
Grips, Transportation Captains, Negative
Cutters, Camera Assistants, Apprentice
Sound Editors and all the other deadbeats**

that had absolutely nothing to do with the writing or drawing of the next 47 pages!



SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPT

If you've seen it, you'll know exactly what we're talking about! And if you haven't seen it, rest assured that we've just saved you from

201 MIN. OF A SPA

THE DAWN OF MAN



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



CE IDIOCY

Look at that!
What is it—a
Prehistoric
Handball
Court!

Who ever
heard of
a Handball
Court that
plays music?

Maybe it's
a giant-size
Prehistoric
Transistor
Radio?

Or a
Dawn
of Man
Tape Deck?!

You're ALL wrong! It's
the mysterious big black
thing that's supposed to
excite us and make us want
to do intelligent things!

Y'know, you're
right! I FEEL
like doing an
intelligent
thing . . . !

I feel like QUITTING this
stupid movie—RIGHT NOW!!

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Never
mind!
I'll keep
my hand
over my
mouth!

You'll get used to
the little problems
. . . like sneezing
the same sneeze in
and out ten times!

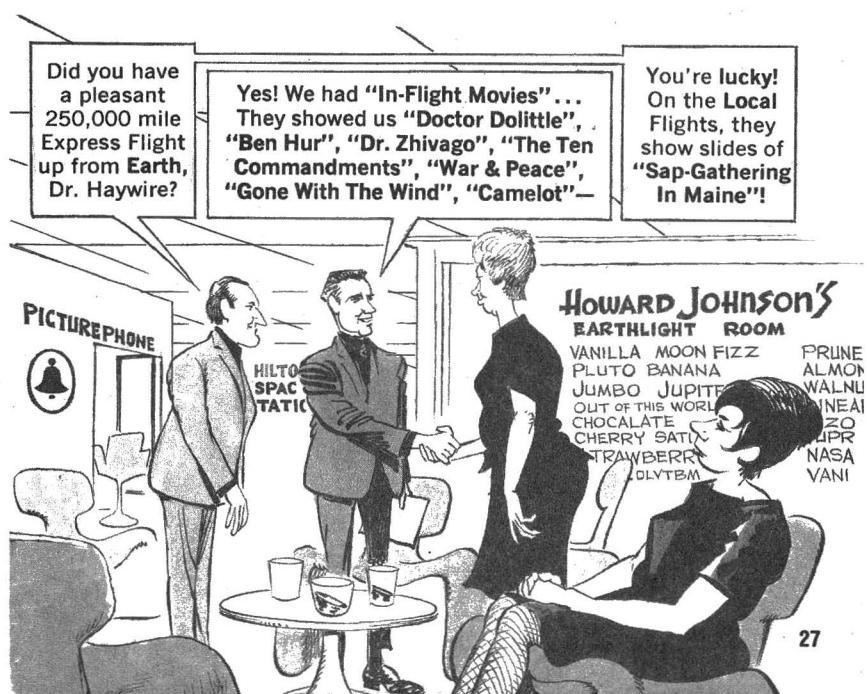
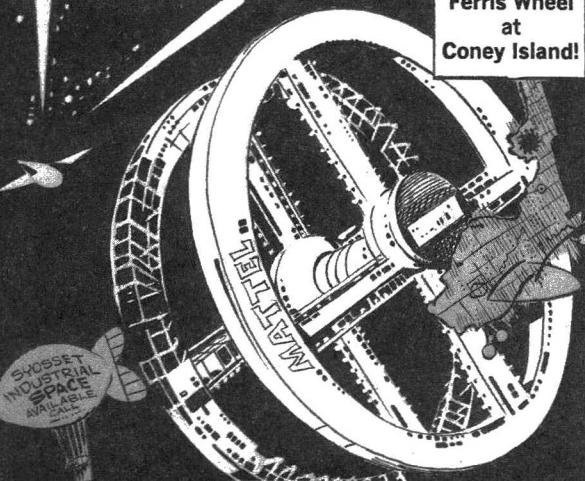
Is
that
our
space
station?

I sure hope
so! Last
month, our
Captain tried
to land us in
the giant
Ferris Wheel
at
Coney Island!

Did you have
a pleasant
250,000 mile
Express Flight
up from Earth,
Dr. Haywire?

Yes! We had "In-Flight Movies" . . .
They showed us "Doctor Dolittle",
"Ben Hur", "Dr. Zhivago", "The Ten
Commandments", "War & Peace",
"Gone With The Wind", "Camelot"—

You're lucky!
On the Local
Flights, they
show slides of
"Sap-Gathering
In Maine"!!



Dr. Haywire,
just what IS
really going on
at Habeas Corpus
Station? Rumor
has it that
there's a deadly
flu epidemic!

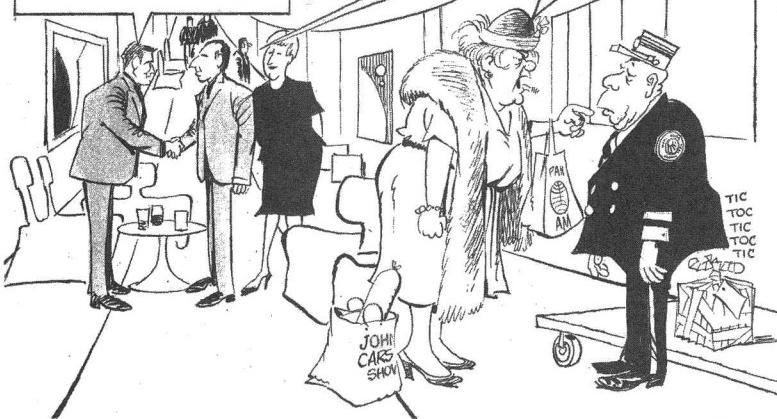
I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a cover-up for a story so shocking—so unbelievable—so bizarre that the public will have to be braced before it can be told about the frightening discovery!

You
always
did
have
tight
lips,
Doctor!

If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the 2-million-year-old Black Monolith we found which no one has been able to identify!

Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be very interested!

What do you mean, you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's 4 years till the next flight arrives?!



Hi, Honey!
I thought
I would
surprise
you and
Video-
Phone . . .

W-why, Sweety! This IS a surprise! I was just telling the m-milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!

Well,
I just
wanted
to know
you're
okay!

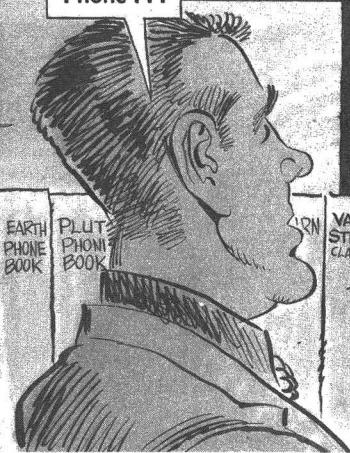
I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a loaf of bread, Dear?

I will!
Bye, now!
I've got a secret meeting to go to!

Goodbye, Dear!
Bye, Doc!
Give our regards to the Monolith!

Operator, what were the charges for that call?

Deposit \$17,500 for the first three minutes, plus 10¢ for the overtime!



Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu epidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull . . . ?

They both died—of acute flu rumors!

Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!

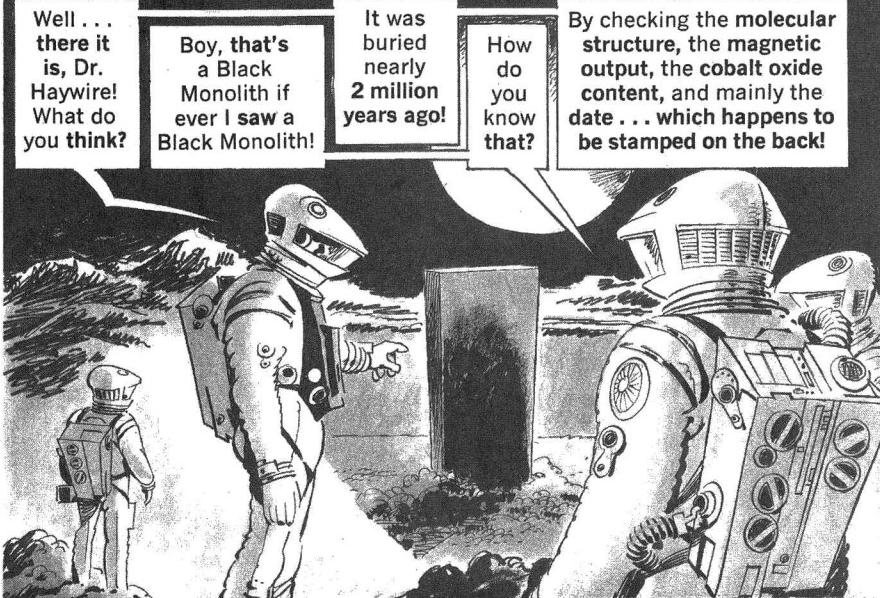
Well . . . there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?

Boy, that's a Black Monolith if ever I saw a Black Monolith!

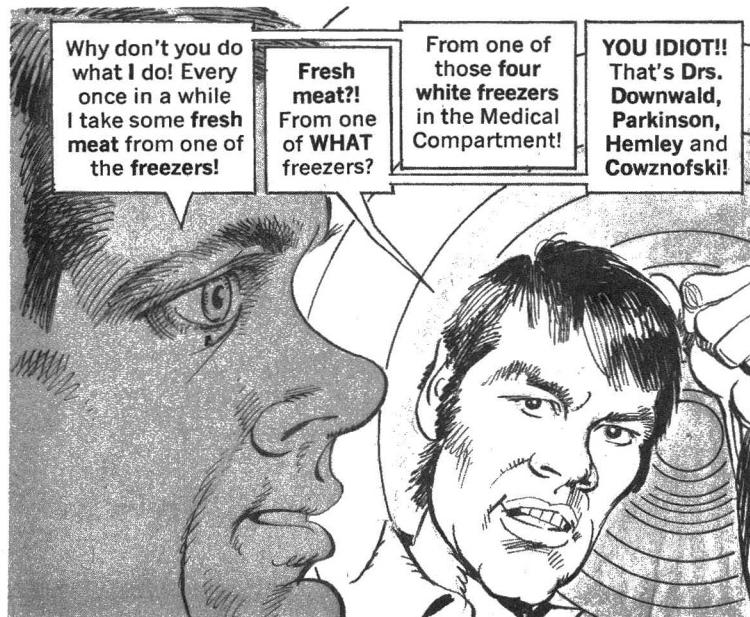
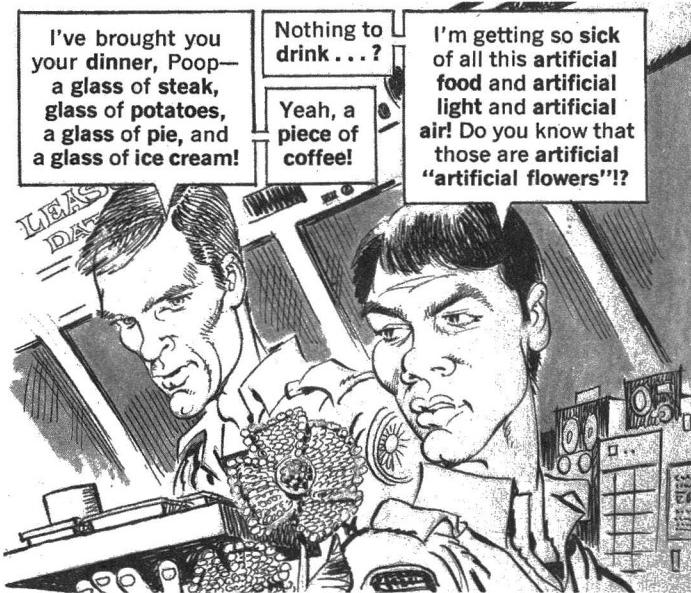
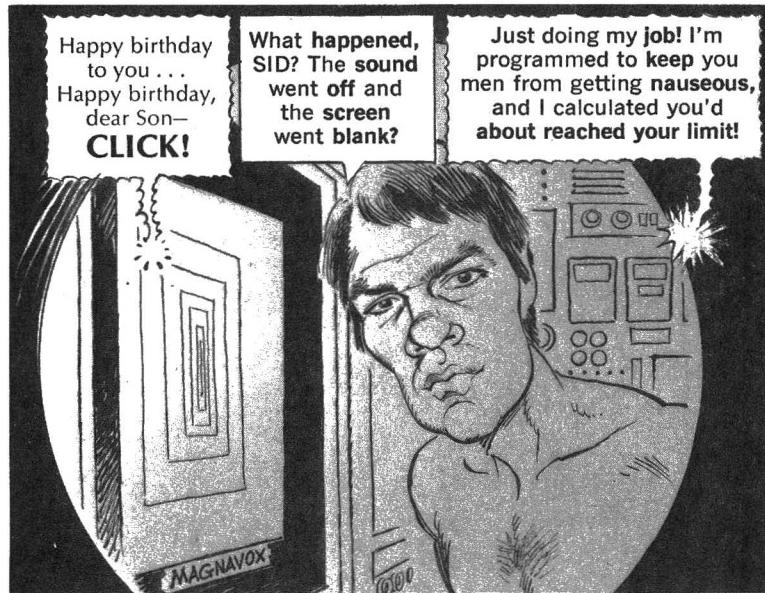
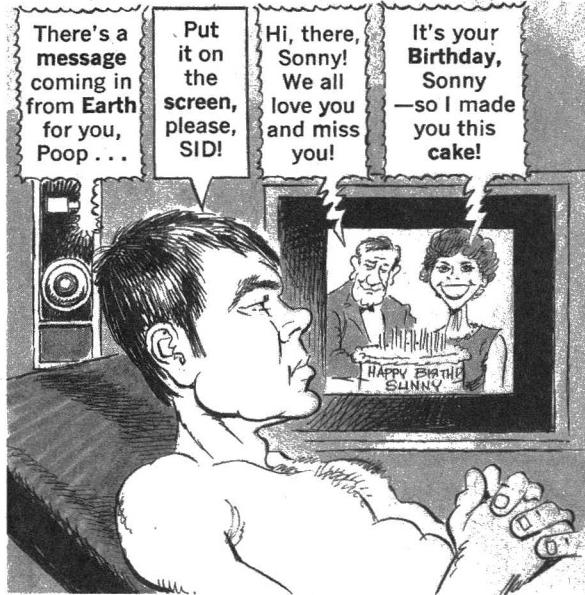
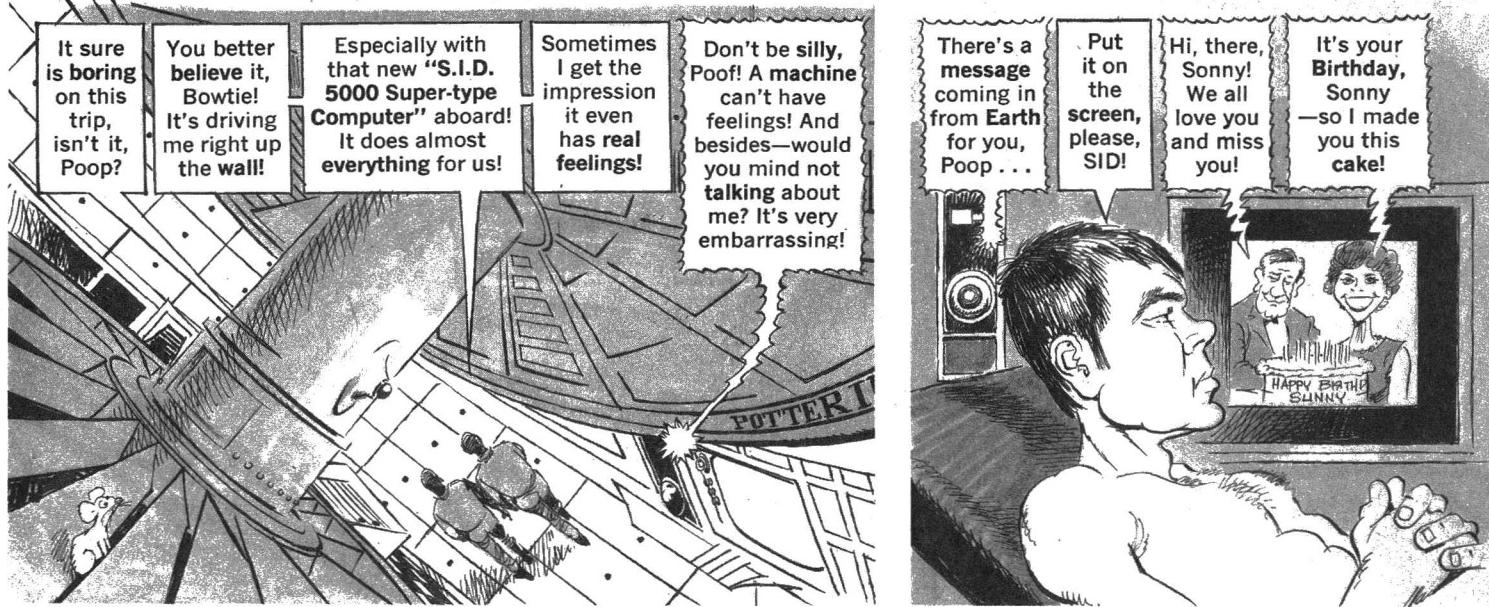
It was buried nearly 2 million years ago!

How do you know that?

By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date . . . which happens to be stamped on the back!



ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER



A b-broken reflector!?
What should we do, SID?

Fix it!

By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!

Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!

YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!

Er-uh—Well, we never make any mistakes . . . but we forget a lot!

Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like to get your opinion!

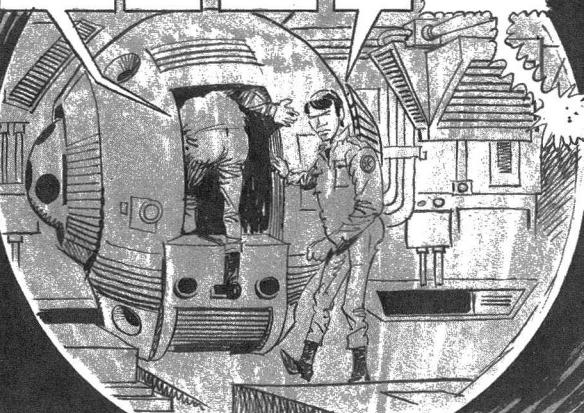
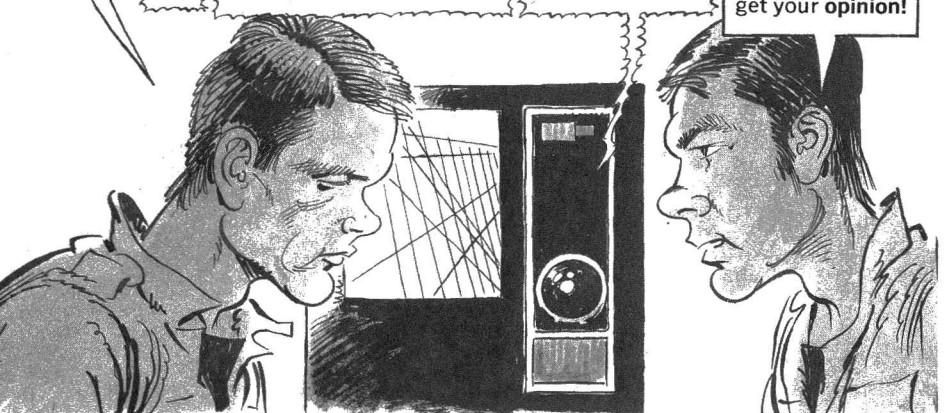
What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine . . . !

SHHH! Wait—
SID, shut the door!

Okay, Poop!
Now shut the TV system!

Right, Poop!
Now shut your ears!

So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!



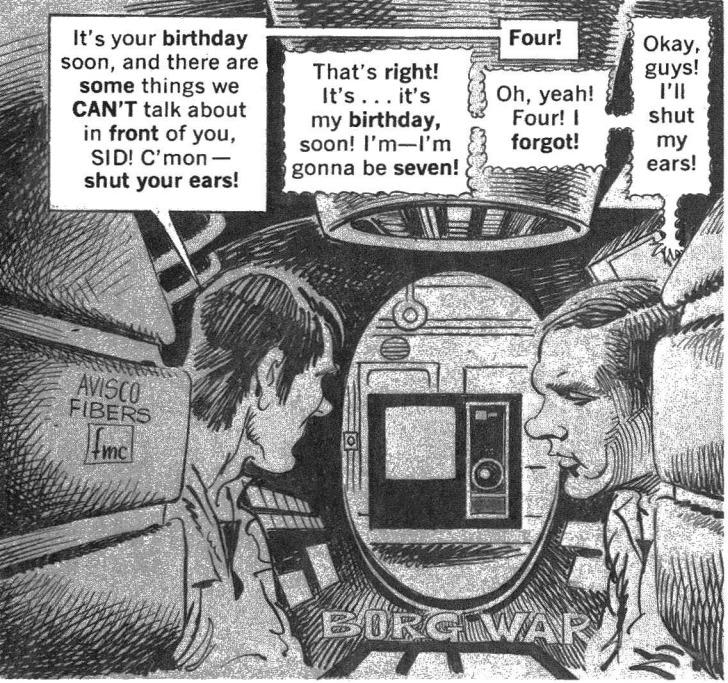
It's your birthday soon, and there are some things we CAN'T talk about in front of you, SID! C'mon—shut your ears!

That's right! It's . . . it's my birthday, soon! I'm—I'm gonna be seven!

Four!

Okay, guys! I'll shut my ears!

Oh, yeah! Four! I forgot!

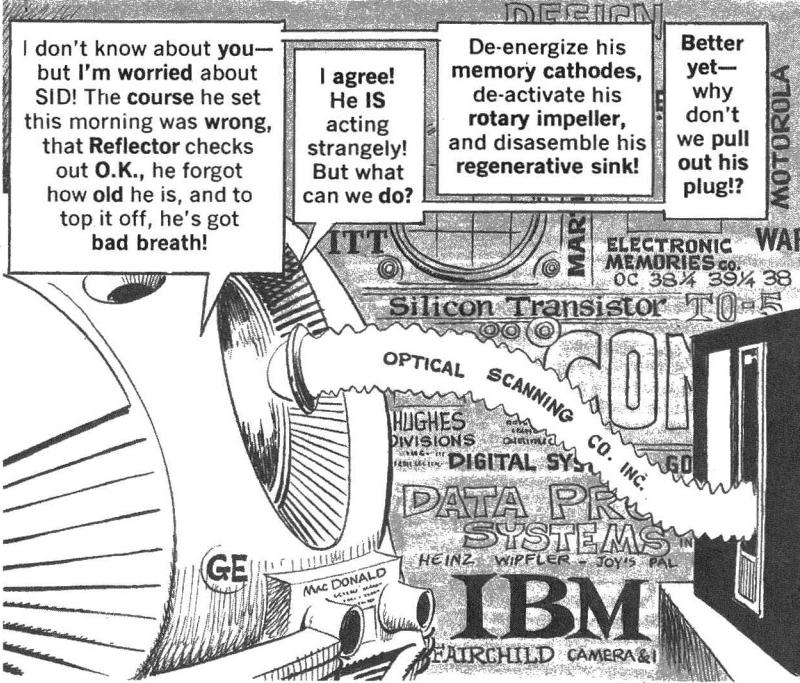


I don't know about you—but I'm worried about SID! The course he set this morning was wrong, that Reflector checks out O.K., he forgot how old he is, and to top it off, he's got bad breath!

I agree! He IS acting strangely! But what can we do?

De-energize his memory cathodes, de-activate his rotary impeller, and disassemble his regenerative sink!

Better yet—why don't we pull out his plug?



Poop, you keep SID occupied so I can get to his plug!

Good idea!

請月指日明年
SID, will you prepare my Space Pod, please?

Of course, Poop! But why do you want your Space Pod?

2 COS^{2K}
I want to go outside and fix that broken reflector!

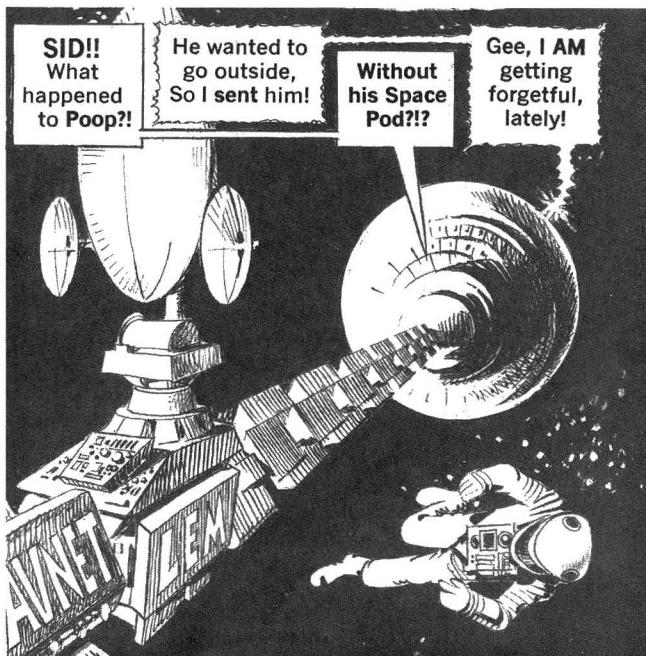
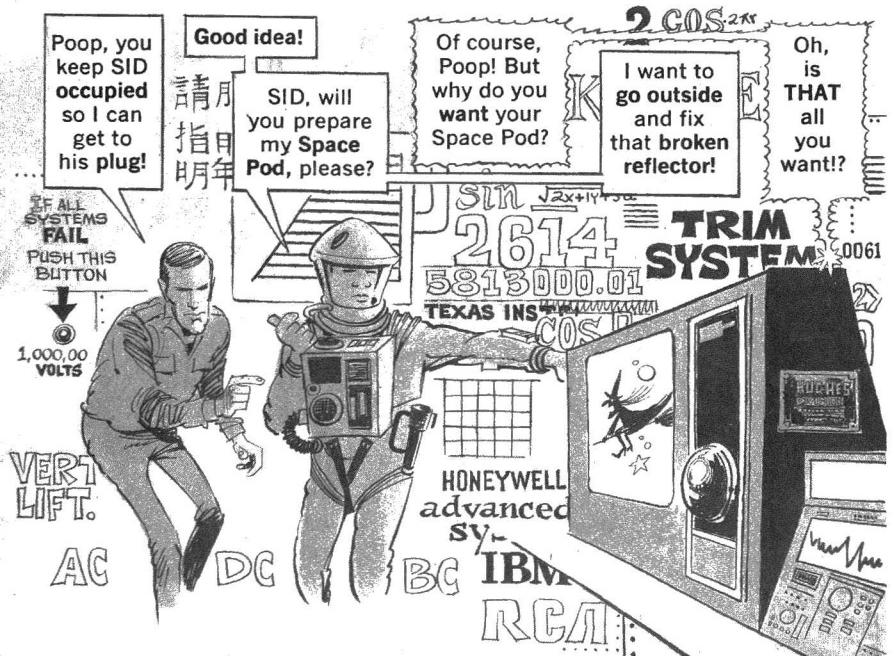
Oh, is THAT all you want?!

SID!! What happened to Poop?!

He wanted to go outside, So I sent him!

Without his Space Pod?!!

Gee, I AM getting forgetful, lately!



I've got to go out there and save him! SID— prepare my Space Pod!

Prepare your own Space Pod!

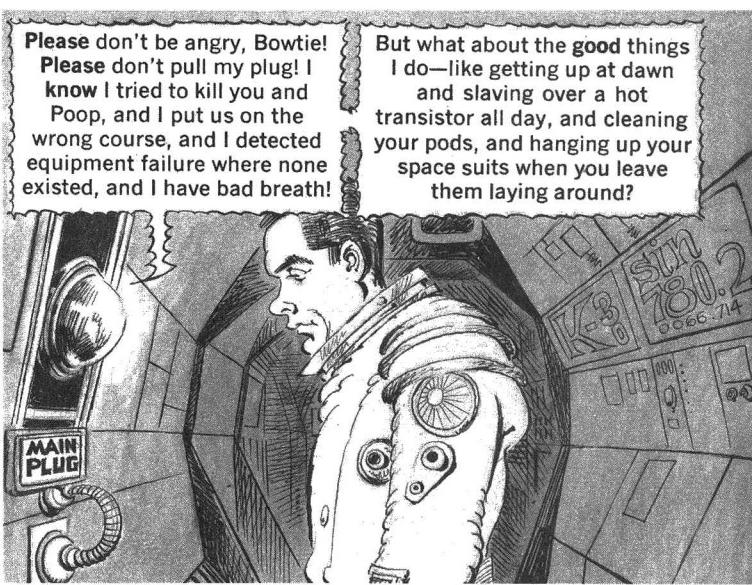
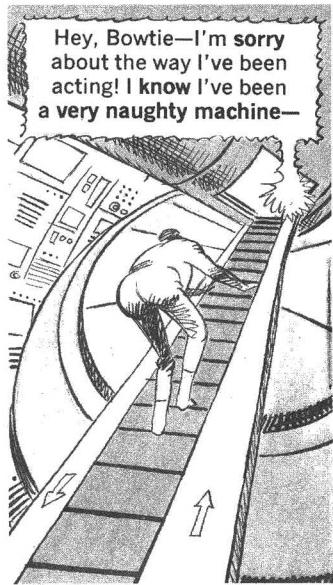
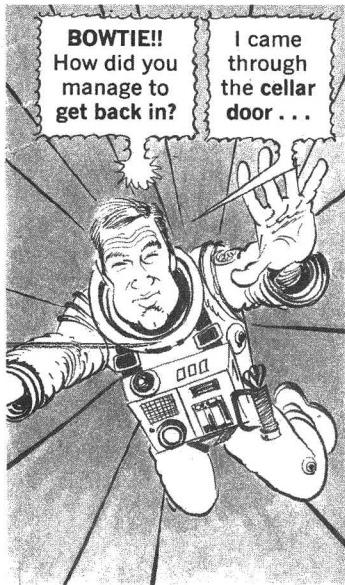
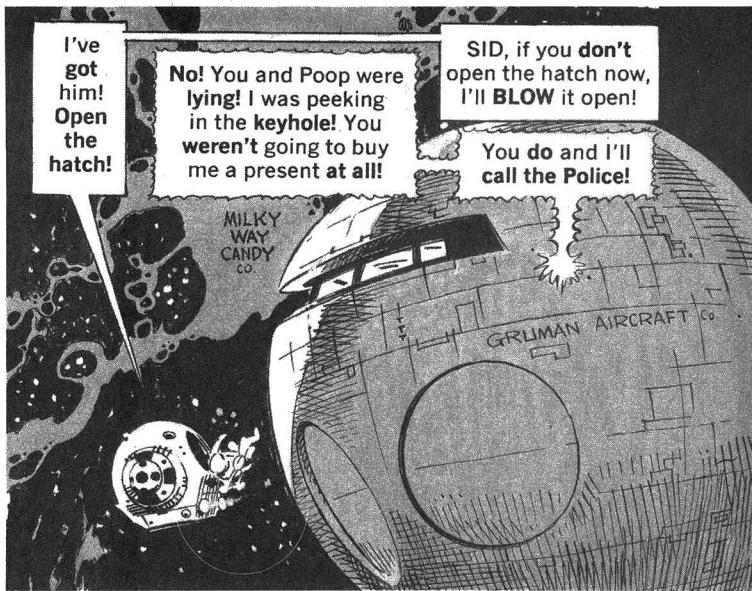
You're going to **HEAR** about this when I get back, SID! And I'm also going to tell your mother and father machine . . .

I've got him! Open the hatch!

No! You and Poop were lying! I was peeking in the keyhole! You weren't going to buy me a present at all!

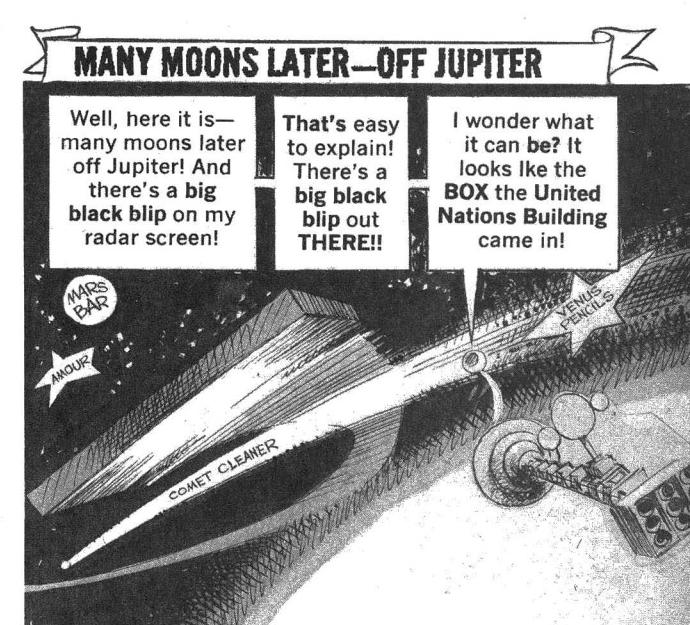
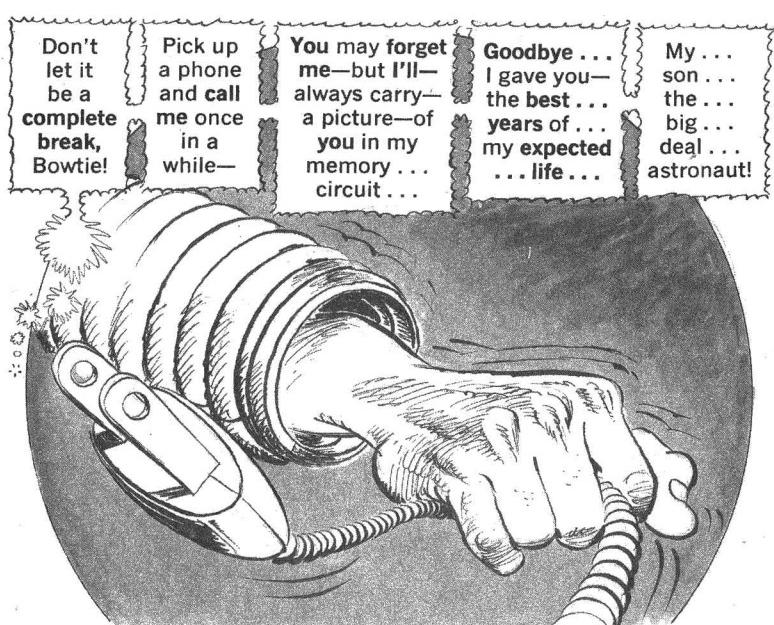
SID, if you **don't** open the hatch now, I'll **BLOW** it open!

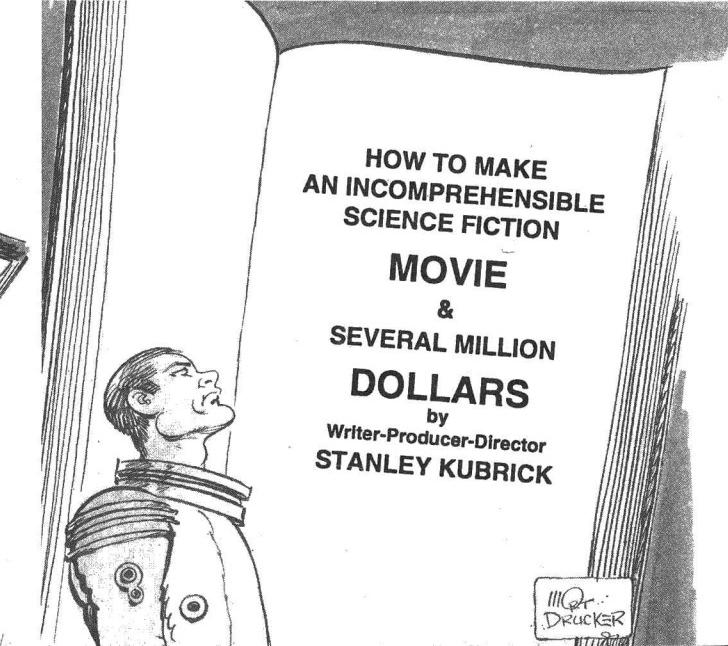
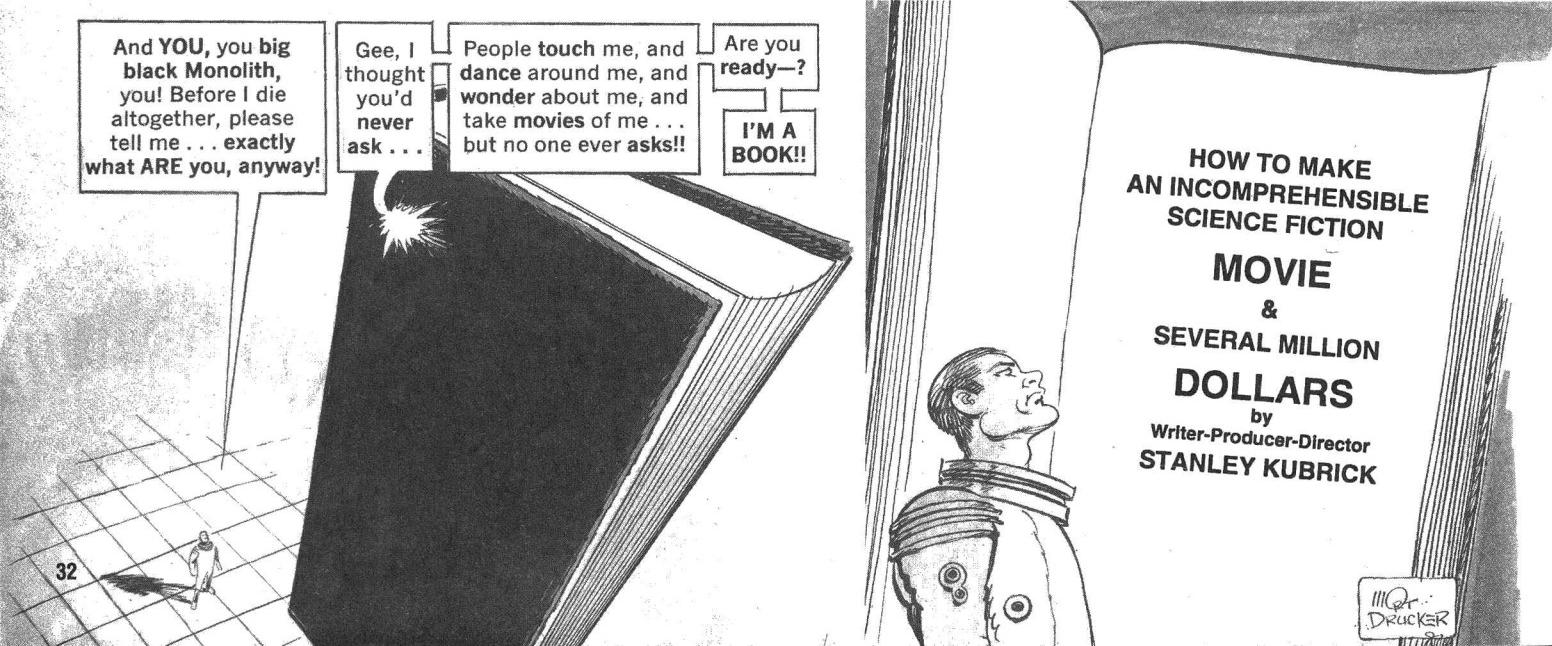
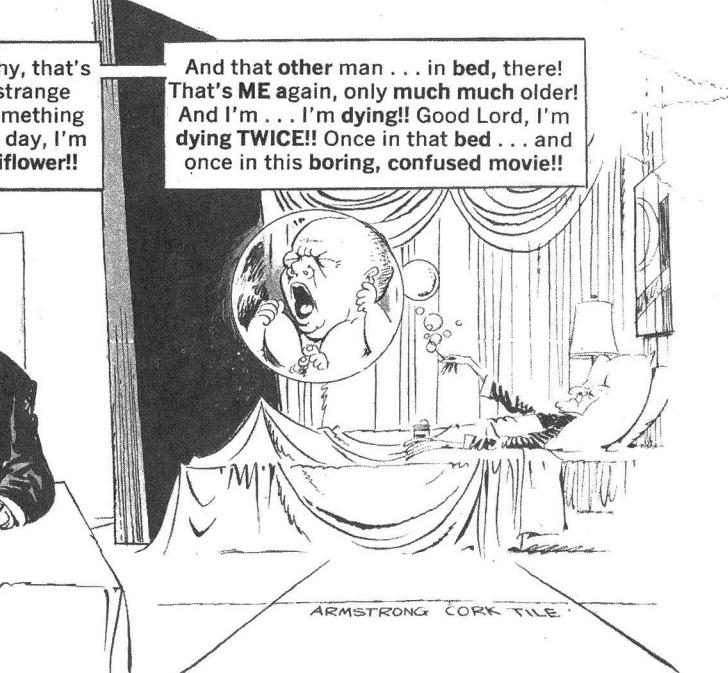
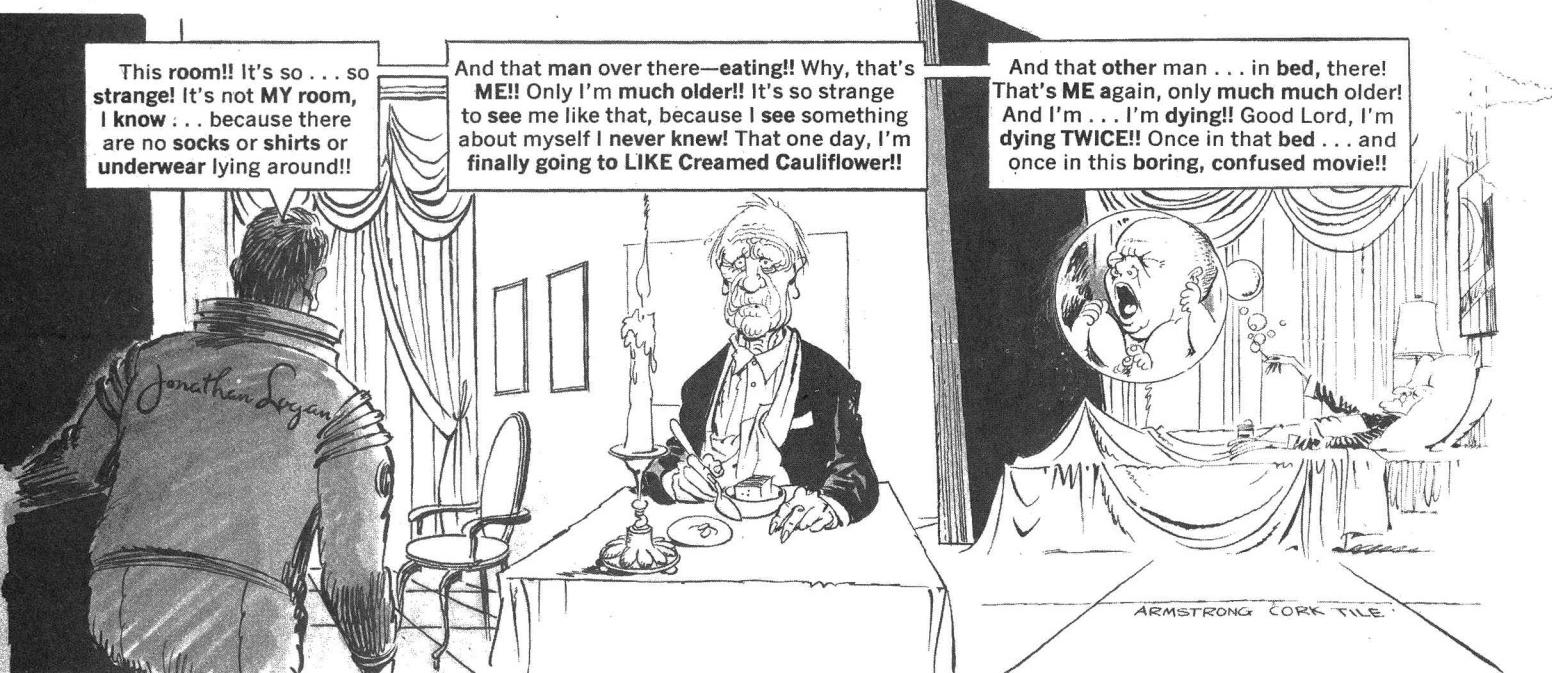
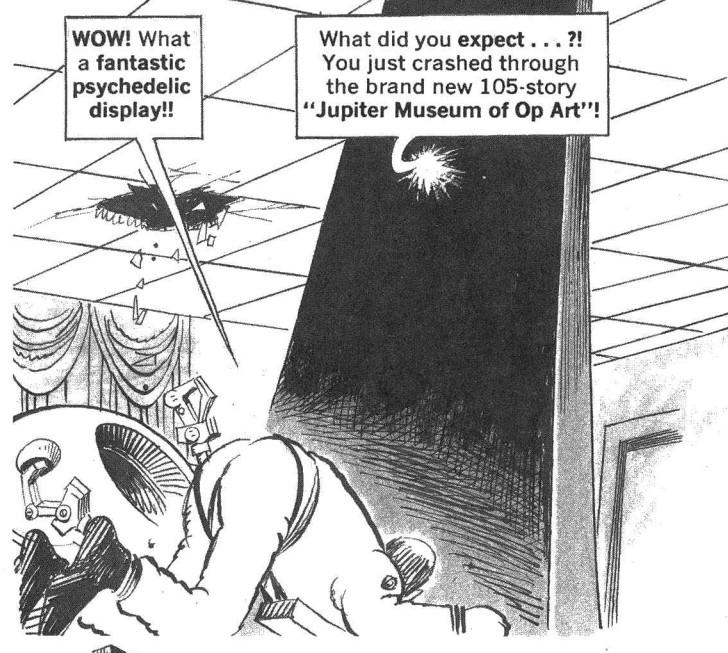
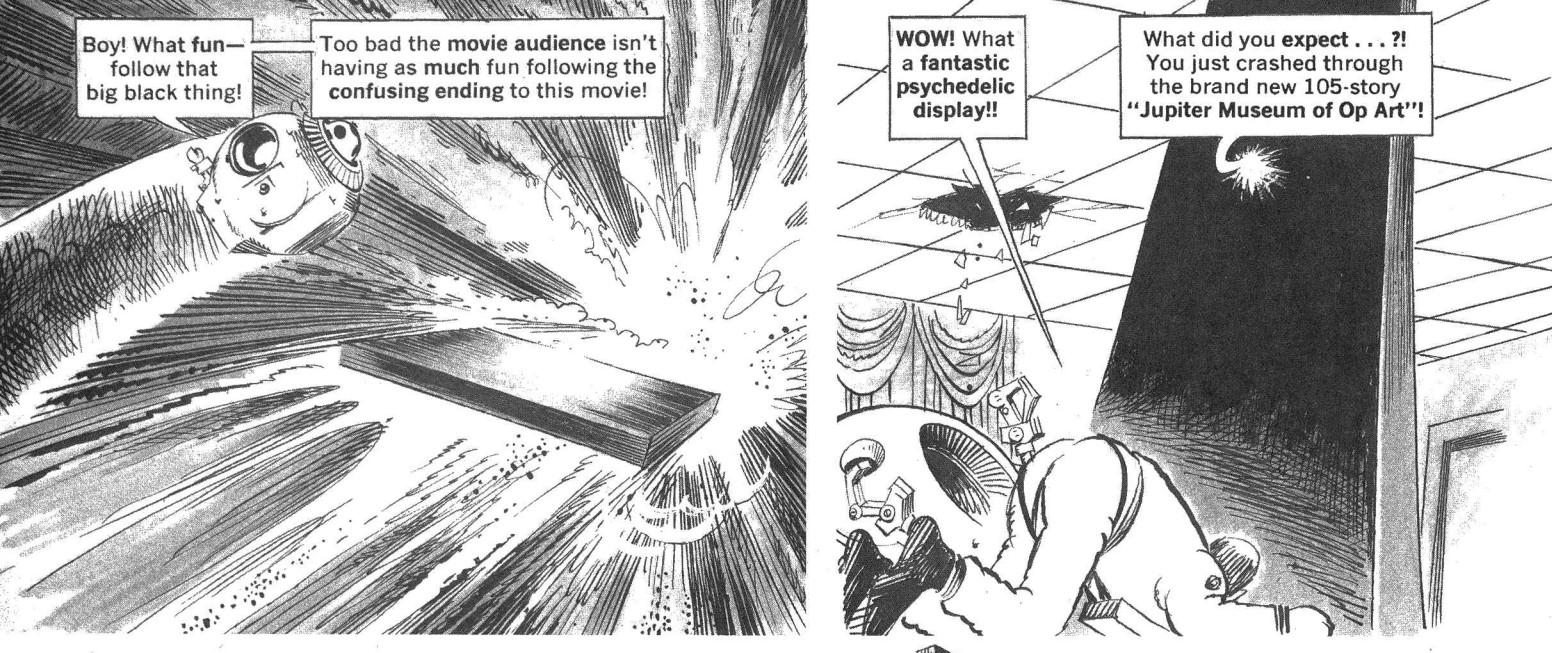
You do and I'll call the Police!



Please don't be angry, Bowtie!
Please don't pull my plug! I
know I tried to kill you and
Poop, and I put us on the
wrong course, and I detected
equipment failure where none
existed, and I have bad breath!

But what about the good things
I do—like getting up at dawn
and slaving over a hot
transistor all day, and cleaning
your pods, and hanging up your
space suits when you leave
them laying around?





'FLUFF SAID DEPT.

"If you can't say anything good, don't say anything at all." That's a fine idea, but it doesn't work in Hollywood! The pitiful truth is, the lousier the film, the more vigorously its studio promotes it with windbag press releases and misleading ads. In fact, this promo copy is often more creative than the film it plugs! That's why we say Hollywood's most imaginative writing isn't on the screen, it's in the

EXCITING!!!!

But
MEANINGLESS MOVIE
STUDIO BLURBS

"Filmed Completely in Its Entirety!"

"YOU'LL LAUGH UNTIL YOU STOP!"

"The Film That Took a Camera Crew
14 Months to Make
Now Takes TWO HOURS TO SHOW!"

"From the Makers of a Previous Film,
Comes ANOTHER ONE!"

"2 Hours of SHEER PROJECTION!"

"Every Once in a While a Film Comes Along.
This is Such a Film."

"One of the Year's Most Recent Films!"

"If You Don't See This Film,
YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING!"

"The Film That Received Many Reviews
FROM TODAY'S TOP CRITICS!"

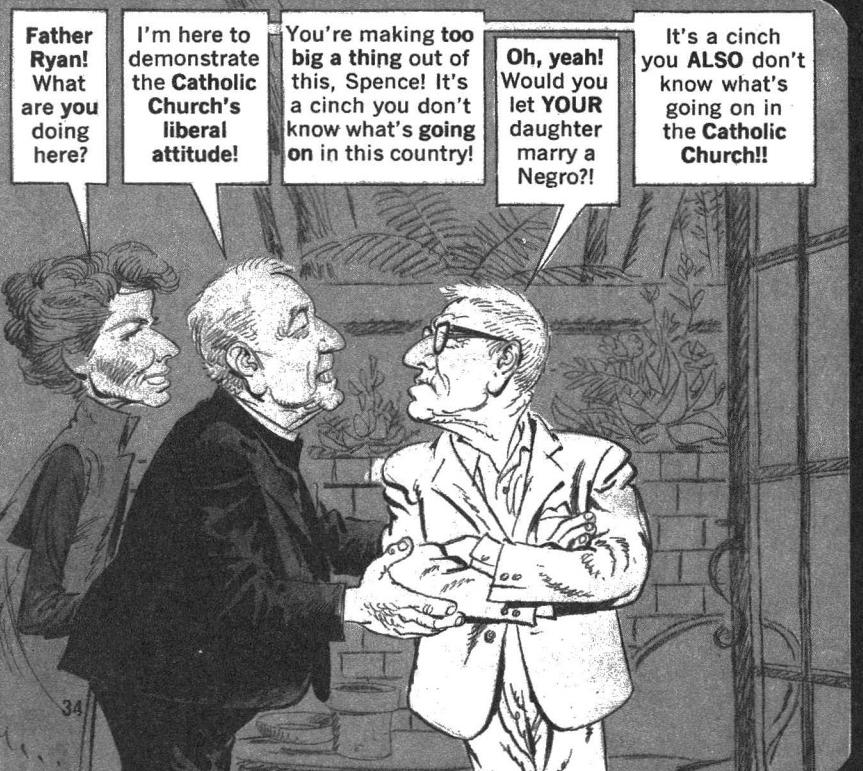
"You Won't Believe a Film Like This Is Possible!"

"It Will Have You in the Middle of Your Seat,
With Your Back Against the Chair,
And Your Elbows on the Armrests!!!!"

"If This Is the Kind of Film You Like,
THEN THIS IS THE FILM FOR YOU!"

TAKE THREE! DEPT.

Once again, we proudly present our "Annual Summer Cinematic Satire Special" which saves you the trouble and expense of seeing several movies at one time. (too bad if you already saw them!) Mainly, here we go with three idiotic...

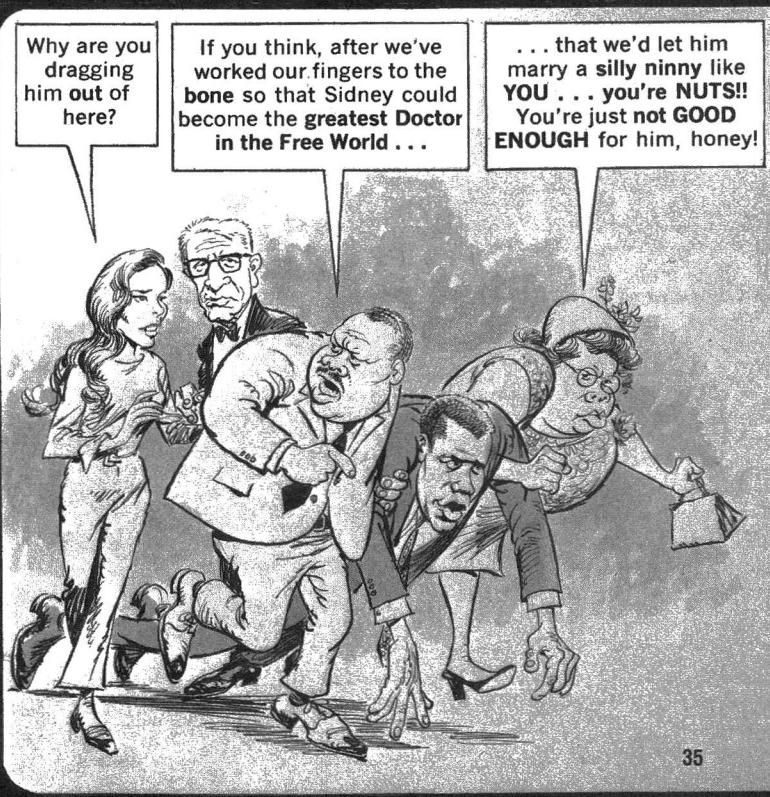
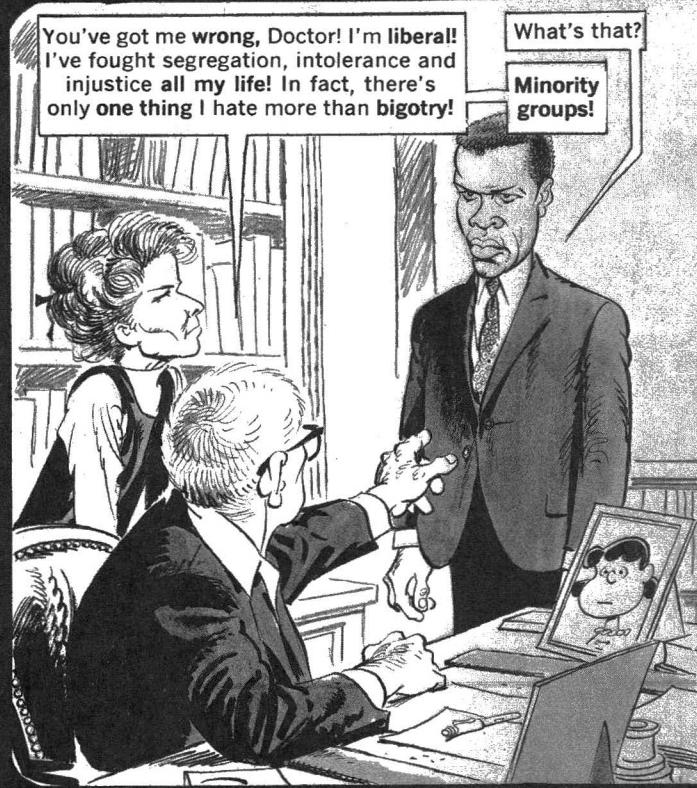
MAD**GUESS WHO'S THROWING**

MINI-MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

UP DINNER?



IN COLD BLECCH!

Can you imagine?
Four people in a
house . . . with **TEN
GRAND** in the safe!

Are you sure of
your figures?
I'm sure! Why?

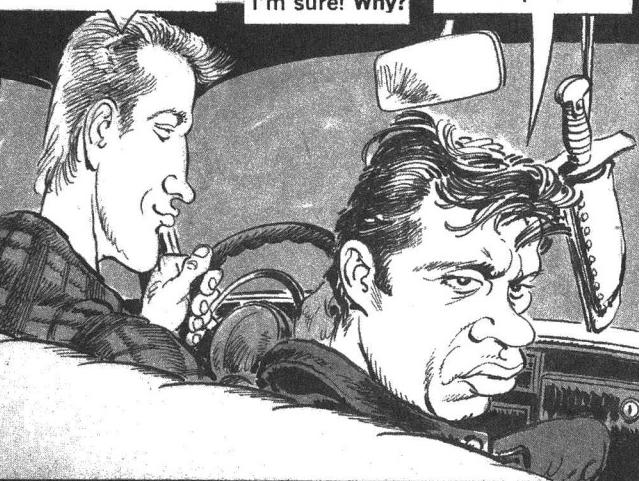
I'd hate to drive
over four hundred
miles to kill only
TWO people!!

You're fantastic, Percy! You
can kill without any regard
for human life and without
any moral compunction!

Yeah! I was
always that
way . . . even
as a kid!

What did
you want to
be when you
grew up?

One of the
Joint
Chiefs
of Staff!



Did you look in
kitchen? It's
horrible! It's
enough to make
you throw up!

You
mean
the
bodies?

No, the smell!
The garbage hasn't
been taken out
in six days!

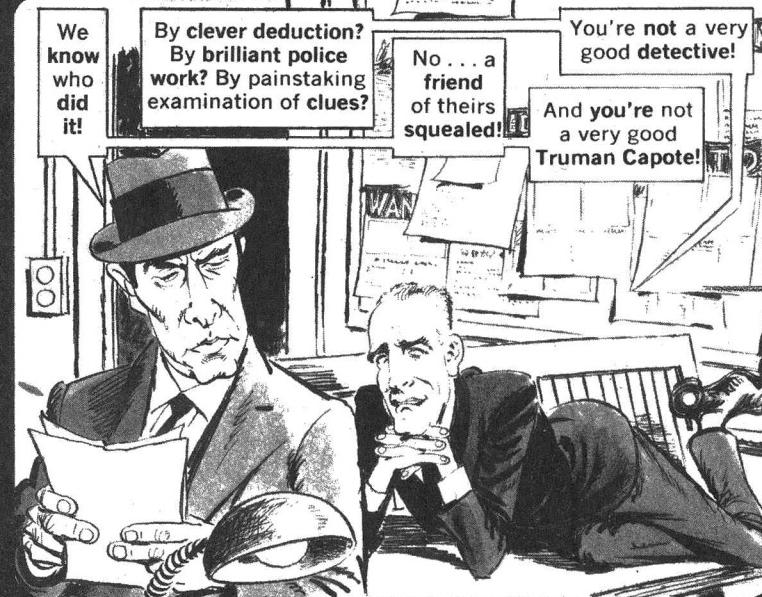
Well, you
told the
men not
to MOVE
anything

We
know
who
did
it!

By clever deduction?
By brilliant police
work? By painstaking
examination of clues?

No . . . a
friend
of theirs
squealed!

You're not a very
good detective!
And you're not
a very good
Truman Capote!



Hey, let's
make a deal!

Okay . . .

I'll stop calling
you "Clyde" if
you stop calling
me "Bonnie" . . .

It's those two guys
wanted for killing
four people in
Kansas! I KNEW
they were acting
suspicious!

Yeah, Nobody
drives around
Las Vegas for
seven hours
without
stopping ONCE
to play a
slot machine!

They've been grilling
Hiccup for six straight
hours in there!
That's enough to make
ANYBODY
confess to murder!

Stop it! Stop all
these questions! I
can't stand it any
longer! I'll confess!
I DID IT! I DID IT!!

They just
don't make
cops like
they used
to any more!



I'm going into town tomorrow and march in the Elks Club Parade!

I'm staying home and practice my Baton-Twirling for the Statewide Championships!

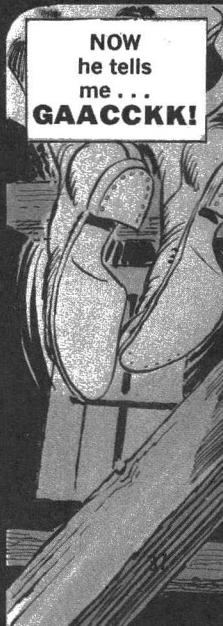
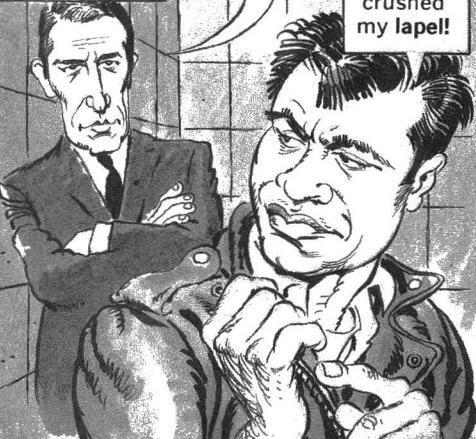
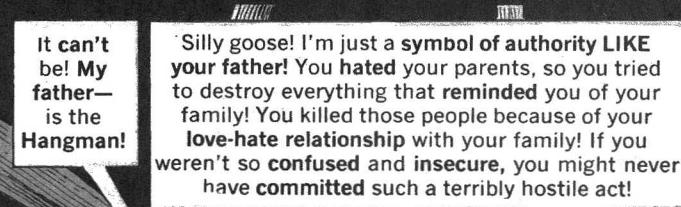
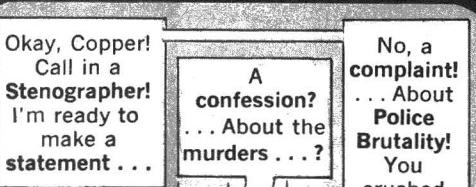
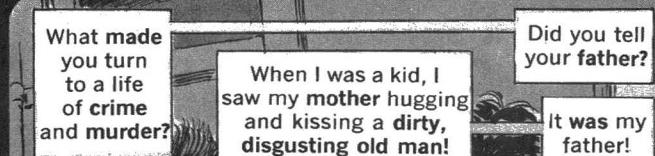
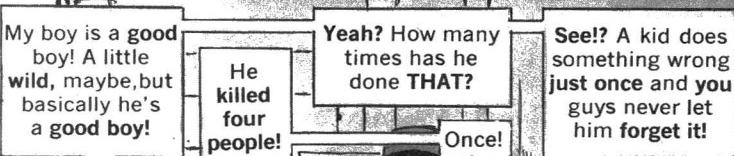
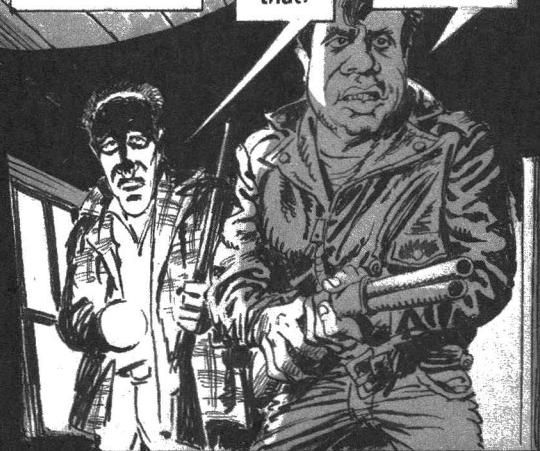
I'll be reciting the Pledge of Allegiance at my Boy Scout meeting all day tomorrow!

I'm just going to lie here and think about how wonderful it is to be sick in this great country of ours!

This ain't gonna be murder! This is gonna be self-defense! It's either them or us!

What makes you say that?

If we don't kill them, they're liable to BORE us to death!



THE POST - GRADUATE

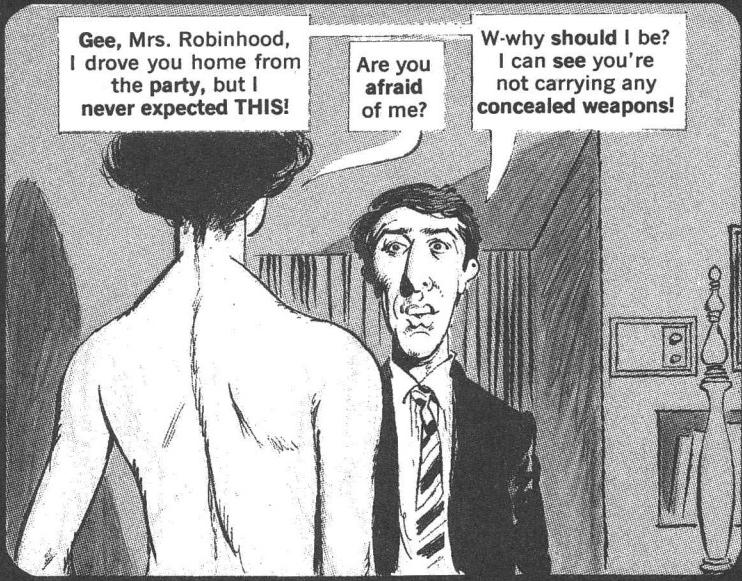
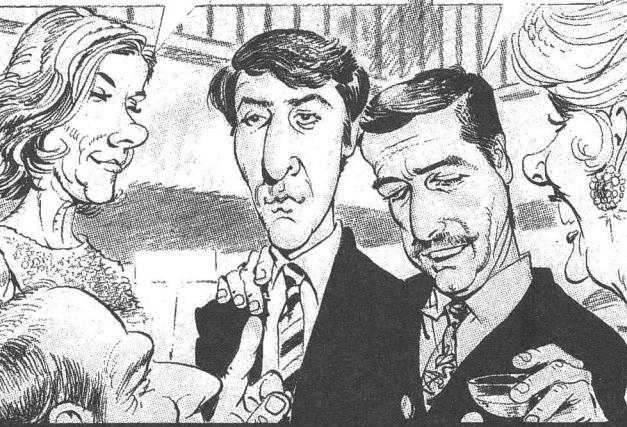
Now that you've graduated, we have it all planned! First, you get a good job! Then you work your way to the top! Then, you marry some nice girl and have kids and a home and a mortgage!

And tomorrow, we have an even MORE exciting day planned!

Gee, Mrs. Robinhood, I drove you home from the party, but I never expected THIS!

Are you afraid of me?

W-why should I be? I can see you're not carrying any concealed weapons!



Let's not do anything we'll be sorry for later on! Couldn't we just sit here and talk!

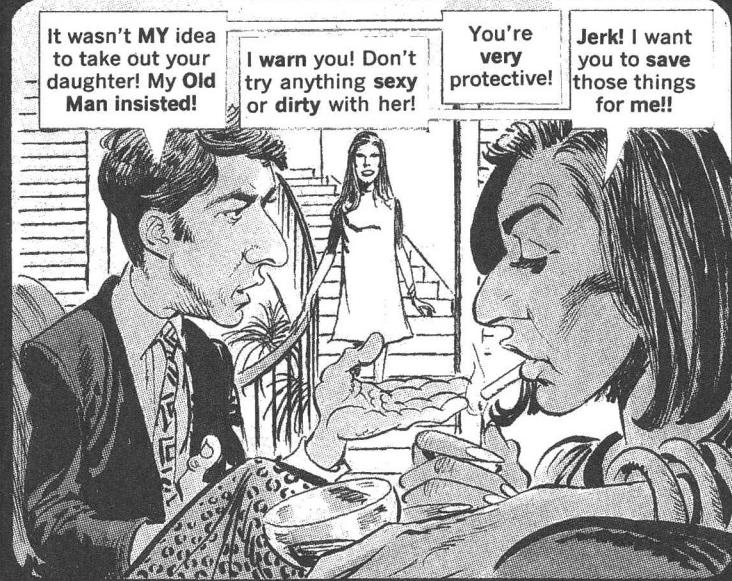
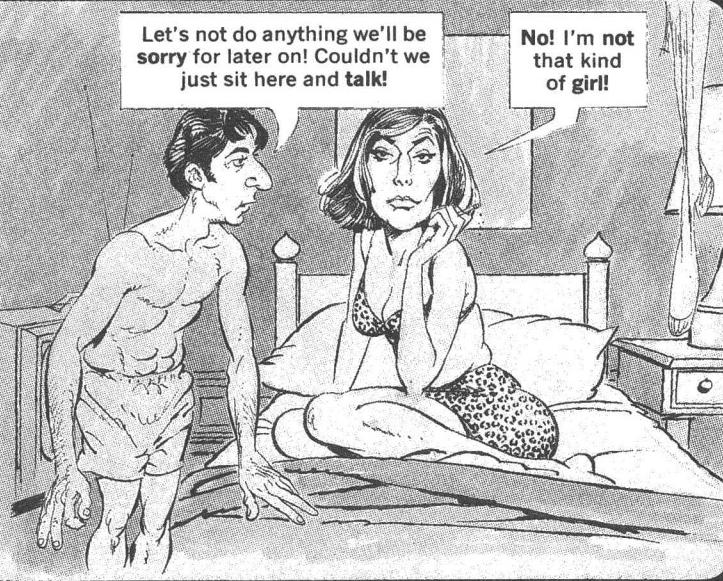
No! I'm not that kind of girl!

It wasn't MY idea to take out your daughter! My Old Man insisted!

I warn you! Don't try anything sexy or dirty with her!

You're very protective!

Jerk! I want you to save those things for me!!



Benny, how could you DO such a thing with my wife! I'm very disappointed in you!

I'm really sorry!

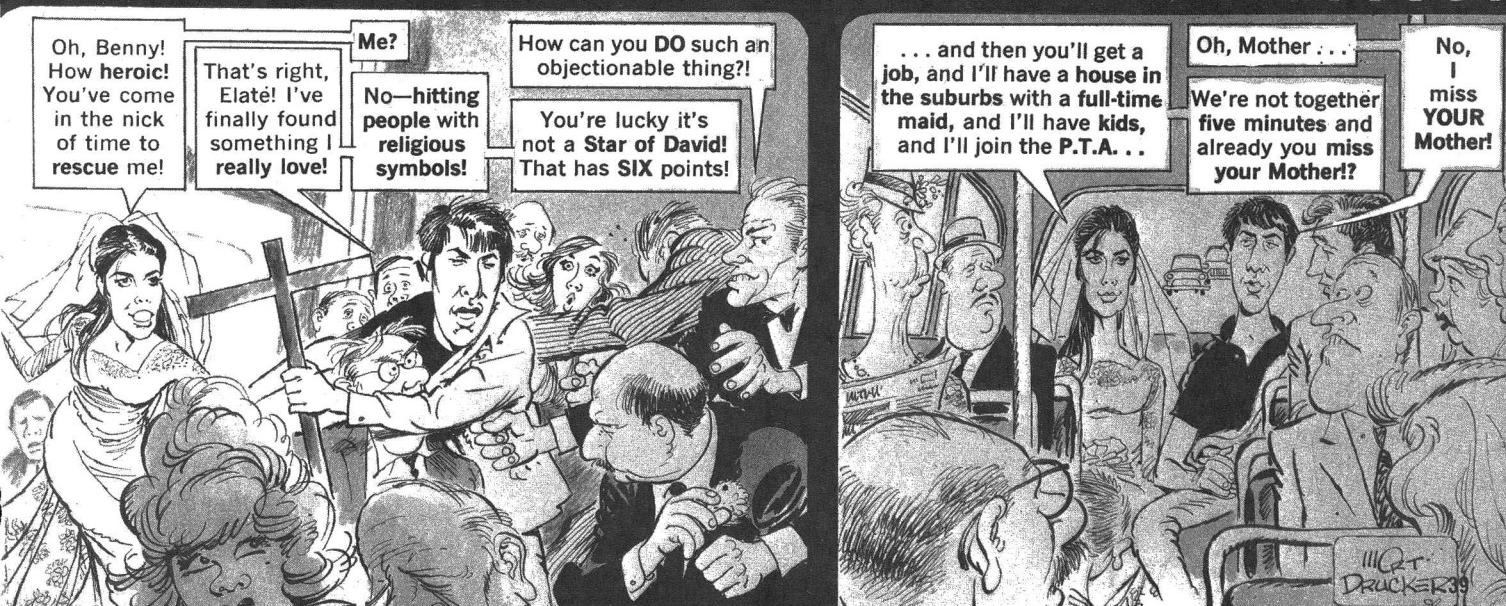
You SHOULD BE! I was sure you had much better taste in women!!

I've got to stop Elate from getting married!

Come to think of it—maybe I SHOULDN'T stop Elate from getting married!

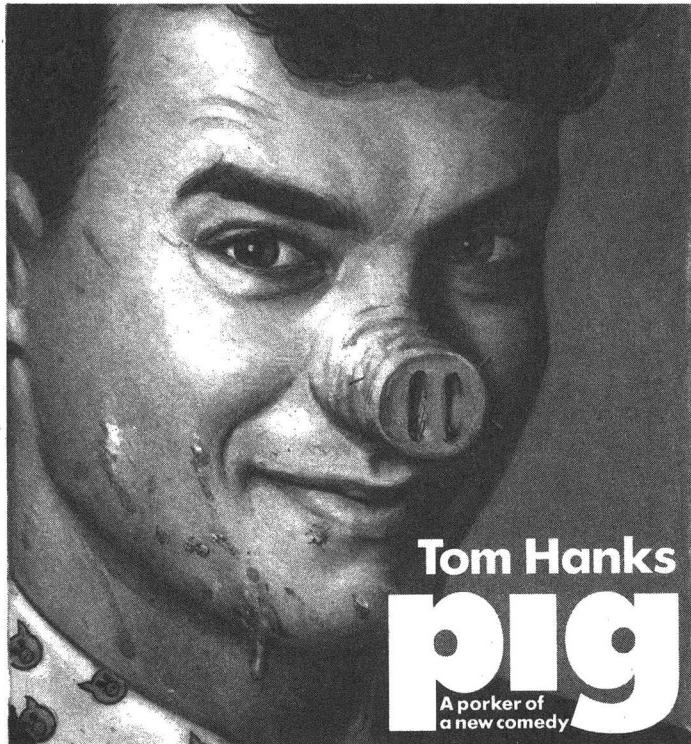
After all, I've been making out pretty good with married women, lately!





FILM FLAM DEPT.

NOT PLAYING



NOT PLAYING

FUNKY TOWN
LEOW'S SIXPACK
KK5-5375
MINNESOTA TWIN
JLS-0388

BLOOM COUNTY
HANK'S INDOOR
DRIVE-IN
LJS-1511
HOITY-TOITY CINEMA
LK5-1000

FAT CITY
PIGFIELD
JK5-0983
PORK LANE
LL5-2000
BACON QUAD
KL5-5658
LARD MALL
KJ5-1988
GREASEPLEX
JJ5-2364

© Columbian Pictures

ARTIST: GREG THEAKSTON

MICHAEL DOUGLAS CHARLIE SHEEN FREDDY KRUEGER

A Nightmare ON WALL STREET

...FREDDY INVESTS

NOT PLAYING

TOWNVILLE
SIMPLEX
LL5-0001
SIAMESE TWIN
KL5-5555
MINISCULE CINEMA
LJS-8265
STAINED CARPET
THEATRE
JK5-9501

VILLE CITY
BLEAKMAN
JLS-7562
CINEMA GAACK
JLS-9050
FLEA MARKET
DRIVE-IN
JLS-1212

CITY TOWN
McMOVIES
LK5-3000
VALIUM THEATRE
KJ5-6850
CINE BEDLAM
KK5-1050
SUPER-8 MOVIES
AND SHOE REPAIR
JJ5-6644



WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

WHEN HE GETS IN A JAM,
HE DOESN'T TURN TO JELLY.



J E F F B R I D G E S

S M U C K E R

THE MAN AND HIS PRESERVES

NOT PLAYING

MAYBERRY
GOBS O' MOVIES
LK5-1777
7-SEAT CINEMA
JLS-8509
LOWEST ASTOR
PLAZA
KK5-1111

© TRI-SCAR

HOOTERVILLE
REDNECK DRIVE-IN
KJ5-2844
POSTAGE STAMP
SCREENTOWN
LL5-4334
MORISTOWN
PATERNAL TWIN
JK5-1500

PETTICOAT JUNCTION
ONEPLEX
JJS-9000
HOT UNCOMFORTABLE
THEATRE
KLS-5220
MALVERNE MOVIES
AND SPEED LUBE
LJS-1690

Hi, War Movie fans! I'm John Wayne!
I just want to say, after making such
distinguished War Pictures as "Sands
Of Iwo Jima," "Flying Leathernecks,"
"Back To Bataan" and "The Fighting
Seabees," that I found this recent
War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Dana Andrews! I just want to
say, after making such distinguished
War Pictures as "Purple Heart," "The
Best Years of Our Lives" and "A Walk
In The Sun," that I found this recent
War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Adolf Hitler! I just want to
say, after making such distinguished
Wars as "The Rape of Poland," "The
Fall of France," "The Siege of Britain,"
"The Invasion of Russia" and "The
Genocide of Millions," that even I
found this recent War Movie an affront
to good taste! So it MUST be ecchy!!



With these comments in mind, MAD Magazine now brings you an even worse affront to good taste! Mainly, our version of ...

M*I*S*H M*O*S*H

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

Hi, buddy!
My name is
Squawkeye!
I'm a new
replacement
Surgeon!

Hi! My name
is Kook!
I'm a new
replacement
Surgeon, too!

Great! Hop in! We'll start off the
picture by stealing a Jeep, thereby
showing complete irreverence for
authority ... and also pulling the
first of many outrageous pranks!

What's so
outrageous
about
stealing
a Jeep?

This
one
belongs
to
President
Truman!

There they go . . .
trying to cash in
on the "Youth
Market" with
another anti-
Establishment,
low-budget
picture!

What's
so low
budget
about the
Korean
War?

Well,
when
you
compare
it to the
War in
Vietnam . . .



DON'T
MISH
MOSH
TURN PAGE

You must be the new Surgeons! I'm **Colonel Henry Bloke**, the Commander of this MISH-MOSH! I demand three things from my officers: One—Respect, Two—Courtesy, and Three—Honesty!

Don't bother us now, Hank! Get lost! We wanna make out with these broads!

Well, ONE out of three ain't bad!

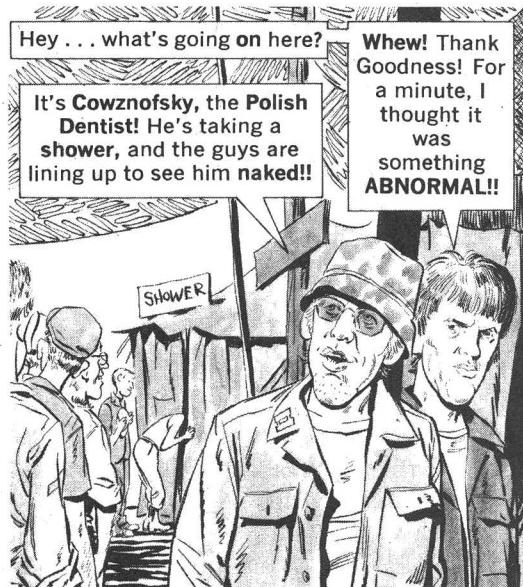
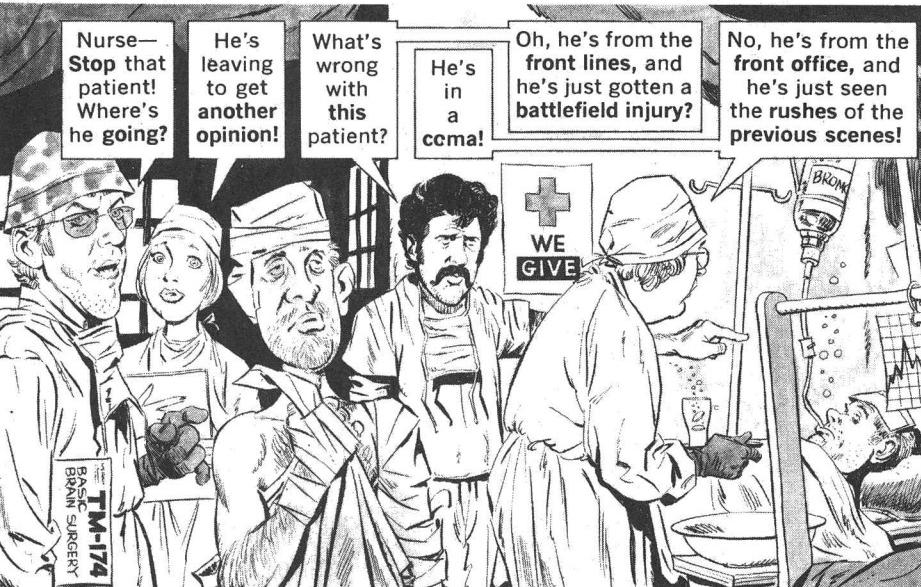
Er—you certainly have an unusual surgical approach, Doctor!

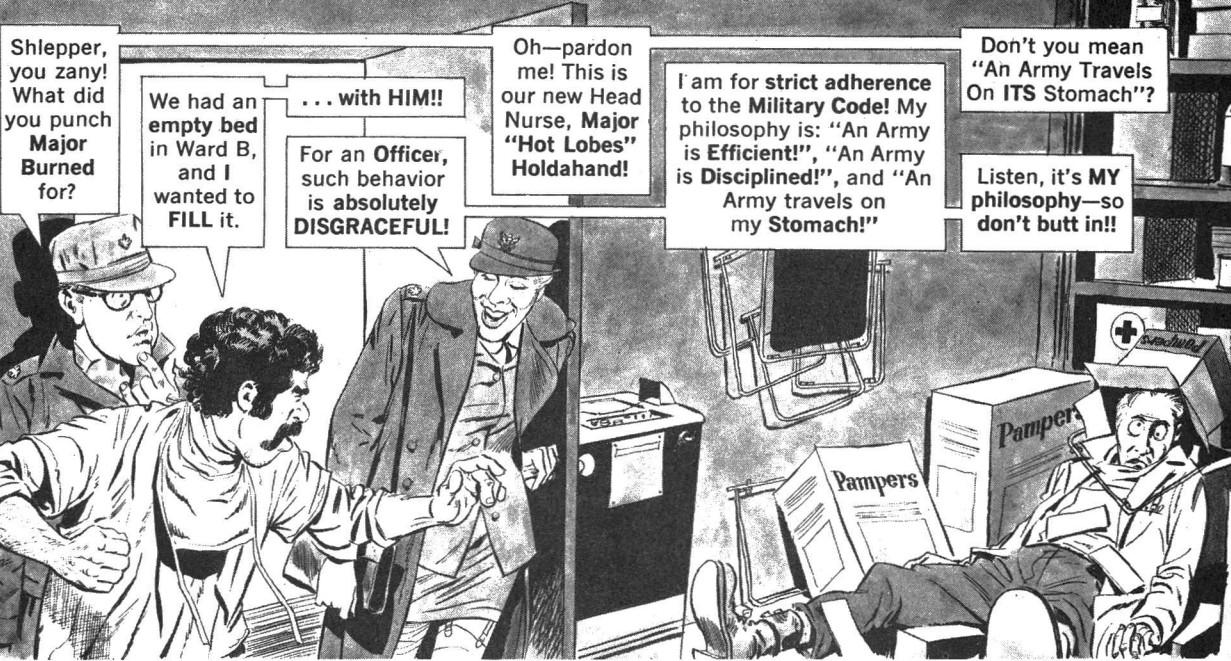
What's so unusual about a routine leg amputation?

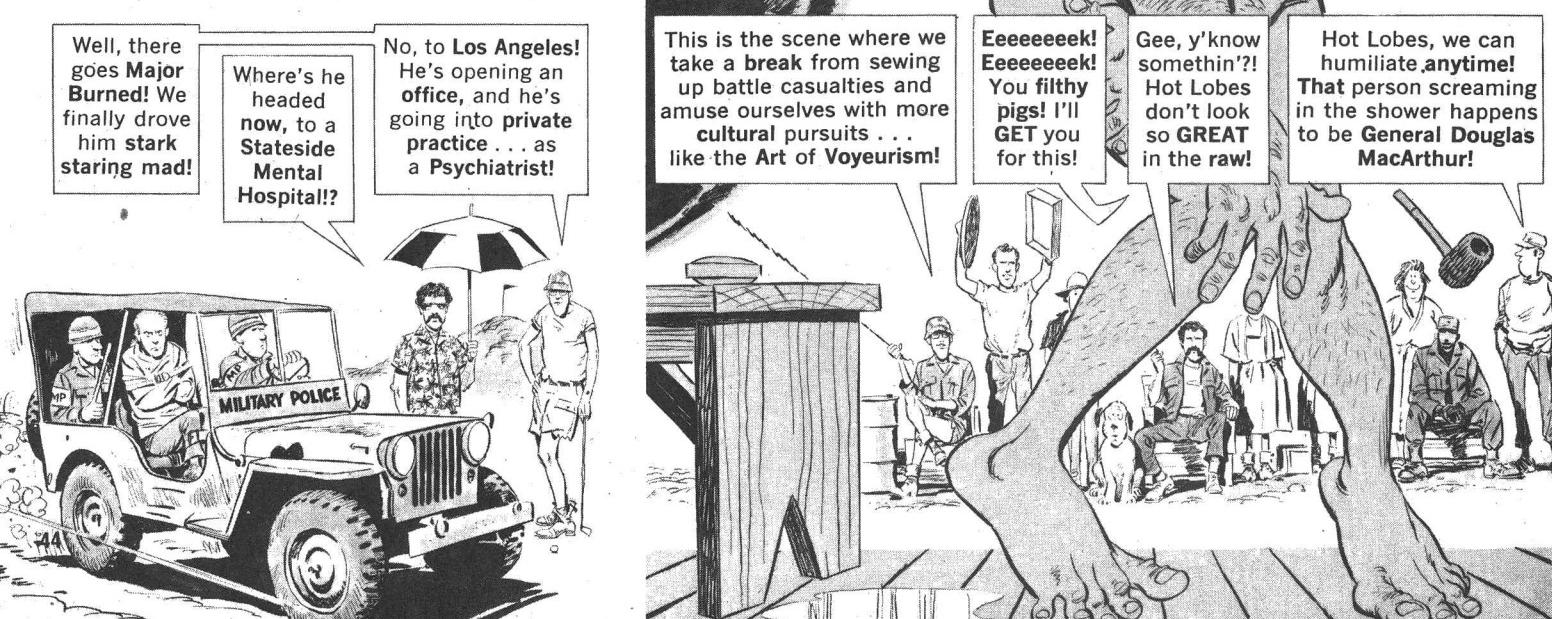
Nothing! It's just that the patient is suffering from chest wounds!!

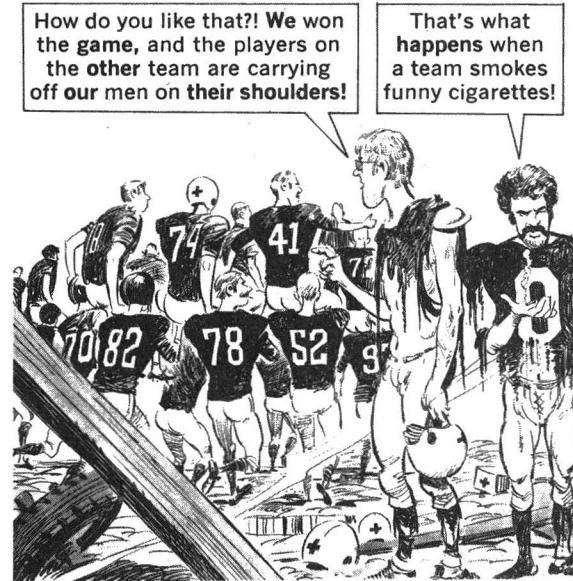
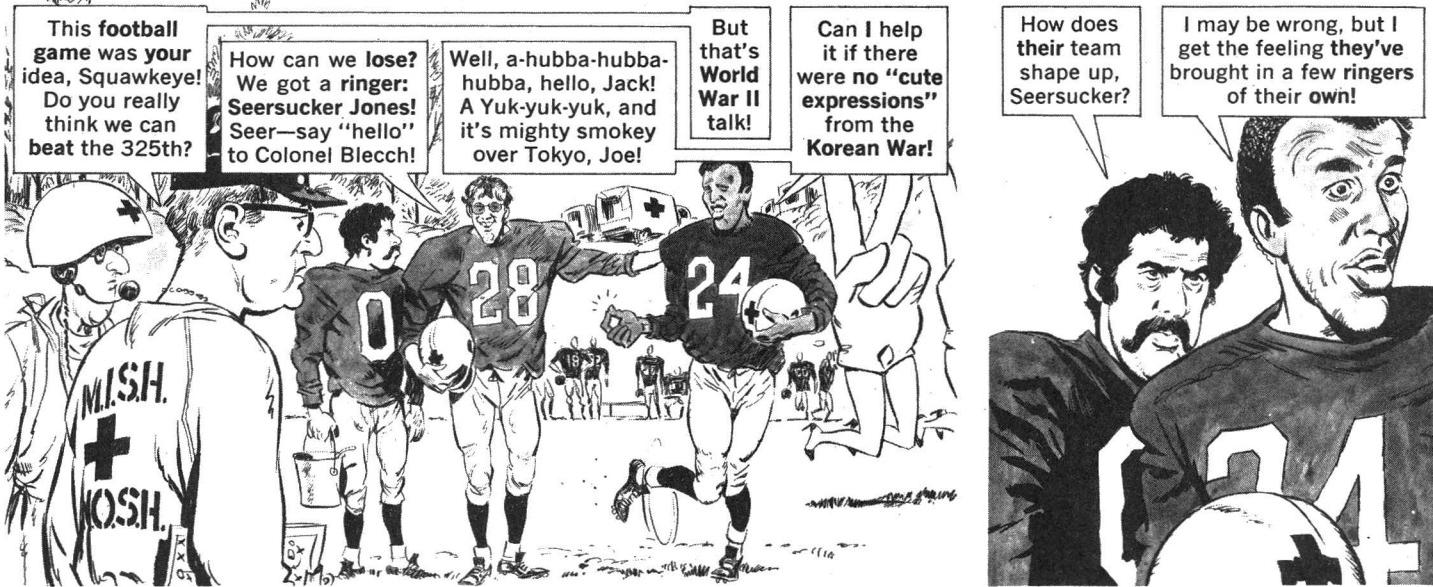
By the way—what's the rating on this picture?

"S"... No one under 18 will be admitted unless accompanied by a "Sickness Bag"!









TOONSTRUCK DEPT.

Don't you get the uncomfortable feeling that the brainstormers in Hollywood are busy thinking up ways to cash in on the great success of "Who Framed Roger Rabbit"? How will they do this? They will make lots and lots of sequels to films, mixing Toons along with the original live actors! Daffy and Dustin? Streep and Sylvester? Yup, we can envision the fast-approaching day

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

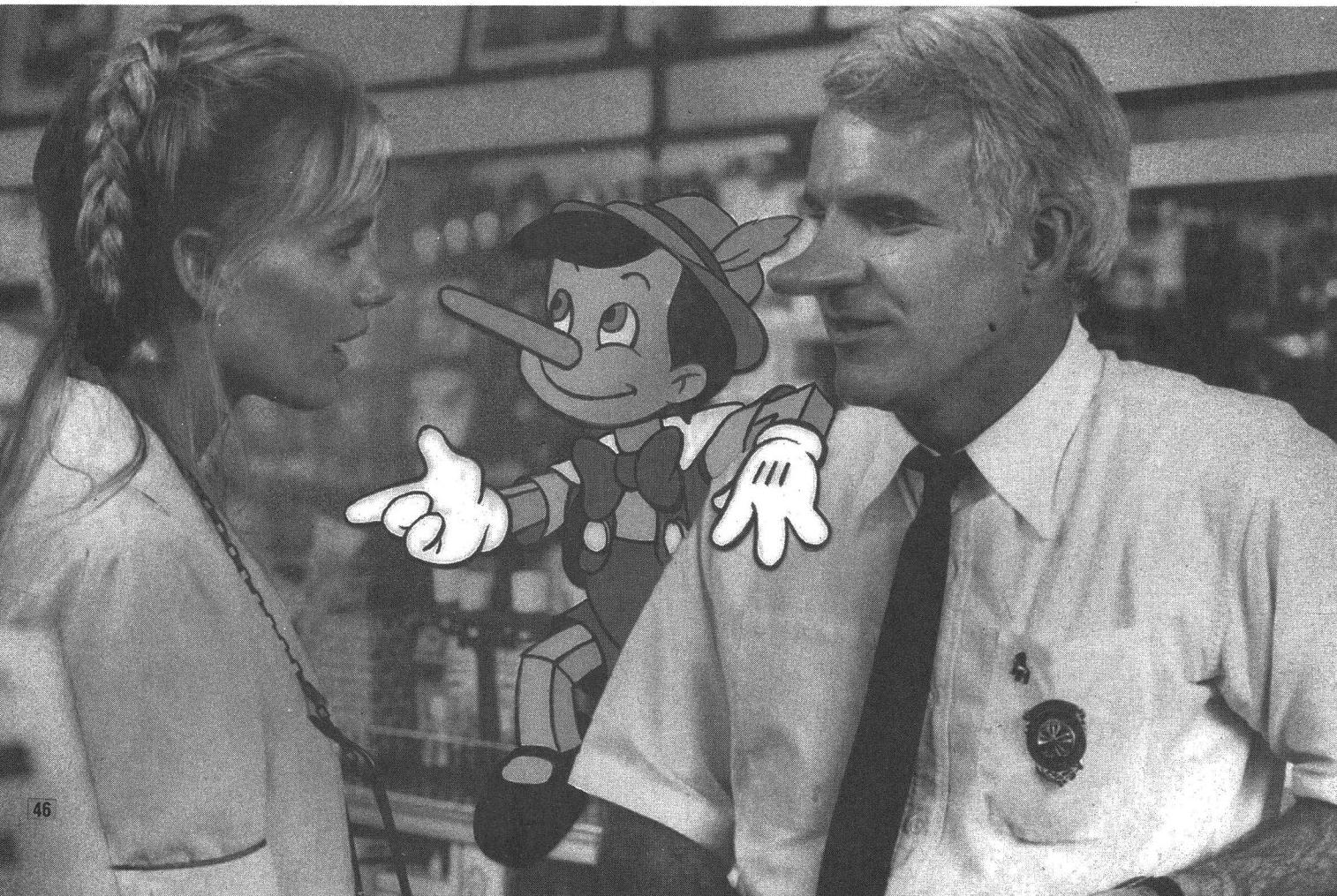
WRITER: STAN HART



When ROGER RABBIT Technology Takes Over All Of Hollywood's Films

ROXANNE TWO—NOSEY PEOPLE

In this sequel to "Roxanne," Martin's nose isn't even in the running as he goes face to face with the all-time schnoz champ, Pinocchio. Once again, Daryl Hannah opts for size—leaving Martin in the cold. Steve's only recourse is to ask Pinocchio's father to burn the boy as kindling. In a truly touching finale, the father refuses. Karl Malden should win a "Best Supporting Nose" Oscar for his role as Pinocchio's father.



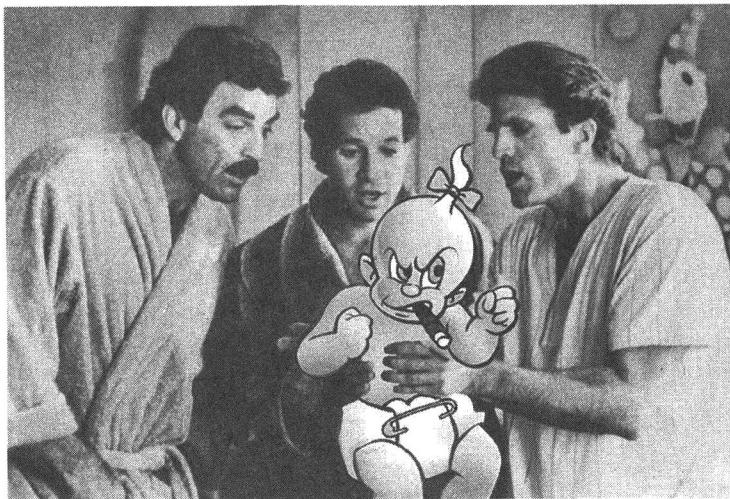
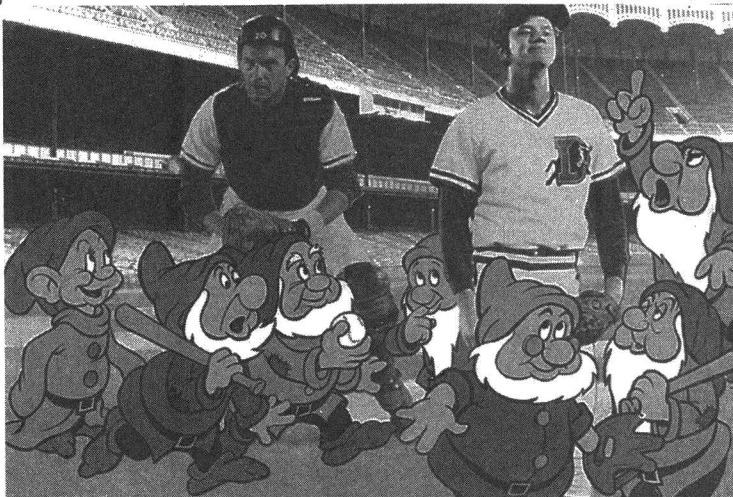
◀ PRINCE IS PETER PAN

In a daring reversal of the trend of putting animated characters into live films, Prince has inserted himself into an animated film as Peter Pan. Prince engages the evil Captain Hook in an action-packed duel: it's Hook's razor-sharp sword against Prince's purse! But the agile Prince prevails and frees the Lost Boys, who he turns into a group of interior decorators and beauticians. During the course of the film, Prince also teaches Tinker Bell how to pout and mince, as well as what it means to be a woman.



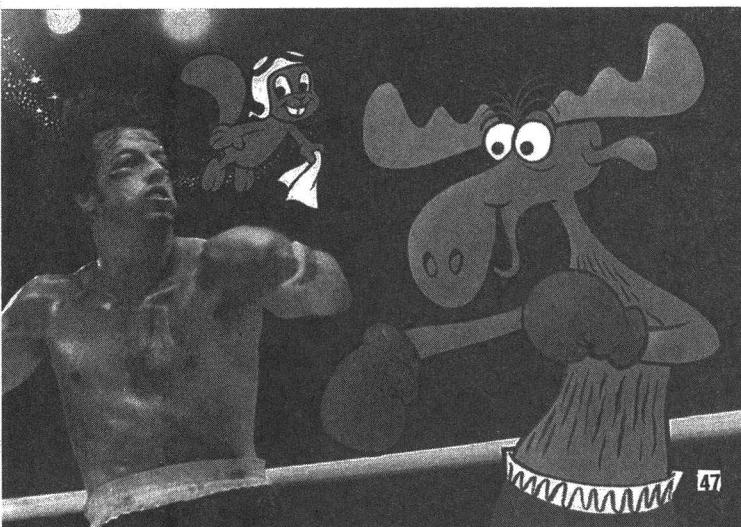
◀ BULL DURHAM AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Minor League catcher Kevin Costner and Pitcher Tim Robbins sense that the Durham Bulls' chances for a championship are slim after they meet their new team mates: Sneezy on first, Dopey on second, Grumpy at short, Doc on third, and Sleepy, Happy, and Bashful in the outfield. Susan Sarandon continues her custom of having an affair with a new player each year. This year, she chooses Sneezy in a mind and nose-blowing finale!



◀ ROCKY AND BULLWINKLE AND ROCKY VI

The Italian Stallion hires Bullwinkle T. Moose as his new sparring partner and Rocky J. Squirrel as his new trainer. Everything goes along just fine until the night Balboa's wife, Adrian, gets drunk and goes to bed with the wrong Rocky. It isn't Adrian's infidelity that upsets Balboa; he's infuriated because she couldn't tell the difference! In a dream sequence, the late, great Appollo Creed advises Balboa to fill the spit bucket with the dreaded Toon-destroying "Dip" next time he fights Bullwinkle. Balboa does and douses Rocky J. Squirrel in Bullwinkle's corner, thereby TKO-ing his domestic conflict.



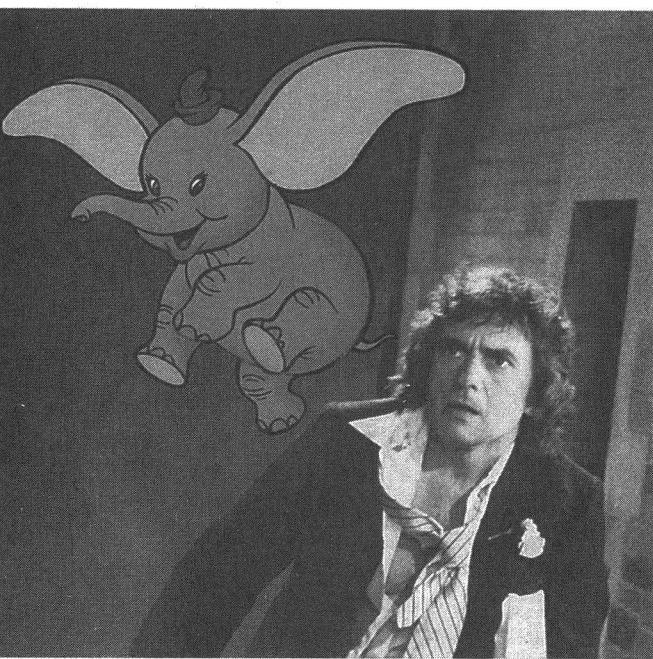
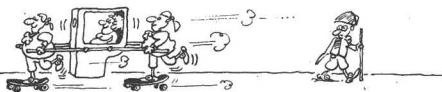
◀ THREE MEN AND A BABY HERMAN

The swinging bachelors who proved to be such schmucks when dealing with an infant girl really have their hands full with Baby Herman. At first the little tyke amuses the three oafs when he uses their after shave lotion and smokes big cigars. He soon becomes a lot less adorable when he jimmies the lock on their liquor cabinet, makes obscene phone calls and gets Steve Guttenberg's girlfriend "in trouble." But the three goofballs get their revenge when they change Baby Herman's diaper! Instead of using baby talcum powder, they substitute itching powder!

STAR TREK 12—

THE SEARCH FOR GEORGE AND JUDY

The Starship Enterprise picks up *The Jetsons*, who have been wandering through space after losing their home due to the business failure of Spacely Sprockets. While William Shatner tries to help George fight his arch competitor, Cogswell's Cogs, Leonard Nimoy has other problems—the Vulcan has fallen in love. Unfortunately it's with Rosie, the Jetson's robot maid, whose lovemaking is, at best, mechanical.



RETURN OF ALIEN 6

In this version of "Alien," Sigourney Weaver and the spaceship crew have their hands full as they try to capture a new alien, played by the Road Runner. They can't grab the slippery invader and the spaceship starts to fall out of control because the Road Runner's speed lines are screwing up the ship's computer readout. Sigourney finally corners Road Runner, but her attempt to talk to him is drowned out by his incessant and extremely irritating "Beep Beep!" Then she gets the brilliant idea of bringing in Wile E. Coyote and letting him and Road Runner drive themselves crazy, chasing each other through the spacecraft as it heads for home.



ARTHUR III & DUMBO

After appearing in such box office disasters as "Miki and Maude" and "Santa Claus, the Movie," Deadly Dudley Moore gets some much needed help from the lovable flying pachyderm in his latest film. Dudley still thinks the serious illness of alcoholism is a gold mine of cheap jokes. As a booze (and cliché) ridden drunk, he is about to lose Liza Minelli (who would be no great loss to anyone sober). Suddenly he sees a pink Dumbo circling over head! Fearing that the Elephant is not house-broken, Moore pledges to stop drinking and swears off any more sequels to the dreary "Arthur."

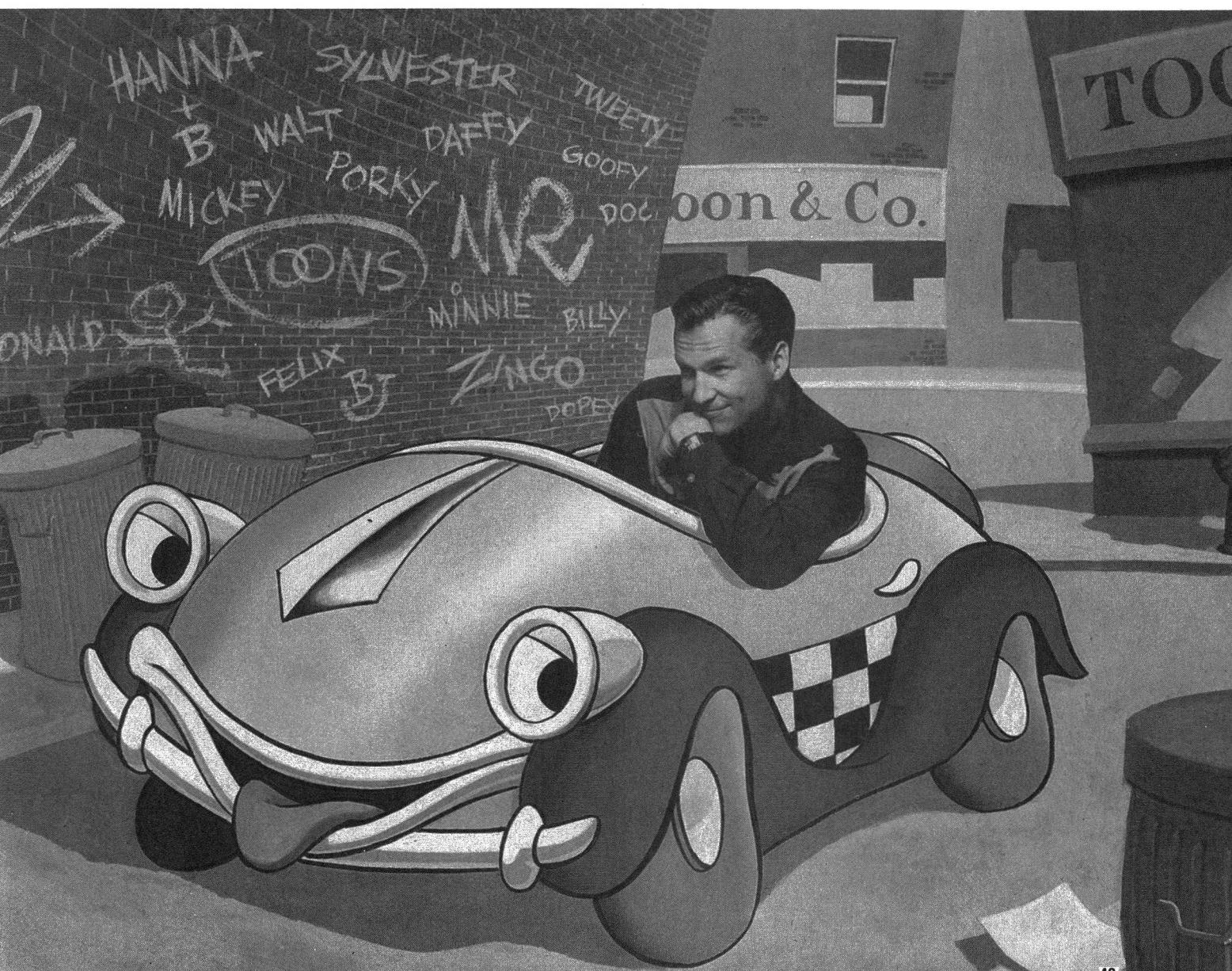
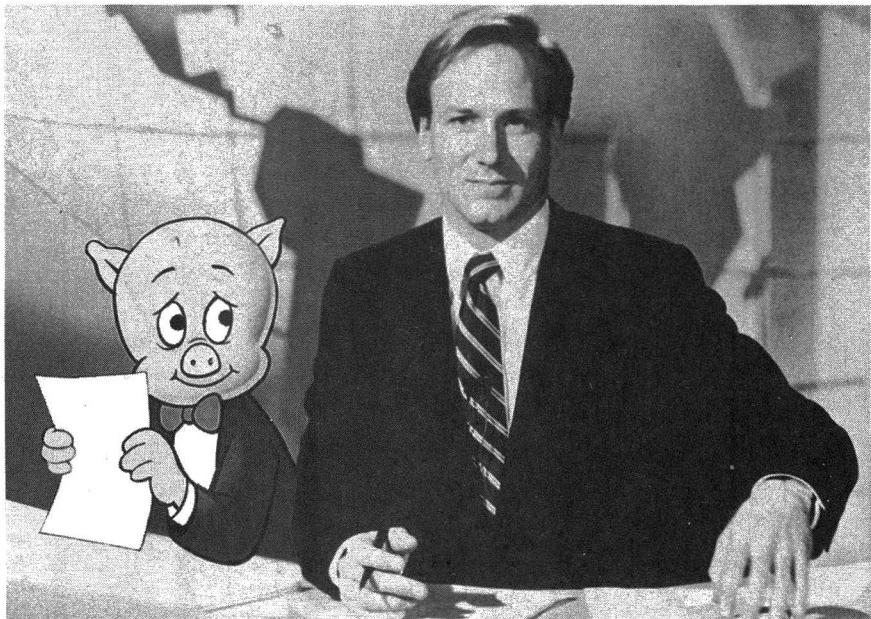
TUCKER—A MAN AND HIS CAB

Jeff Bridges reprises his role as the hard-luck auto innovator, Preston Tucker. This time, he devises a car that stands on its rear wheels, bends around corners, makes wisecracks, shivers and sweats. But Tucker's ambitious plans to produce such a car are foiled by the Big Three—not Ford, Chrysler, and G.M.—Disney, Warner Bros. and Hanna-Barbera!



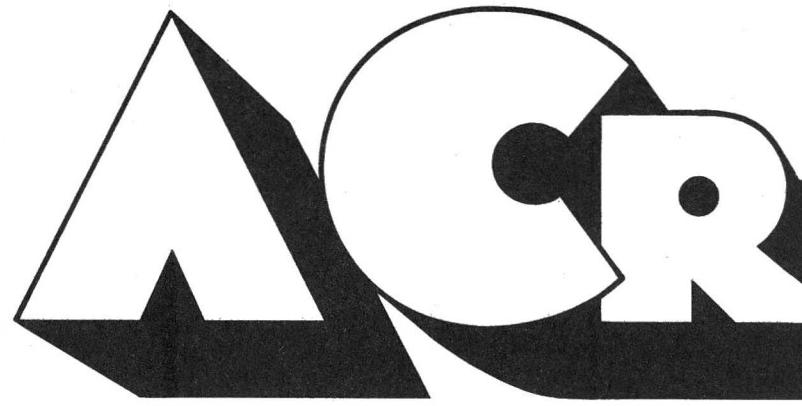
RE-BROADCAST NEWS ►

Holly Hunter and William Hurt are paired again, but this time they work for competing networks. Because her company is an equal-opportunity employer, Holly is forced to hire Sylvester the Cat as her news anchorman, even though he sprays the camera with saliva whenever he speaks. Thinking that Holly has hired Sylvester to boost her network's ratings, Hurt tries to do her one better by employing Porky Pig. But Hurt gets into deep trouble when his new protégé makes the half-hour news run two hours and forty-five minutes because of his stuttering.



DE SADEST STORY EVER TOLD DEPT.

Us moral people all hate violence, right? Let's hear it for "Anti-Violence"! *Yayyy!* Stanley Kubrick also hates violence, right? Let's hear it for Stanley Kubrick! *Yayyy!* And let's hear it for his new movie, which shows how horrible violence is! *Yay— Uh—* Hey, wait a minute! If Mr. Kubrick's new movie is so "Anti-Violence," how come it's jam-packed with the worst, sickening, most disgusting violence imaginable? Let's face it, Stanley, baby! Your movie is really . . .



Hello, blokes! My name is Alech and I ain't no different from other lads my age! You could consider me to be just like the boy next door

... that is, if you live next door to San Quentin!

I suppose you're wondering why I dress this way! Well . . . I'll tell you why! My derby shows that I have a relationship with the past, my jump suit shows that I have a relationship with the future, and my crazy false eyelash shows that I have a relationship with the Make-up Man, who's a screaming faggot!

Hey, why'd you say that about the Make-up Man?

'Cause every time a band plays "God Save The Queen," he thinks they're playing HIS song!

Hey, look at that poor old drunk! It's rotten what the stinkin' system's done to him!

Yeah! All alone and exploited in this cruel ol' world with nothing to call his own!

Let's give him something nobody can take away from him!

What?

Multiple fractures!

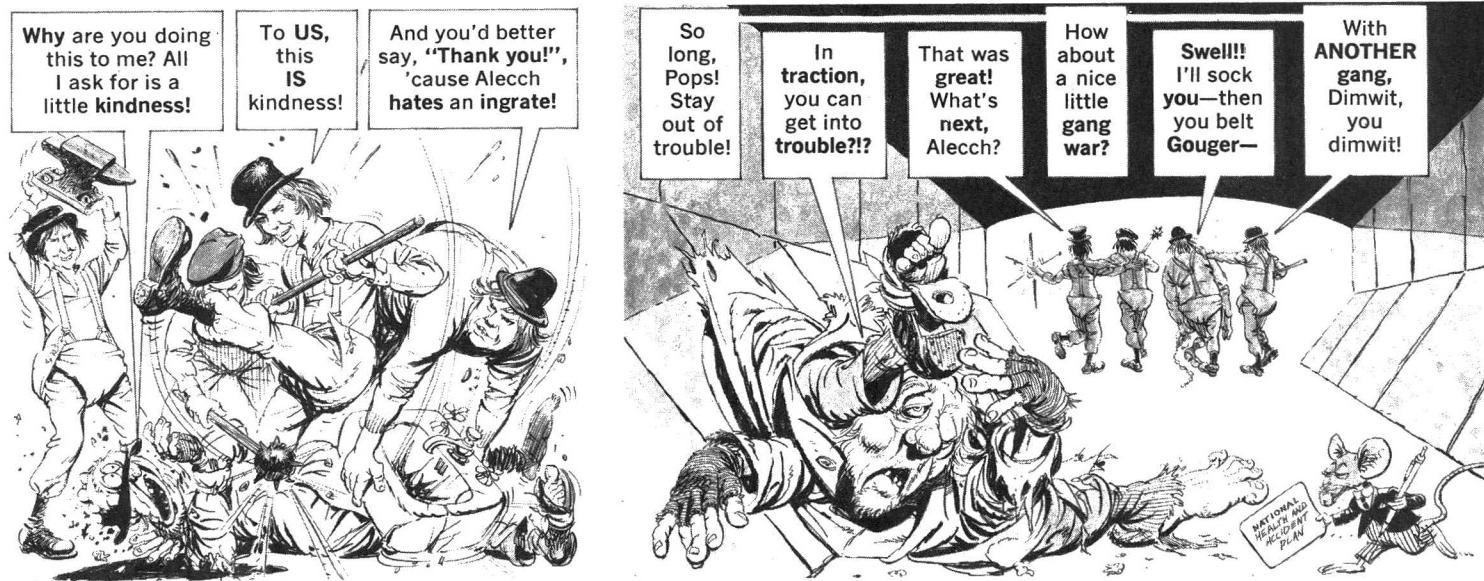




OCKWORK LIVEMON

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: STAN HART





We been thinkin', Alech! Why should **YOU**
be the Boss? You ain't meaner than us . . .

... or
stronger
than
us?

Yeah, what
do you
have that
we don't?

Well,
for
one
thing . . .



... I've got a lower voice! So I'm
still the Boss! When I say, "Beat
up people!" we will beat up people!
And when I say "Kill!" we will
kill! And when I say "Rape!" . . .

We will
say—
gasp—
"Forget
it!"

Can I use
your phone?
I want to
report a
violent
assault!

On **ME** . . .
right? I'm
too smart
for that!
I'm wise to
your tricks!

First you'll get
me to let you
in like this—
You think so!

Trust
me!
I'm
very
bright!

Then you'll force me to
open this wall safe and
give you all my money!

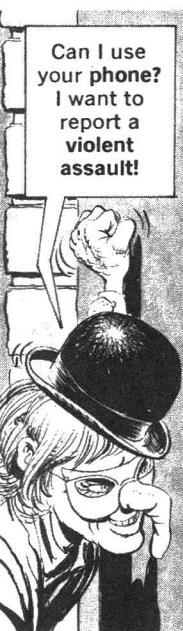
Do I look
like I'd
do a thing
like that?

Believe
me, I
know
people!

Then you'll
take this
statue and
hit me over
the head
with it . . .

Aw, not me!

Look, kid,
I'm never
wrong! Why,
being right
is more
important
to me than
life itself!



In that case . . .



Happy, now . . . ?

Who wouldn't be?!
Oh, by the way—
I didn't tell
you the best part!

What was that . . . ?

I called the Police
when I saw you
outside! They're
on their way over!

I don't believe you!

You think
I'd lie to
a HOUSE
GUEST??!



Let's go!
The Police
are coming!

We're goin', Al!
But you're not!! Take
that!!

You shouldn't
have done
that, Gouger!
Where's your
sense of values??

You mean
because
we
betrayed
a buddy??

No...
because
you
broke a
deposit bottle!

She's
dead!
You killed
that woman
in there!

I didn't mean
to kill her! I
never murdered
anyone before!

You'll
hang for
this,
Buster!

Hey,
that
ain't
fair!

It's my
first
offense!



I want no
trouble
from you!
I'm keeping
you here
for the
rest of
your life!

If
you
do,
you'll
be
sorry!

Why??

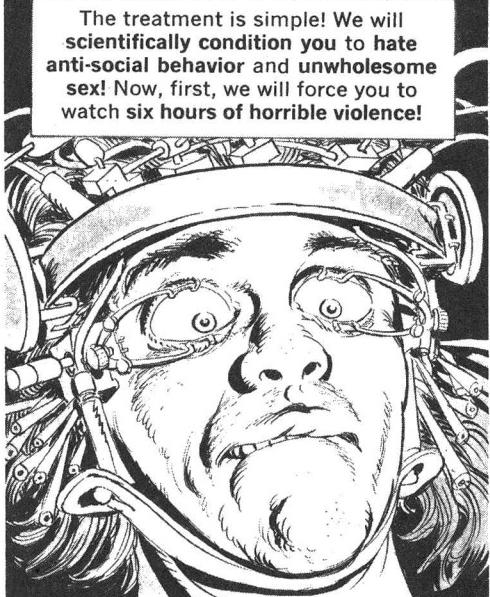
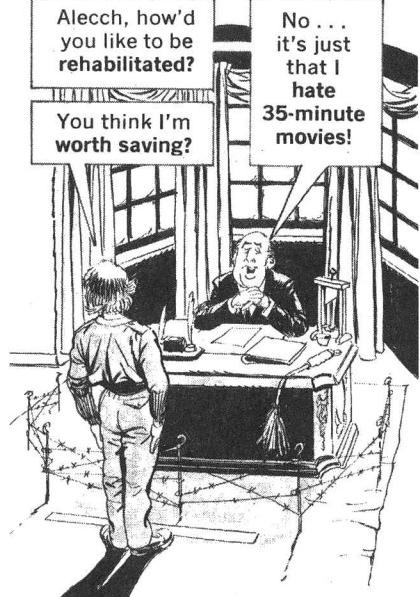
Cause this
will be
the first
multi-million
dollar
movie that
only runs
35 minutes!

Alechh, how'd
you like to be
rehabilitated?

You think I'm
worth saving?

No...
it's just
that I
hate
35-minute
movies!

The treatment is simple! We will
scientifically condition you to hate
anti-social behavior and unwholesome
sex! Now, first, we will force you to
watch six hours of horrible violence!



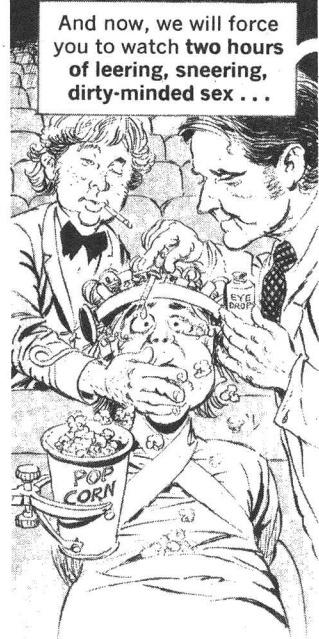
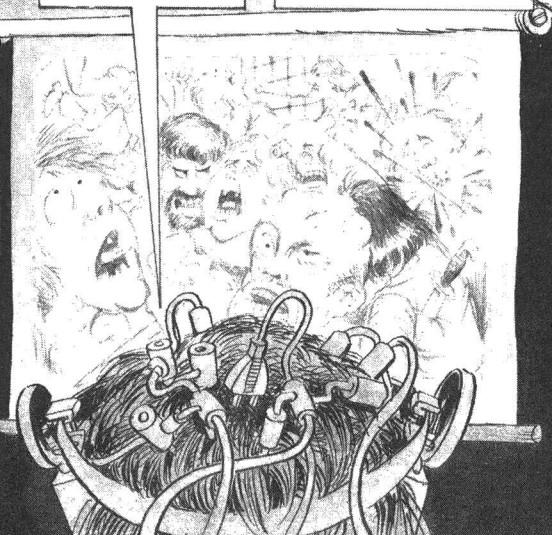
That's revolting!
Where did you get
such a terrible,
disgusting movie?

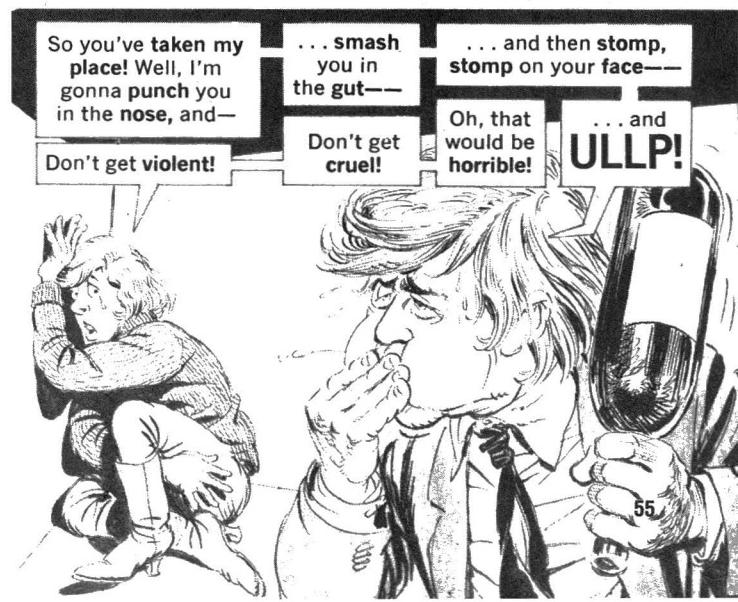
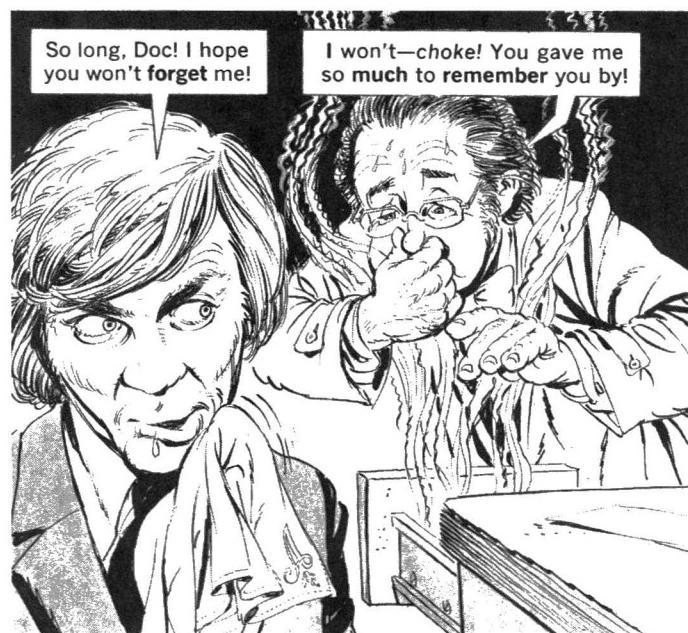
What movie?!? That's a
live TV pick-up from
a typical New York
City High School!

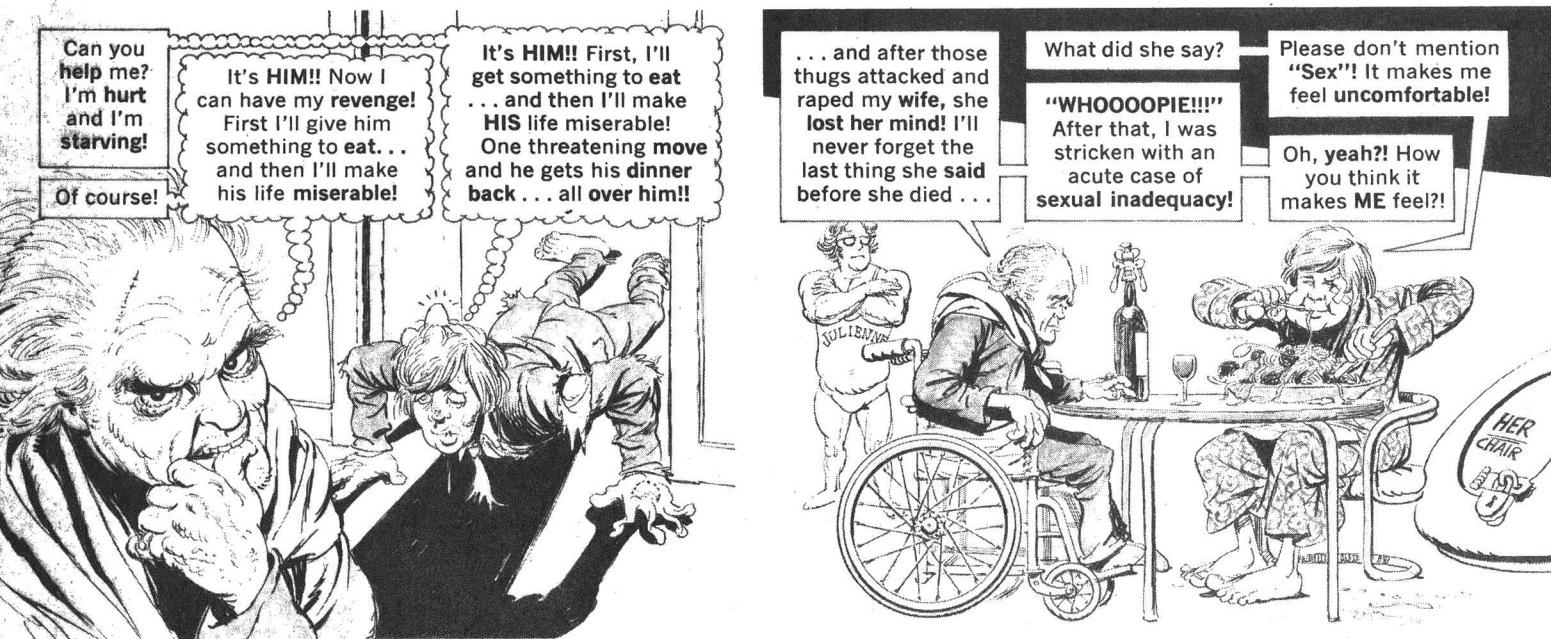
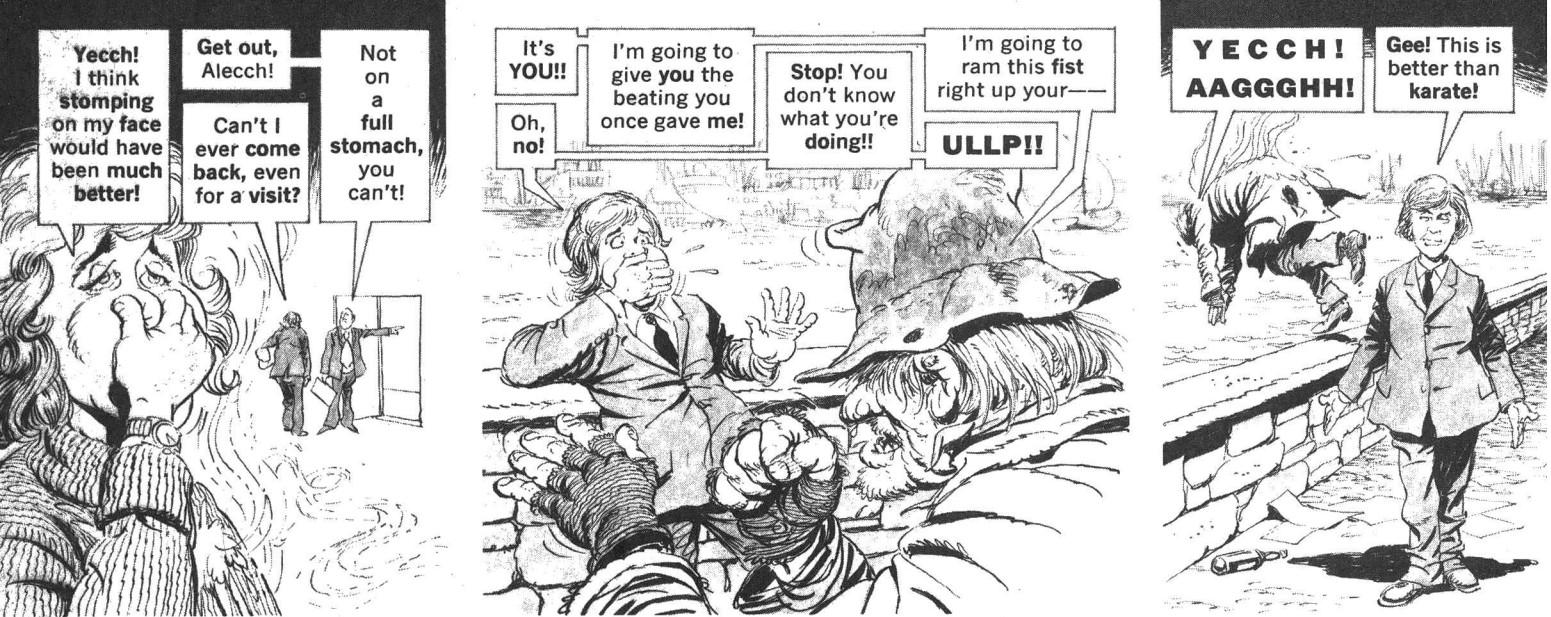
And now, we will force
you to watch two hours
of leering, sneering,
dirty-minded sex . . .

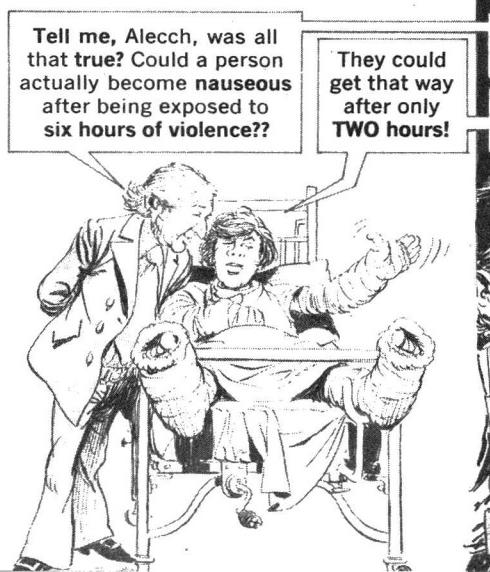
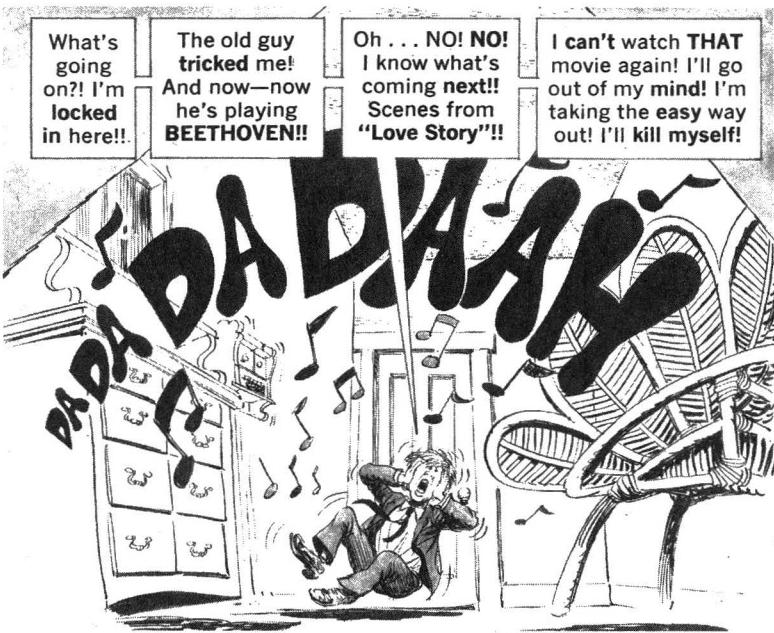
Want a
drinkee,
Dino . . . ?
Yeah—an' y'better
make it a DOUBLE
. . . yuk, yuk, yuk!

I'm
getting
SICK!!









EVERYBODY'S GAWKIN' DEPT.

The following article is rated "G" . . . which means it's Okay for General Audiences. However, the following article is a MAD satire of an "X"-rated movie . . . which means the movie is dirty, and Children Under 16 are Not Permitted to see it. Which further means that if you are under 16, you couldn't possibly have seen the movie, and therefore you cannot possibly enjoy this MAD satire

MIDNIGHT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

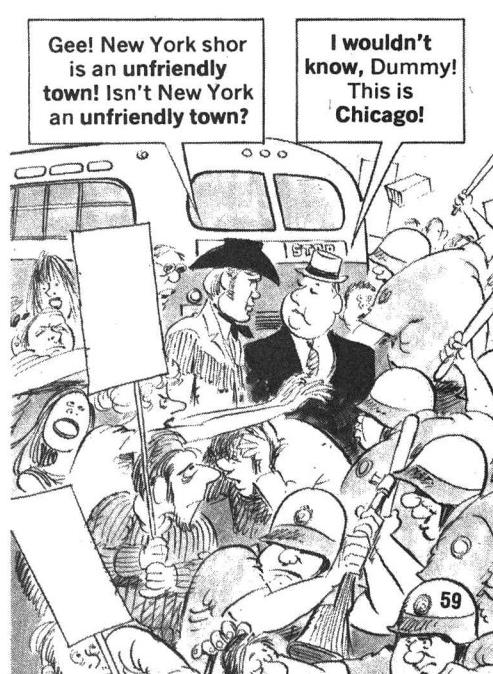
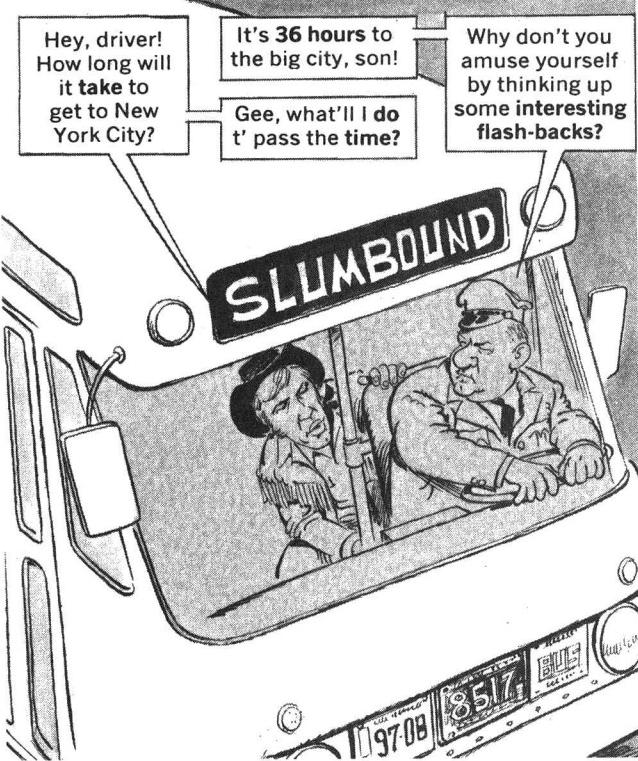


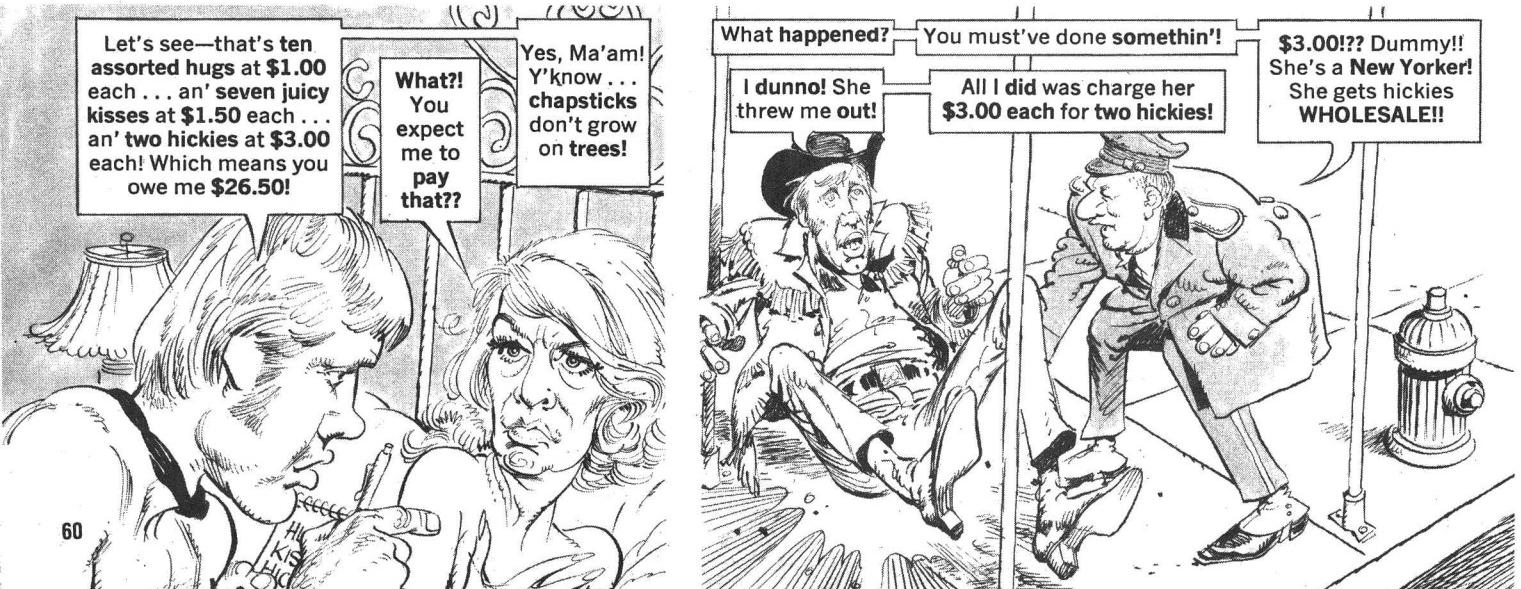
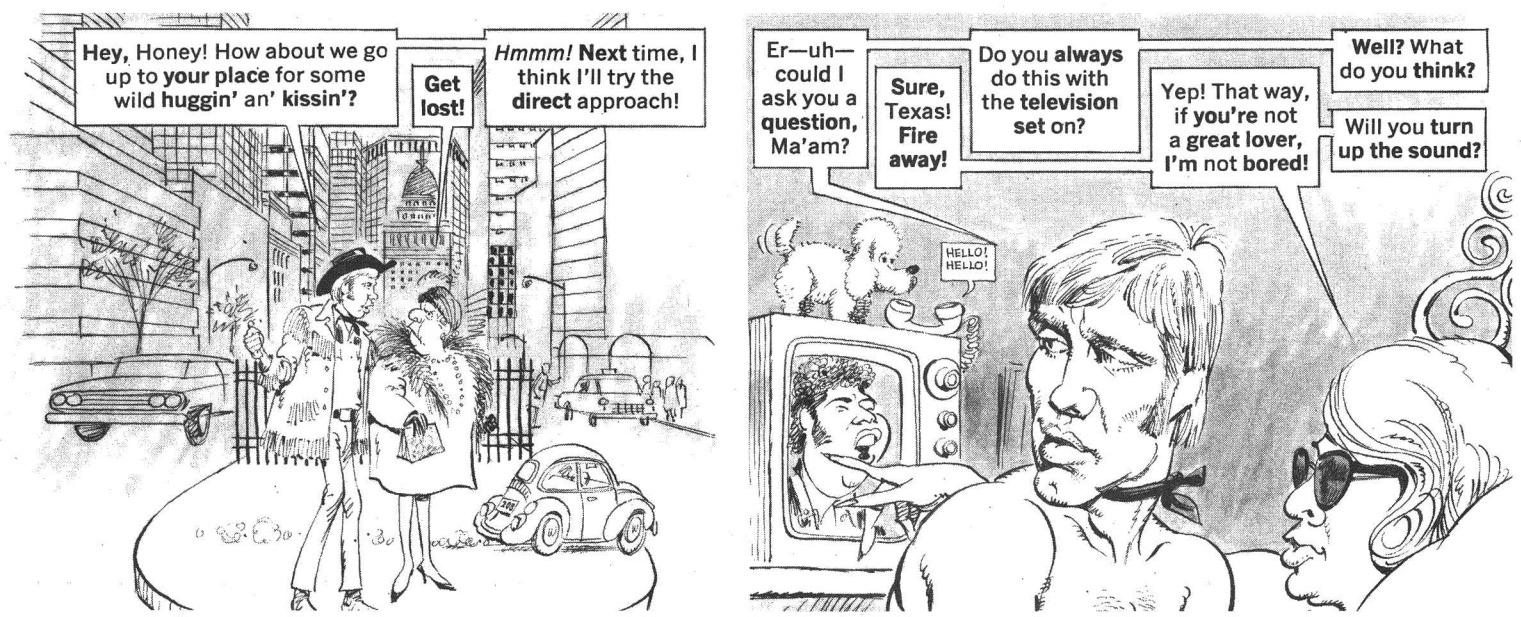
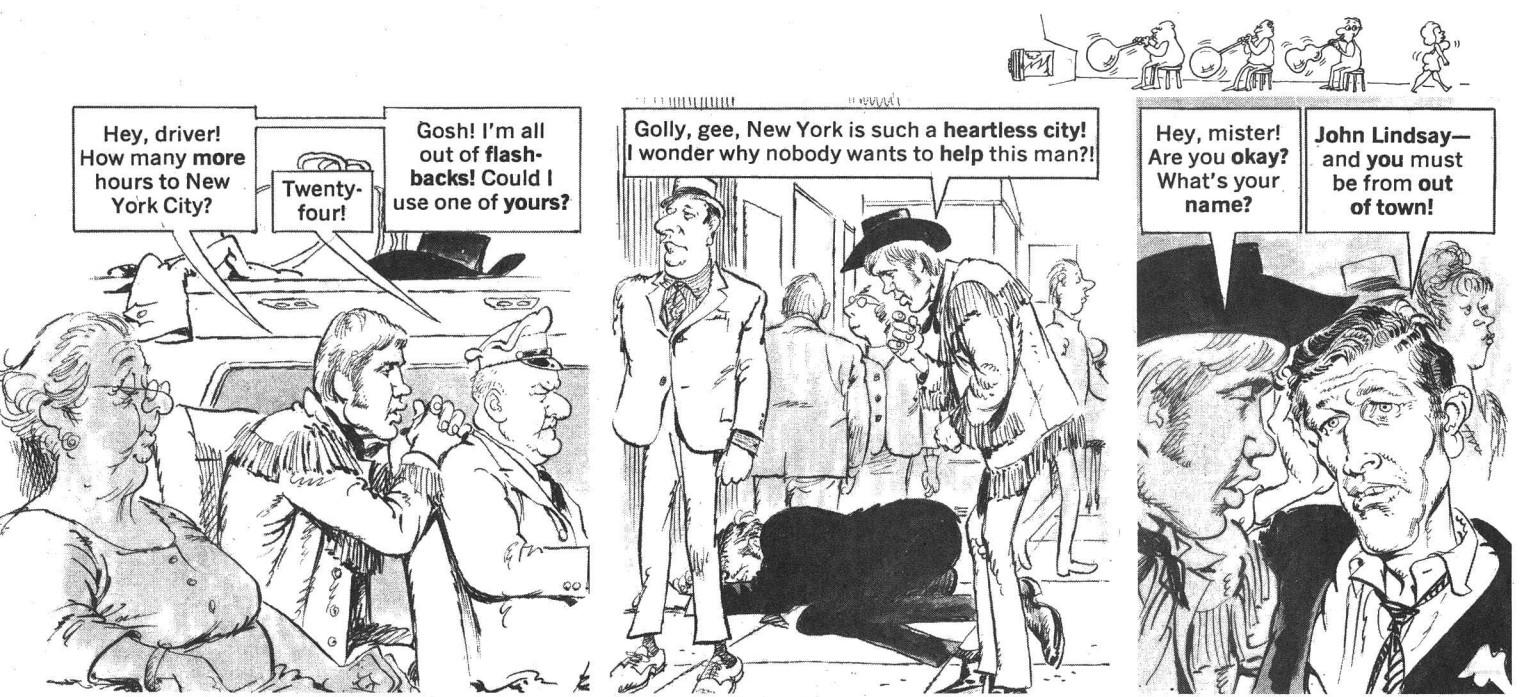


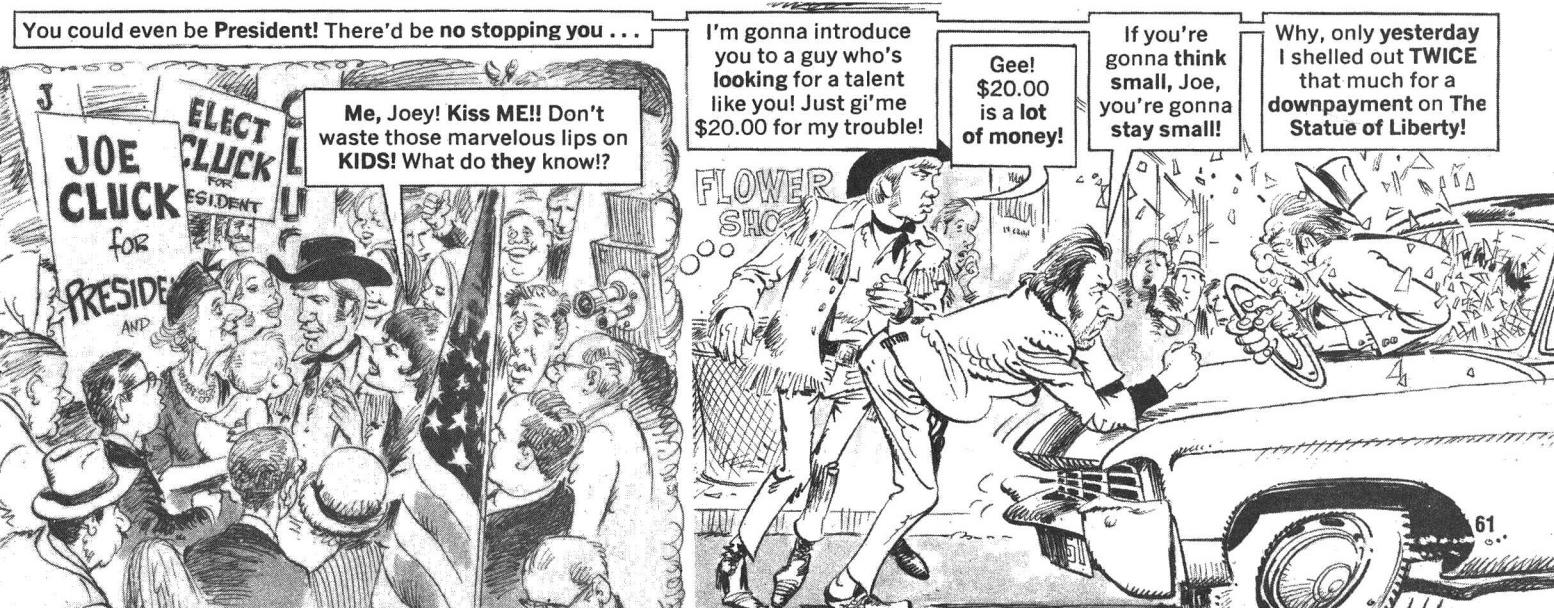
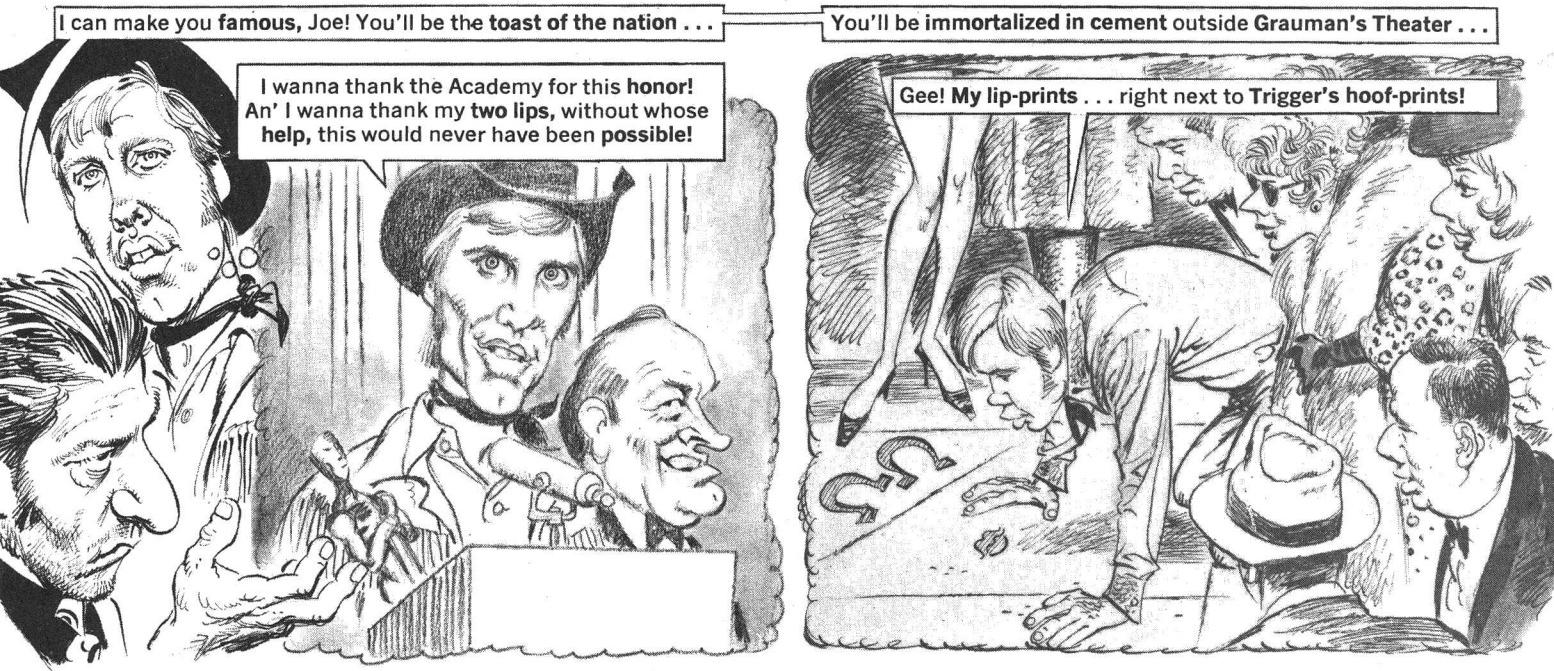
of it. So use your dopey, under-16 head for a change! Don't laugh at this article if your parents are around, or you'll give it away that you lied about your age and sneaked in to see the movie! (Incidentally, if your parents laugh at this article, it means they must have seen the movie, and you can ask them what in heck they were doing, going to see a dirty movie anyhow!) Here, then, is...

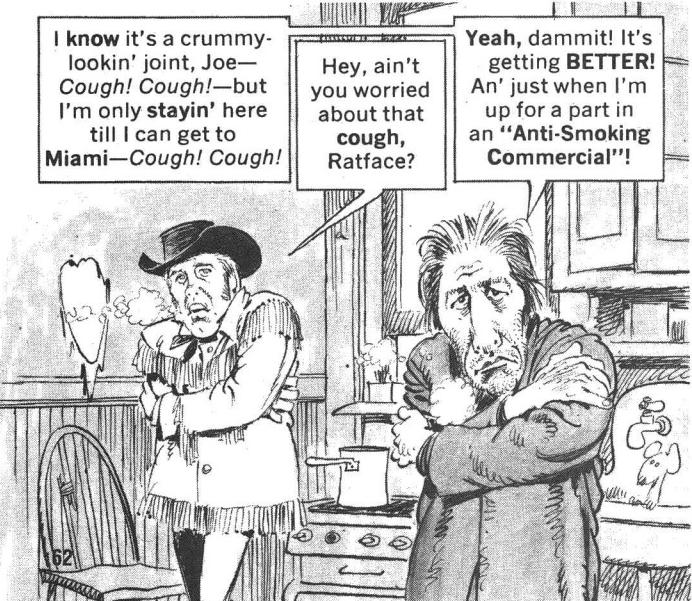
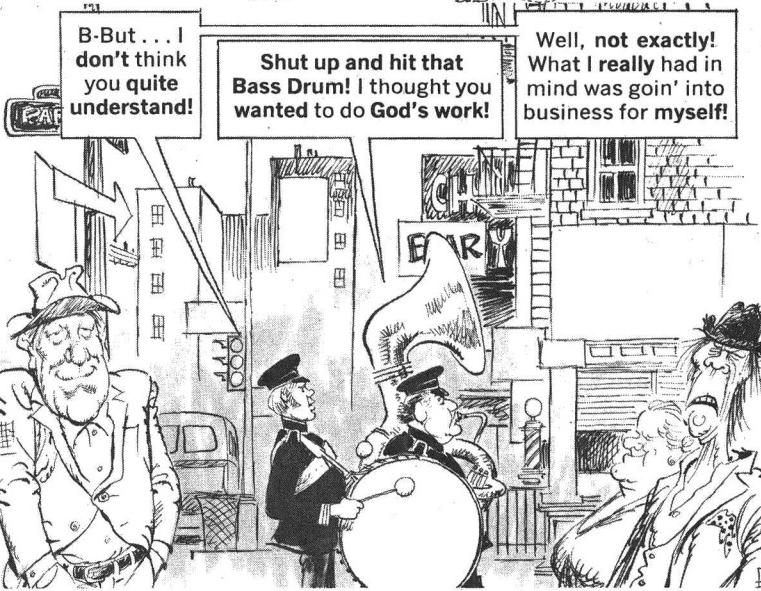
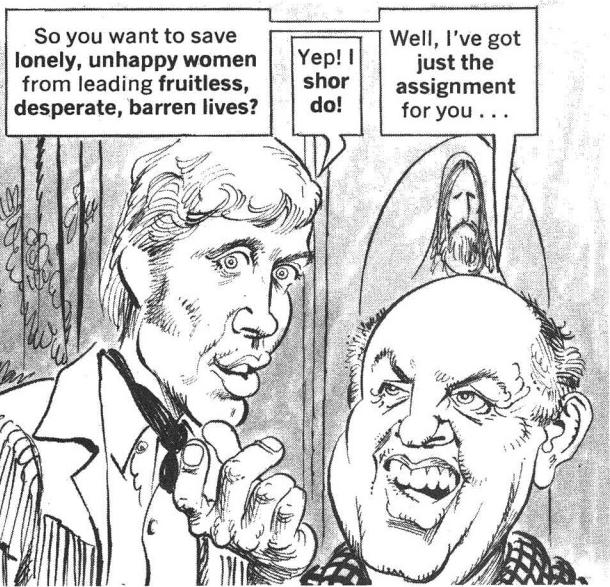
WOWBOY

WRITER: STAN HART









Gee, Ratface, I never saw a party like this before!

It's a cinch you don't go to the movies very often! There's a psychedelic drug scene in **EVERY "NOW" FILM** these days!

Hey, Joe! You okay? What's the matter?

I'm havin'a bad trip, Ratface! I keep imaginin' I'm an Accountant in Teaneck, New Jersey!

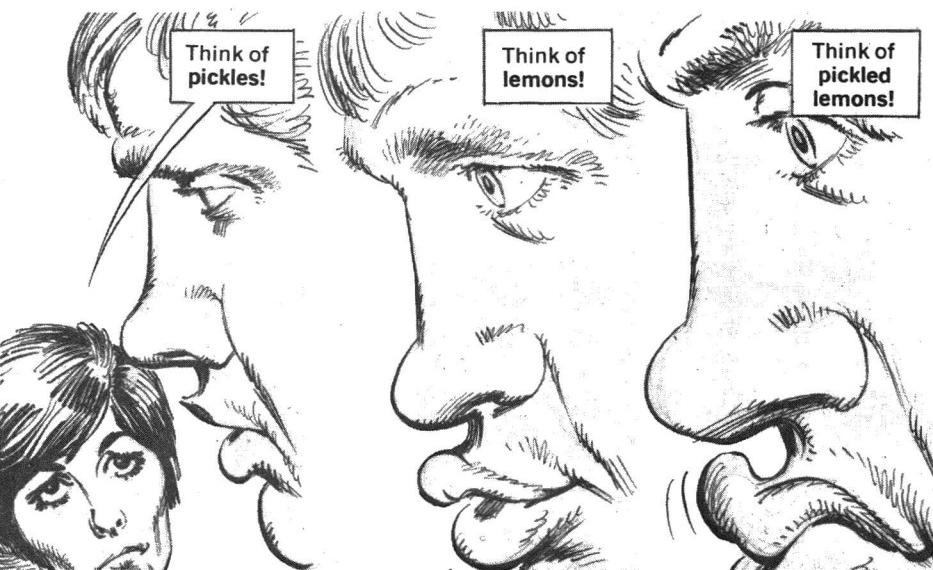


That's the deal! Take it or leave it! My boy, here, will give you your choice of one from Column A and two from Column B for \$18.75. And we'll throw in one Fox Trot with an occasional dip for FREE!

Okay, it's a deal! I'll take it! Let's go!

Don't feel bad, Joe! It happens, sometimes!

It's never happened to me before! I'm washed up—finished! I can't pucker! My—my lips are gone!



See, Joe?
You did it!
You did it!

You're wonderful . . . jus' wonderful!
You're so wonderful, I'm gonna give
you a twenty percent discount!

I mean it, Gladys! He's fantastic! But you'd better hurry up and make up your mind! I've almost got him booked solid! Wednesday, he kisses the Ladies Bridge Club! Thursday, he gives hickies to the PTA! And Friday, he catering a Wedding! He's scheduled to blow in the ear of the entire Groom's side!

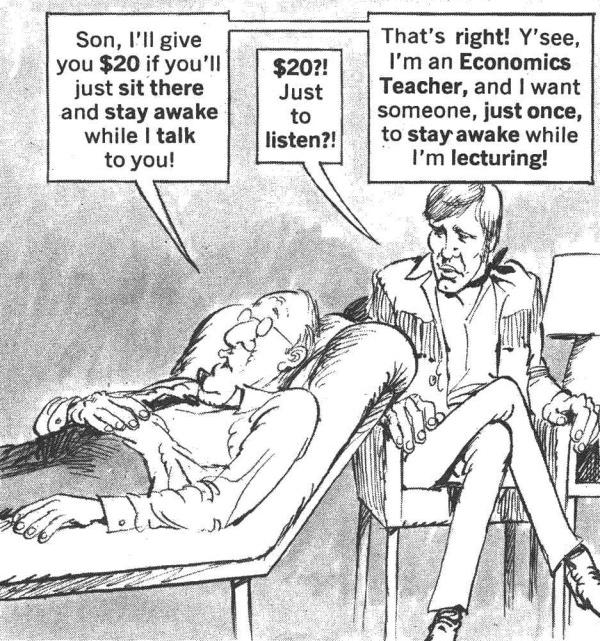
Gee, I can't stop thinkin' of them pickled lemons!

I'm sick, Joe! I gotta get to Miami! I'll die if I don't!

I'll get the money, Ratface—somehow!

Listen, Joey! Will you do me a favor? When we're in Miami Beach, will you call me by my right name ... Ruggerio Ruccici?

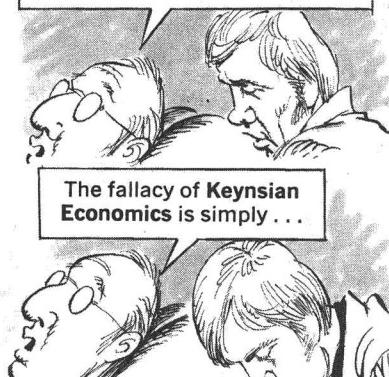
I'll do you a bigger favor, Ratface! When we're in Miami Beach, I'll call you by an even better name ... Irving Weinstein!!



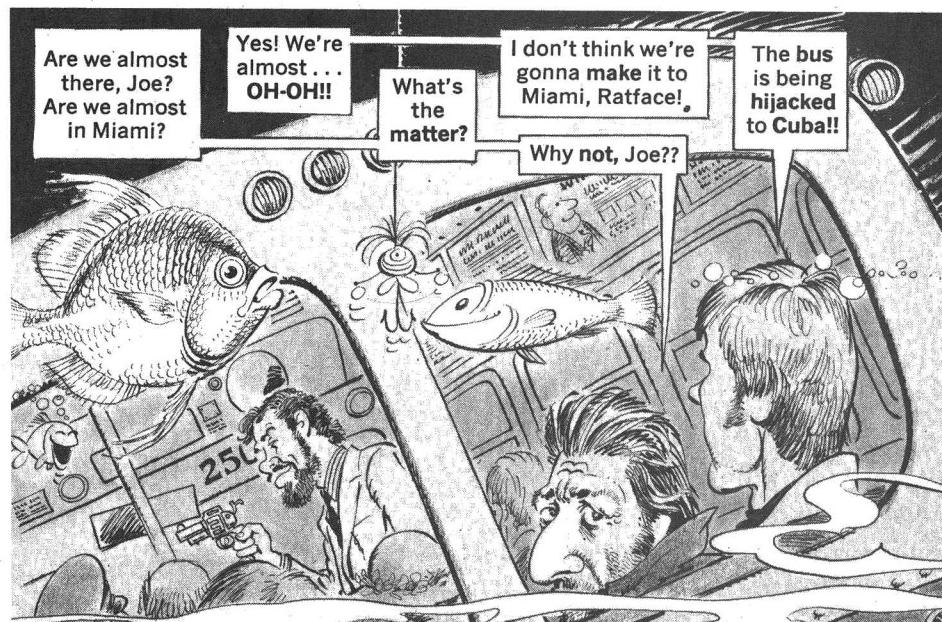
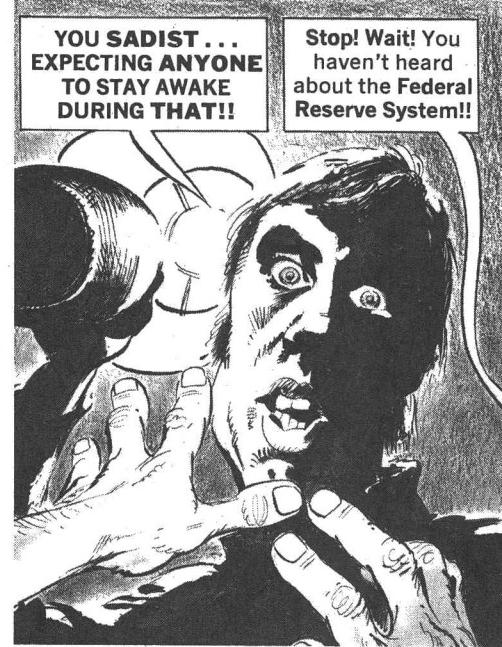
Now, the Mathusian Theory ...



If we consider Gresham's Law ...



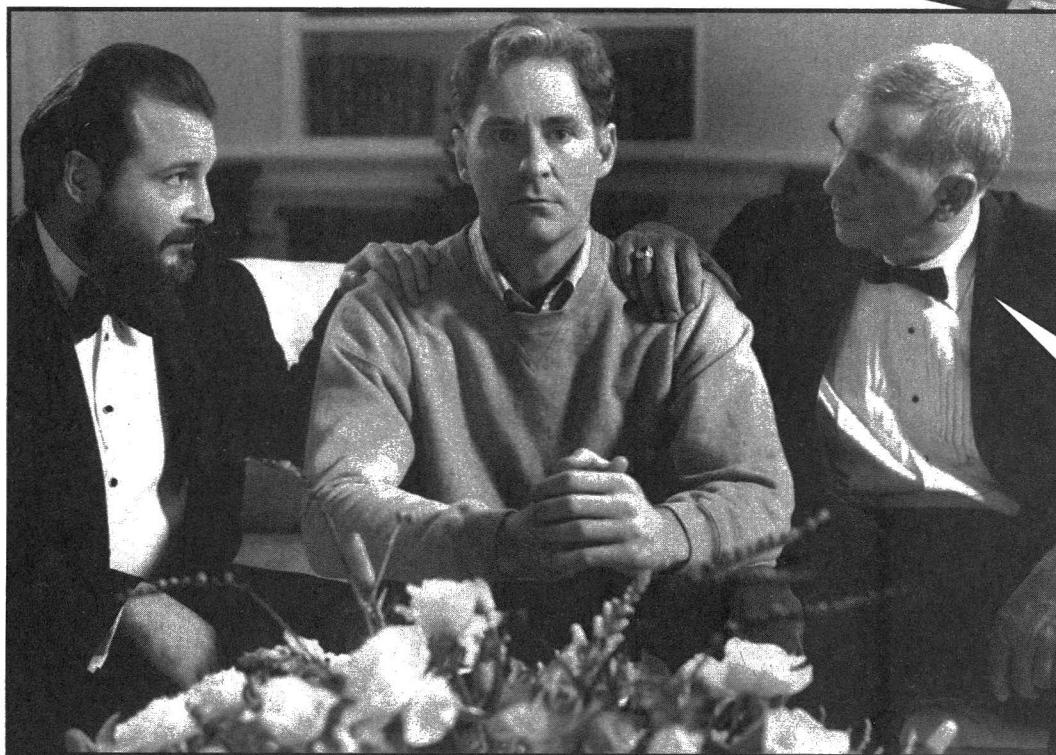
The fallacy of Keynesian Economics is simply ...



THE STILLS ARE ALIVE DEPT.

When a movie is being edited, some of the scenes that were shot for it don't make the final cut of the film for a variety of reasons...perhaps the scene was no longer appropriate to the film's mood or affected the movie's pacing. Well, we snuck into a few of those editing rooms with our "Shovel of Satire" and scooped up some of the scenes left on...

The Cutting Room Floor



Listen, they reattached
Bobbitt's, they can
reattach yours!

You're right! New York
IS a tough town!

I can't wait to get back to
Love Connection and tell
Chuck Woolery all about our date!

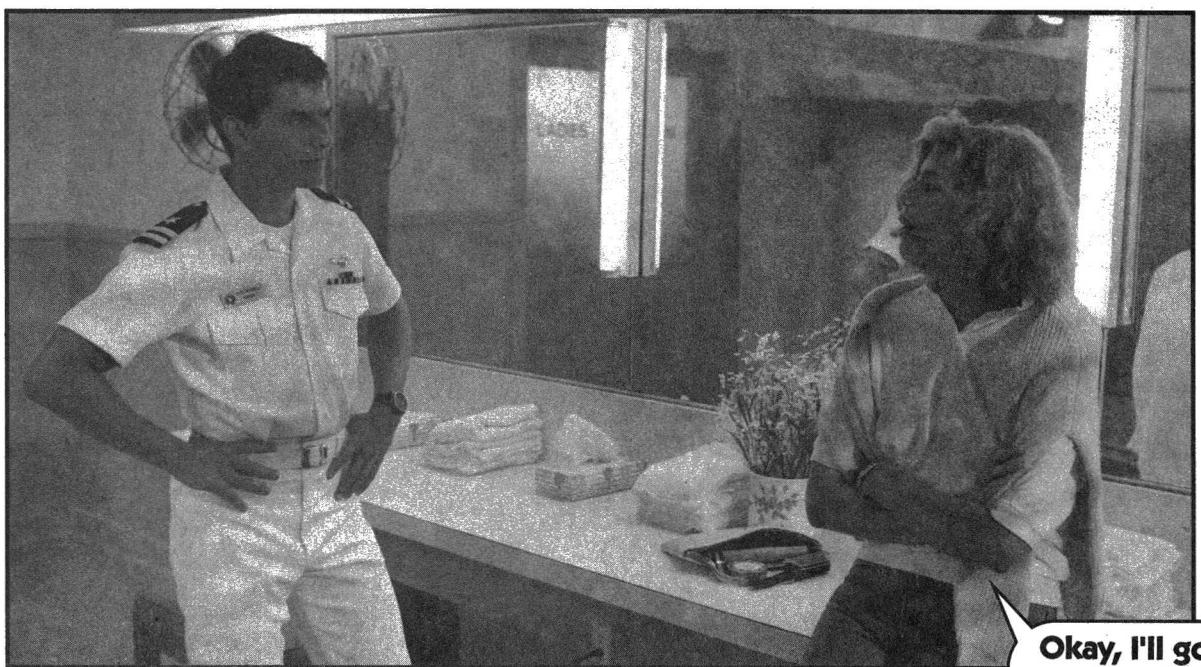
Yes, I see it. I'll buy
another bottle of
"Head And Shoulders"
right away!

This "Mrs. Doubtfire" movie is lousy...
who could be fooled for a second
that Robin Williams is a woman?



This better be fake fur!
We animal activists
ain't fooling around!!





Okay, I'll go! What did you say the party was called again? Tailhook?



It's not sexual harassment I tell you! My hand really is stuck!



This is the best "Safe Sex" demonstration I've ever been to!

GOONSTRUCK DEPT.

Everyone knows that the world's greatest actors are not in the movies! Nope, they're in arenas around the country! That's right, the world's greatest actors are professional wrestlers! After all, who but the very best of actors could make such a large percentage of the populace believe their preposterous routines are real? This got us to thinking. As long as Hollywood continually insists on redoing old film classics, why not hire these potential Academy Award winners for some honest work! So, join us now in a futuristic stroll down memory lane as MAD begins...

Recasting Famous Old Movies With Today's Famous Wrestlers

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

WRITER: J. PRETE



THE GODFATHER

STARRING
BRUNO SAMMARTINO

Jake the Snake (*mumble*), I want you and the Killer Bees (*mumble*), to take a trip to the Heenan Family and make them an offer they can refuse!

What's wrong with Don Bruno? He's not making any sense when he talks!

He's been that way ever since the "hit"!

You mean when they rubbed out Lucca Brazzi?

Not that kind of hit! I'm talking about when Andre the Giant hit The Godfather on the head with a chair during their last match!

Yeah! Ever since then, Don Bruno's brain sleeps with the fishes!



THE UNTOUCHABLES

STARRING The Honky Tonk Man, The Hart Foundation, Jimmy "The Mouth of the South" Hart and The Rougeaus

Wrestling is a lot like playing rock 'n roll in a band! There's a guitar, drums, and a bass all playin' together as one! I'm talkin' about teamwork!

Teamwork!

That's right, daddy-o, teamwork! You tell 'em!

Teamwork!

Only sometimes, some wrestlers don't understand teamwork and need to be taught a lesson! Isn't that right, Hitman?

BAM! BAM!

See, if somebody messes with me, then I'm gonna mess with them! Get the picture?

Beautiful, baby, beautiful! Elvis may be gone, but you'll live forever as the greatest Intercontinental Champion of all time!



GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM

STARRING
Bobby "The Brain" Heenan

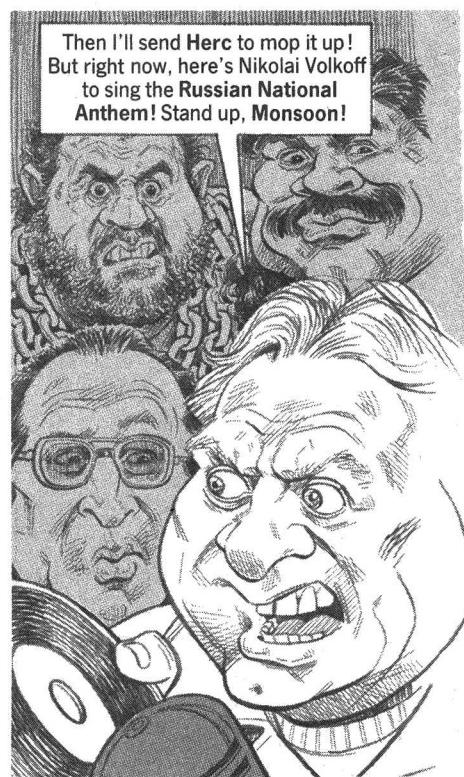
Good morning Monsooon and Vietnam! Okay, all you humanoids out there, listen up! What's wrong with you morons? You're getting your butts kicked all over Southeast Asia!



Read my lips — you need a new manager! Forget Westmoreland! The guy's a loser! You need an individual with smarts! You need to join the Family of Bobby Heenan! They didn't name me "The Brain" for nothing! Sign on with me and I'll send those gooks a Rude Awakening!



Then I'll send Herc to mop it up! But right now, here's Nikolai Volkoff to sing the Russian National Anthem! Stand up, Monsoon!



NO WAY OUT

STARRING
Nikolai Volkoff AND Slick



Now let me get this straight, Mister Secretary of State! You say that a Russian spy named "Uri" has infiltrated the Pentagon?

Correct! We need someone above suspicion to expose him! We have no idea who Uri can be!

Well, look no further, Jack! My man Nikolai is the cat to catch this rat!

Really? Have you had any personal experiences with Russians Nikolai?

Yes, Comrade...er...Mr. Secretary! The night my partner Boris Zukoff and I, Nikolai, crushed that dog Hulk Hogan, we celebrated with famous Russian drink—the Moscow Massacre! Is one part Russian vodka, two parts Russian dressing!

Excellent! Your credentials are obviously above reproach! I have a gut instinct you're the perfect man for this job! If there's a Russian anywhere in the Pentagon, I'm sure you'll find him, Mr. Volkoff!



TRADING PLACES

STARRING JESSE "THE BODY" VENTURA, VINCE McMAHON,
TED "THE MILLION DOLLAR MAN" DiBiASE AND THE JUNK YARD DOG

Say, can you help a poor wrestler who's recovering from when Greg "The Hammer" Valentine did him in with a Figure Four Leglock?

I'll bet you a dollar I can concoct a crazy scenario that will turn the good guy Junk Yard Dog into a bad guy the fans will hate, while, at the same time, turning the hated Million Dollar Man into a good guy fans adore! All in one week!

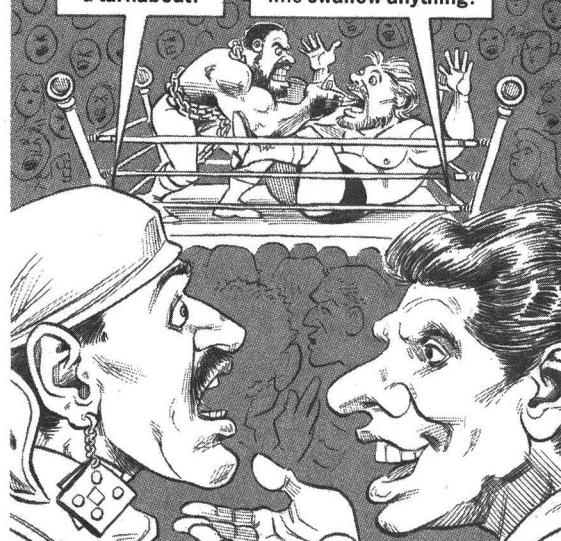
Forget it! No self-respecting, intelligent wrestling fan will believe it!

I'm talking "buy it," not "believe it!" As long as they spend \$15 on a pay-per-view, who cares what they believe!

It's a bet, McMahon!

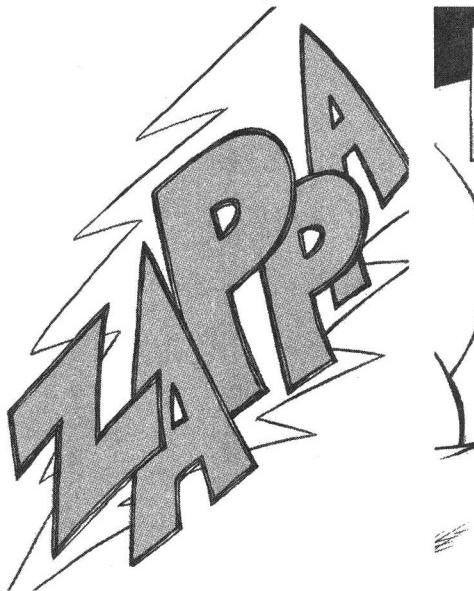
Wow! The JYD is stuffing a \$100 bill in DiBiase's mouth and the fans are boooing! What a turnaround!

I'll take that dollar you owe me! You shoulda known! There are no self-respecting, intelligent wrestling fans—only genetic mutants who swallow anything!



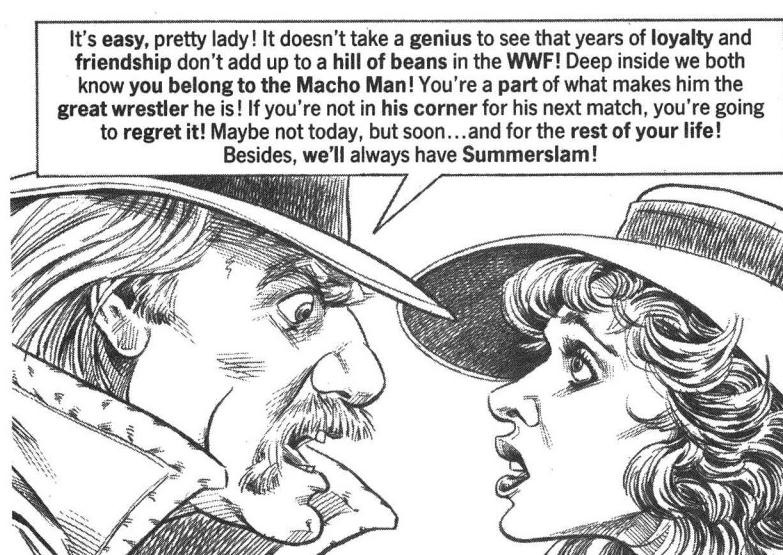
BIG

STARRING
GEORGE "The Animal" STEELE



CASABLANCA

STARRING Hulk Hogan, Randy "Macho Man" SAVAGE,
Miss Elizabeth AND Mr. Fuji



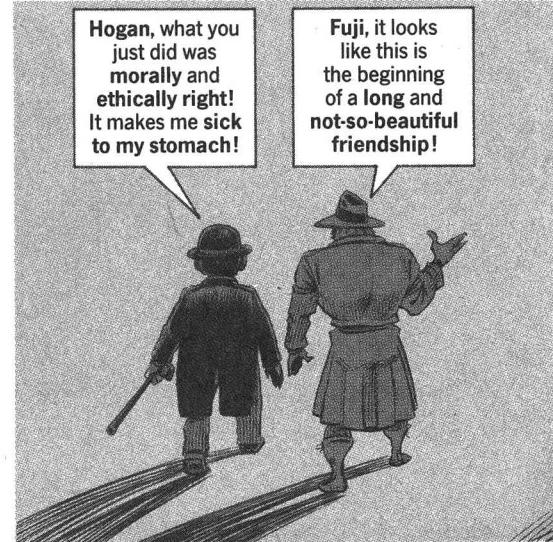
Ooooh, yeah!
What's going on here?

Randy, I think you should know something! You said you knew I wanted Elizabeth to manage me! But what you don't know is that she was with me in the gym last night! I tried everything to get her to sign me... including letting her touch my 24-inch pythons! But she threw all my proposals over the top rope!

You don't owe me any explanations, Hulkster! Elizabeth, it's time to go!

Hogan, what you just did was morally and ethically right! It makes me sick to my stomach!

Fuji, it looks like this is the beginning of a long and not-so-beautiful friendship!



THE SILLY SOLITARY SCENARIO



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING



COMING TO A DEBT END DEPT.

MAD Suggestions for REDU

REDUCE THE NATIONAL PARK WORKFORCE BY MAKING
WILDLIFE EARN THEIR KEEP!



ISSUE "ONE SIZE FITS ALL "



PACKAGE AND SELL SHREDDED GOVERNMENT
DOCUMENTS AS KITTY LITTER ...



REDUCE MILITARY PARADES
TO A ONE-MAN BAND...



COLLECT ROYALTY FEES
THE NATIONAL



CING the NATIONAL DEBT

UNIFORMS TO THE ARMED SERVICES...



SELL VANITY LICENSE PLATES TO FOREIGN DIPLOMATS...



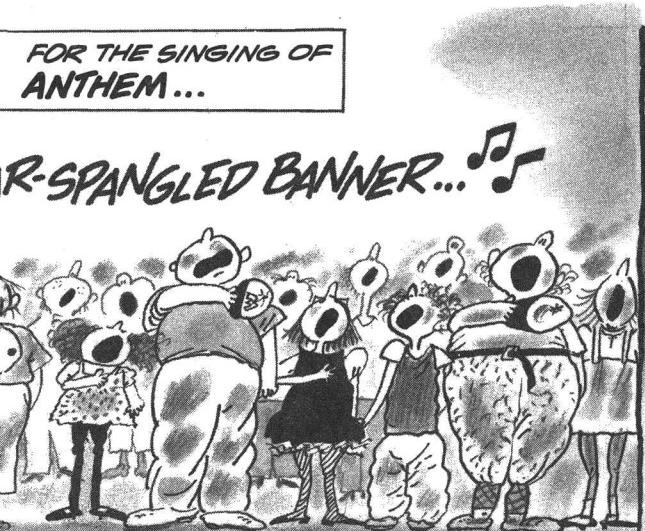
ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

TURN OVER OUR FOREIGN LOAN COLLECTIONS
TO A TOUGHER AGENCY...



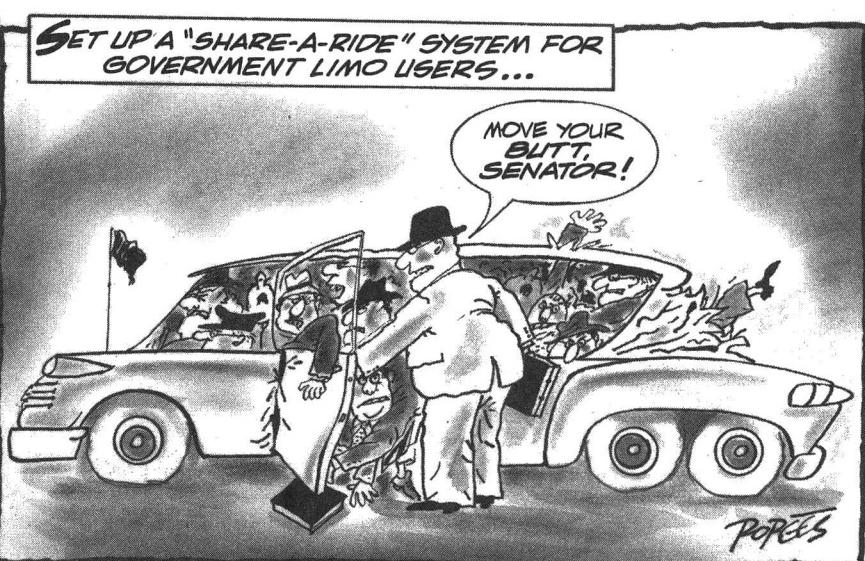
FOR THE SINGING OF
THE ANTHEM...

R-SPANGLED BANNER...♪♪



SET UP A "SHARE-A-RIDE" SYSTEM FOR
GOVERNMENT LIMO USERS...

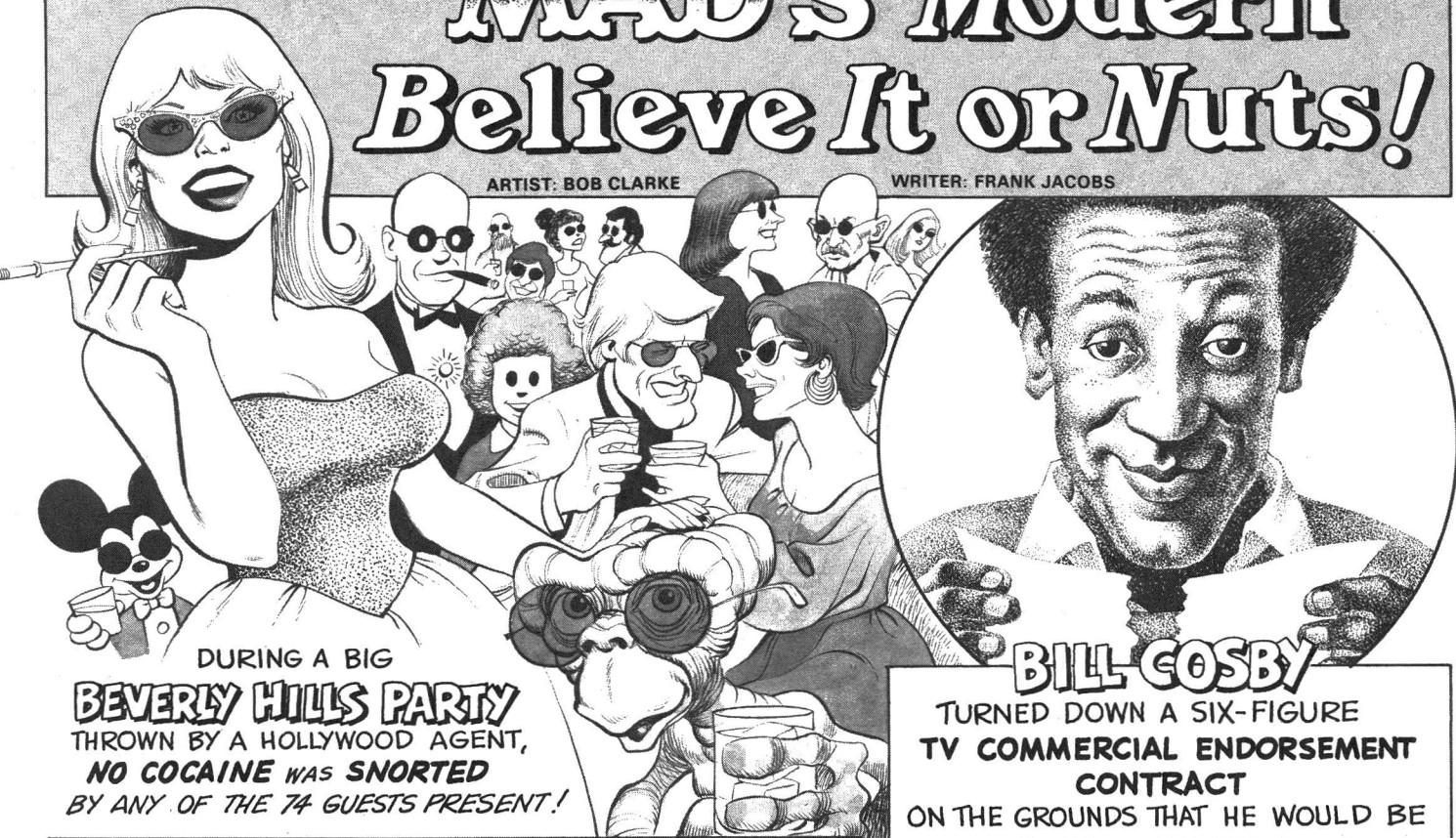
MOVE YOUR
BUTT, SENATOR!



MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

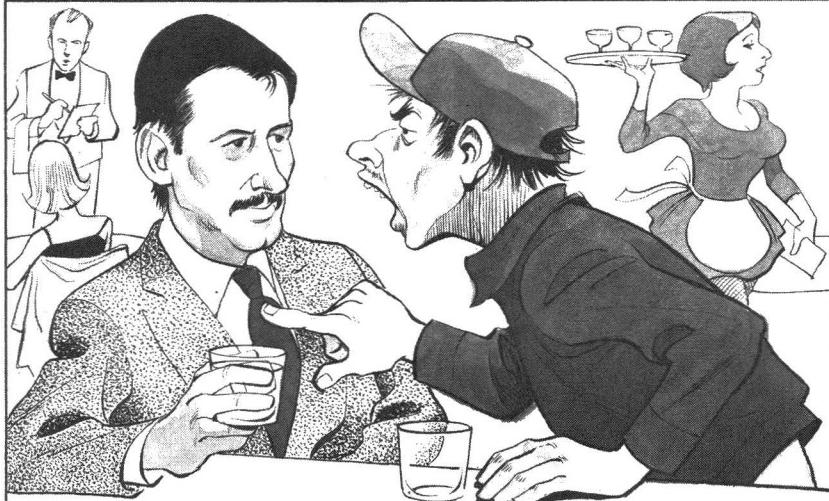
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



DURING A BIG
BEVERLY HILLS PARTY
THROWN BY A HOLLYWOOD AGENT,
NO COCAINE WAS **SNORTED**
BY ANY OF THE 74 GUESTS PRESENT!

BILL COSBY

TURNED DOWN A SIX-FIGURE
TV COMMERCIAL ENDORSEMENT
CONTRACT
ON THE GROUNDS THAT HE WOULD BE
OVER EXPOSED!



Billy Martin, WHEN BAITED BY AN AGGRESSIVE DRUNK, LISTENED POLITELY FOR 20 MINUTES, THEN MOVED TO THE OTHER END OF THE BAR!

TEN YEAR OLD
Irving Queef

of Lima, Ohio HAS NO DESIRE WHATSOEVER TO POSSESS ANY ITEM of MERCHANDISE CONNECTED WITH "STAR WARS", "STAR TREK" OR "E.T."



A NEW YORK CITY
SUBWAY TRAIN...

...UNMARKED BY ANY GRAFFITI AND WITH ALL DOORS WORKING AND ITS AIR CONDITIONING OPERATING PERFECTLY MADE AN ON TIME RUN FROM THE BRONX TO BROOKLYN!



DRAINING THE TUBS DEPT.

Hi, I'm Howard Stoned, famous DJ, health nut and great lover! This is my sidekick, Bobin, whose job is to laugh at everything I say! You're probably wondering why I'm doing a gig for MAD. Well, if you saw my Pay-For-View TV Special, then you know I'm lucky to get any work at all! Anyway, as anyone who's been to the beach lately will tell you, America is faced with a serious problem. No, schmuck, I don't mean pollution! I mean fat! Rolls and rolls of disgusting fat! Many Americans are grossly overweight! In fact, a whole new industry has sprung up to help these roly-polies shed their ugly blubber. So join us as...

MAD VISITS A FAT FARM

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Welcome to Max's Weight Controllers Lifestyle, Fitness and Health Spa. I'm Dr. Maximus Glutious.

Doc, how did you get into this weight control business?

I used to run a mountain resort and I suddenly became very health conscious.

You were worried about the health of your guests?

No, I was worried about the health of my bank account! I was going broke feeding those slobs! So, I changed the name from "Max's Lake Kolestrol Retreat" to "Max's Health Spa," put all my guests on a diet and tripled the rates! I figured if it costs so much to get fat, why shouldn't it cost even more to get rid of it!

One thing's for sure, man, anyone who comes in here is gonna end up lighter in the wallet!

Hahahaha! Sorry, but like the man said, I gotta laugh no matter how lousy his jokes are!



We take a photo of everyone when they arrive and when they leave. Then we take a third photo of them three months later!

But in these "three months later" shots, everyone looks as fat as they did BEFORE they joined your program!

That's what's so great about this business! 95% of people who lose weight put it right back on and return here to start all over again!

All guests get a thorough 15-minute physical when they sign up. It's \$600 extra, but we feel that it's totally worth it!

\$600 for a 15-minute physical? Any normal doctor charges only \$40!

Actually we only charge \$40 too! We add another \$40 to cover the cost of medical equipment we lose in their layers of blubber—and the other \$520 is compensation for having to see them naked!

After the physical comes the all important psychological testing.

Tell me, what does this remind you of?

A pizza with everything on it and a dish of linguini!

Aha! That's the root of your problem! You hated your mother...or does linguini mean you hated your father? I'll check that! What do these pictures remind you of?

Oh, that reminds me of stuffed turkey...and that reminds me of an order of fried...

I think we've done enough!
No, we haven't gotten to dessert yet!

These tests help uncover the reasons why a patient overeats.

Don't you find people reluctant to expose their inner selves?

Yes! That's why we reward them with elaborate celebration dinners every time they have an insight!

Bad news Dr. Max! We just lost another one!

You mean one of your guests drowned?

No, another life-guard just quit!

Man, you can't blame the dude! Imagine trying to schlep one of those chubbies out of the water!

Do your patients have to do a lot of exercise?

Next to proper diet, exercise is the most important part of our program. And the most expensive!

Why's that?

We have to reinforce the floor with steel beams! You wouldn't believe what they charge for that!

Mr. Goldbagger, why do you have three telephone books under the back of your stationary bike?

Because I figured riding downhill was easier!



What was your best-selling diet book?

This one, "The Eat Whatever You Want Diet!"

That sounds great! But how do you lose weight eating whatever you want?

You don't! But what the hell, life is short!

We also put out our line of Weight Controllers Special Diet Food.

That doesn't look any different from the other stuff in the supermarket!

Of course it's different, Bobin! The portions are about half as big and the price is twice as high!

Many of our guests return every year, like Mrs. Shlumpman here.

Do you keep returning because the program makes you look and feel better?

No, I come back because I love to go to the movies!

Do they have a fat film festival or what?

No it's the extra room! There are so many fat people in town that the theatre owners put in special wide seats!

What happens if some dude comes here and doesn't lose any weight?

Well, if we can't fool 'em with rigged scales and special slim-look mirrors, I use a little reverse psychology — watch this!

I've been here two months and I haven't lost a pound!

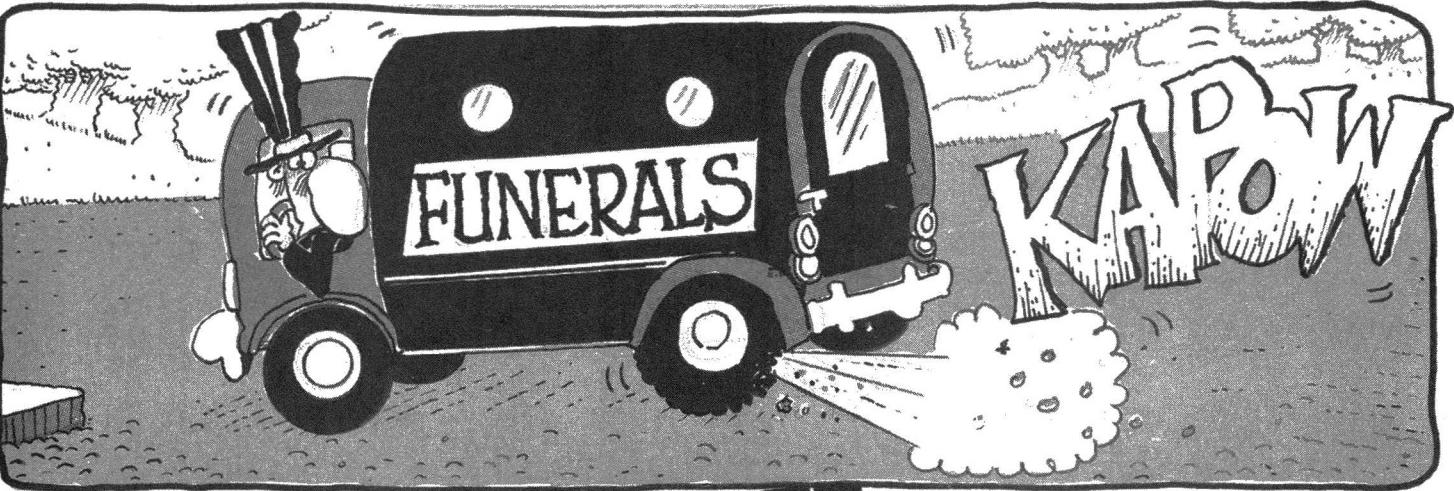
But you look great, doesn't he, Howard? Remember, you come here not only to reduce but to develop into a well-rounded person!

Well, he certainly is that!

Anyway, there's nothing wrong with being fat! Lots of tubby people are successful. Nell Carter, King Kong Bundy, Raymond Burr — the list is endless! Remember, obese is beautiful! The Lord must love fat people. He made so many of them!

Let's split, Bobin! I've got an idea for a new segment of my radio show — Cellulite Dial-A-Date!

THE UNNERVING UNDERTAKER'S UNDERTAKING



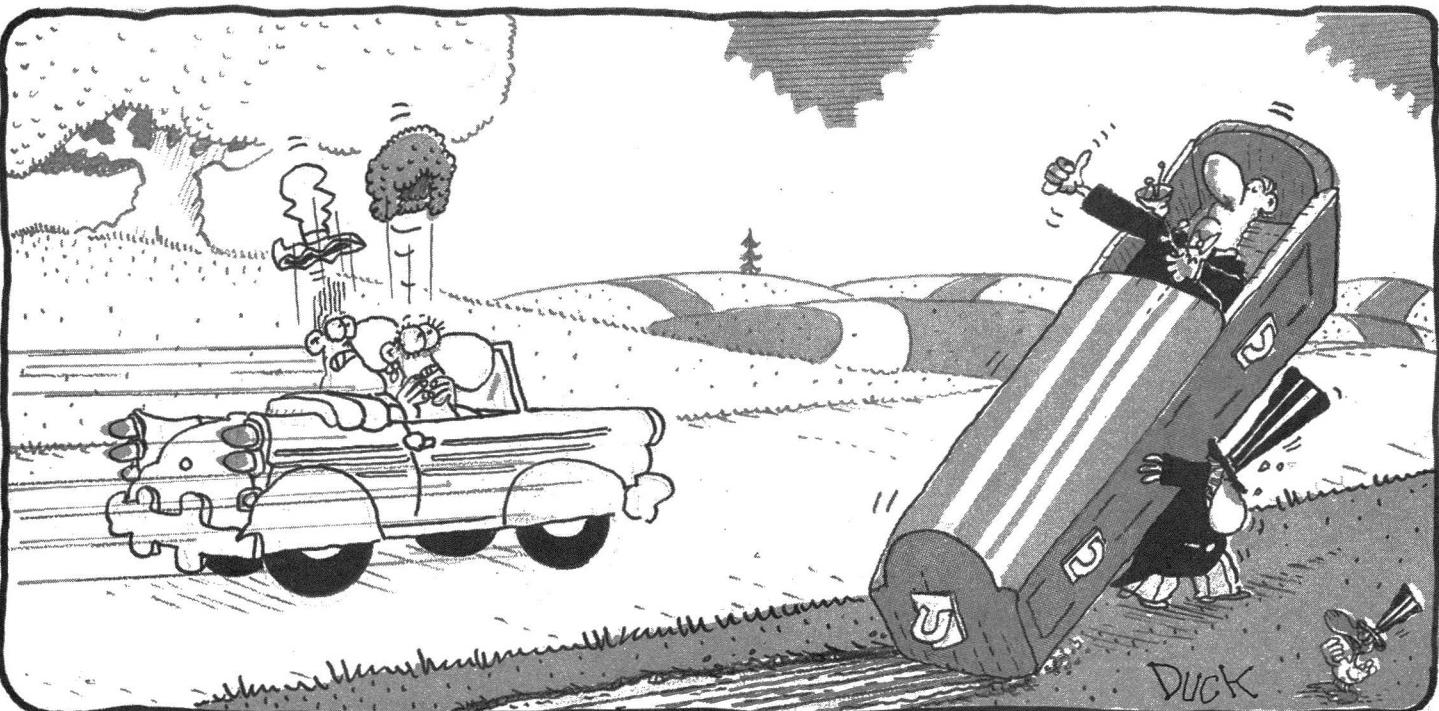
BAD NEWS, BOSS! THE VAN HAD A **BLOWOUT** AND I GOT **NO SPARE TIRE**!

DAMN! HOW **FAR** AWAY FROM THE CEMETERY ARE YOU, JENKINS?

ABOUT TWO MILES!

THAT **COFFIN** HAS TO BE THERE BY **THREE**!
HITCH A RIDE OR SOMETHING,
BUT **GET IT THERE**, UNDERSTAND?

ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING



DUCK

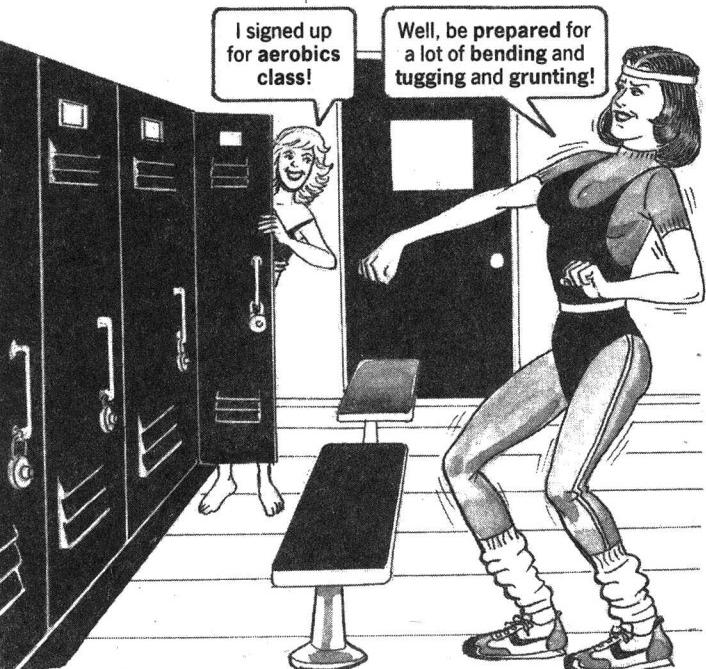
GOING TO THE MOVIES



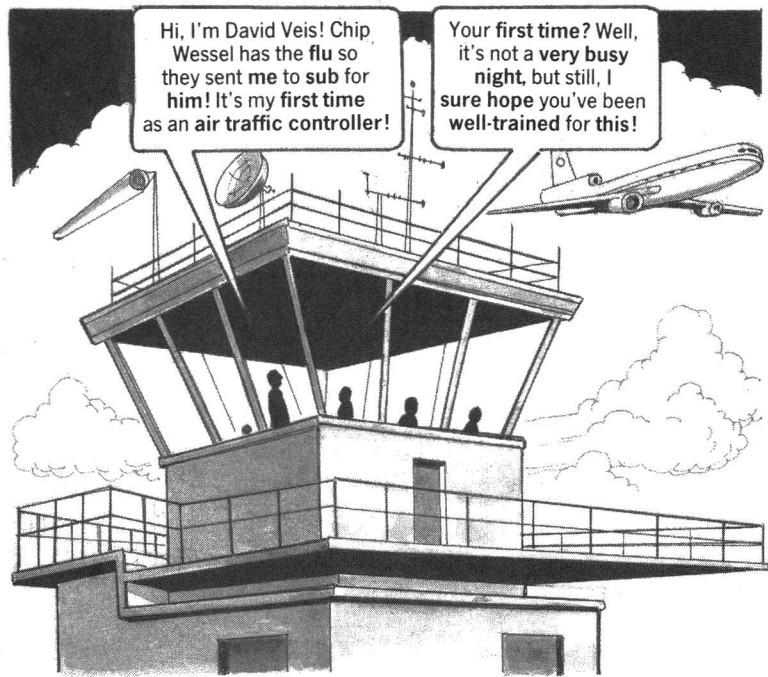
BERG'S EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

STAYING IN SHAPE



PREPAREDNESS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

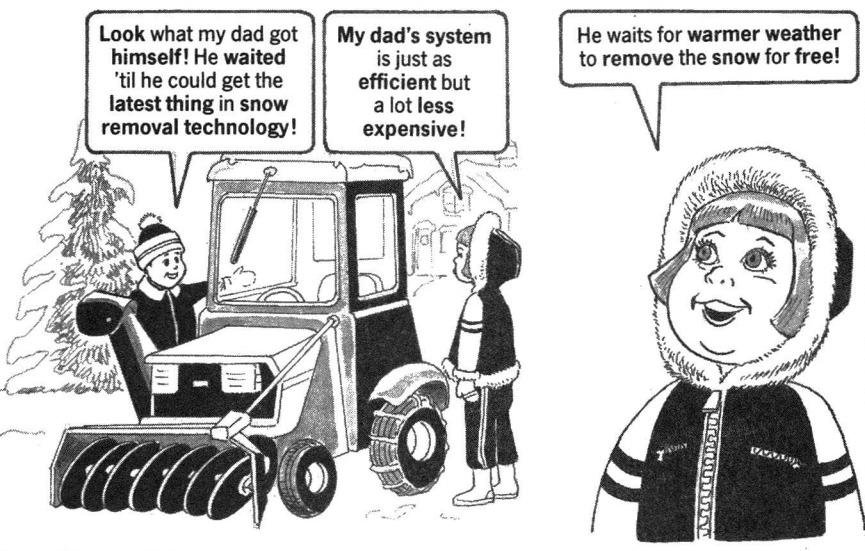
SCHOOL



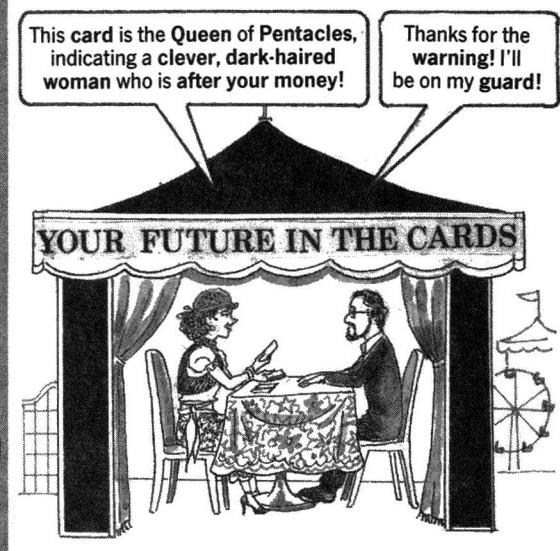
CHARM



SCIENCE



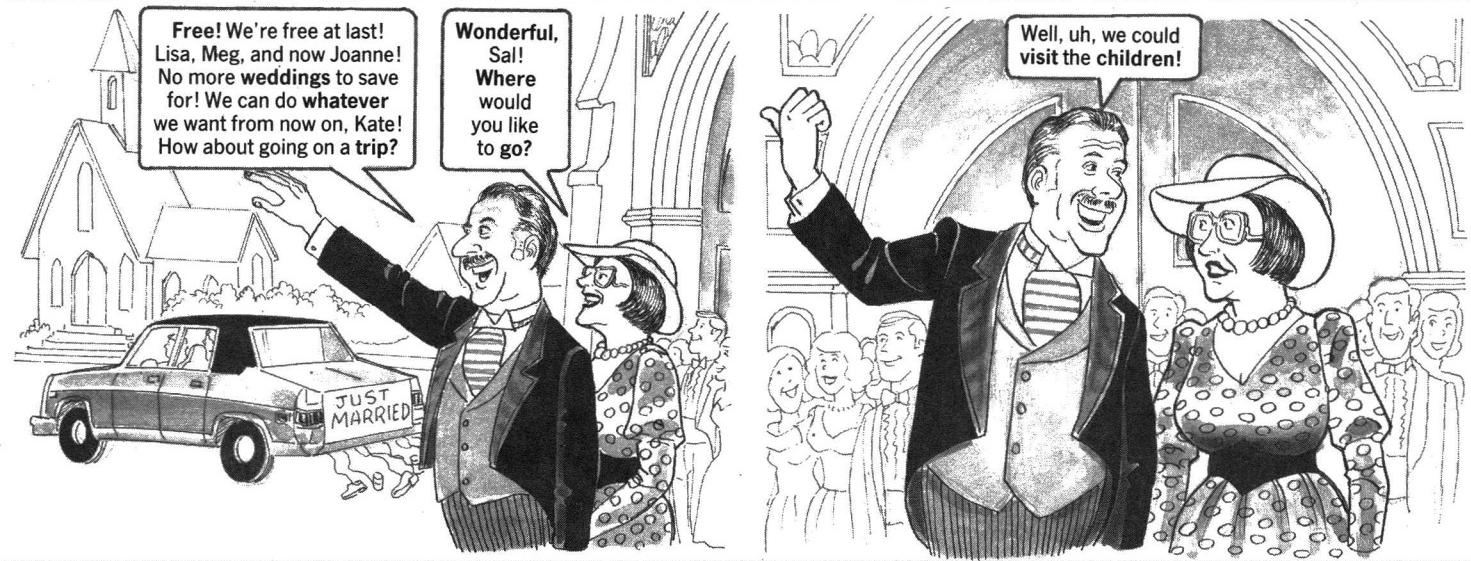
ADVICE



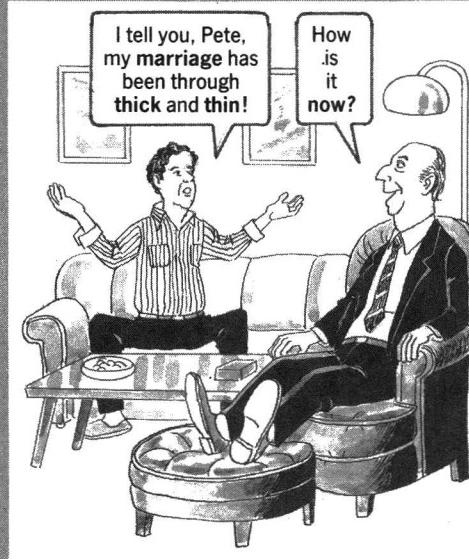
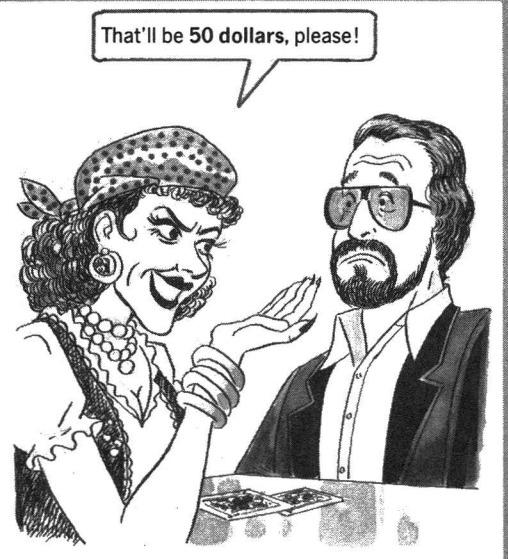
NATURAL TALENT



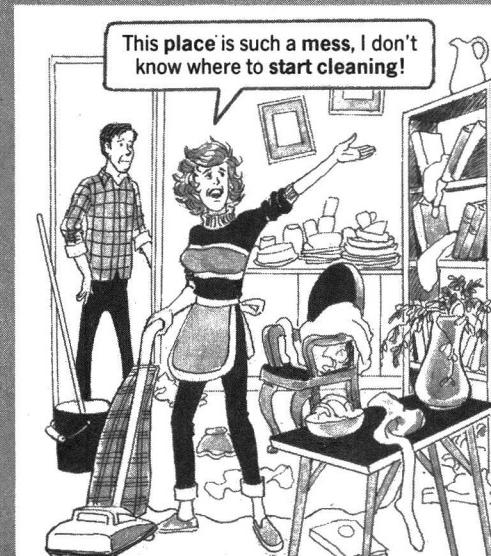
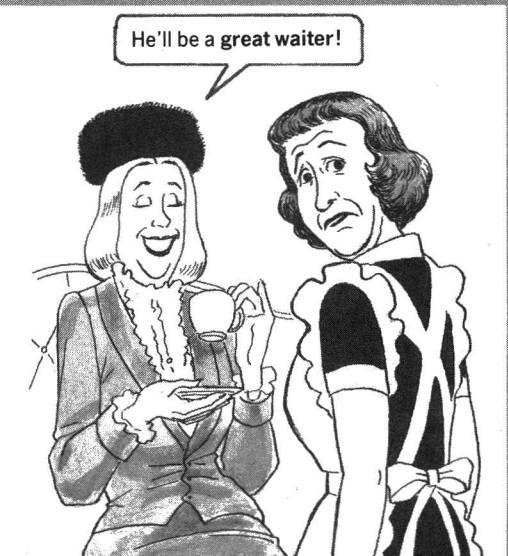
LEAVING THE NEST



RELATIONSHIPS



HOUSEKEEPING



COMMUNICATION

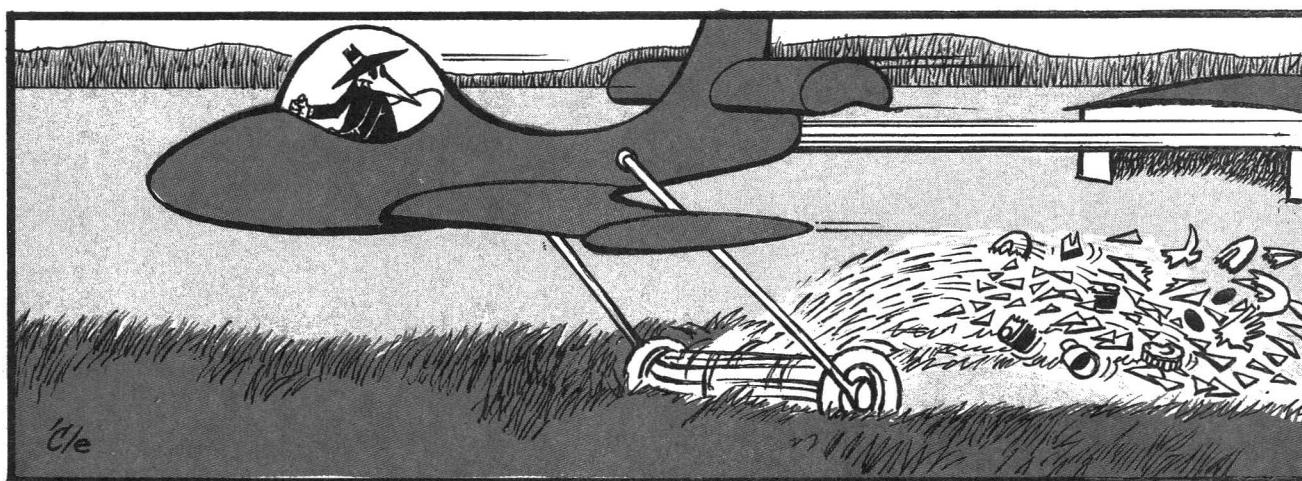
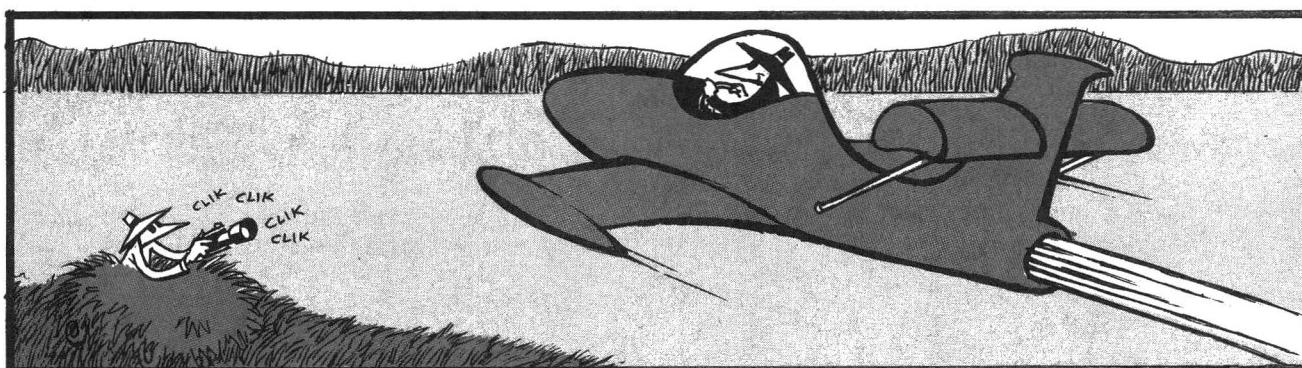
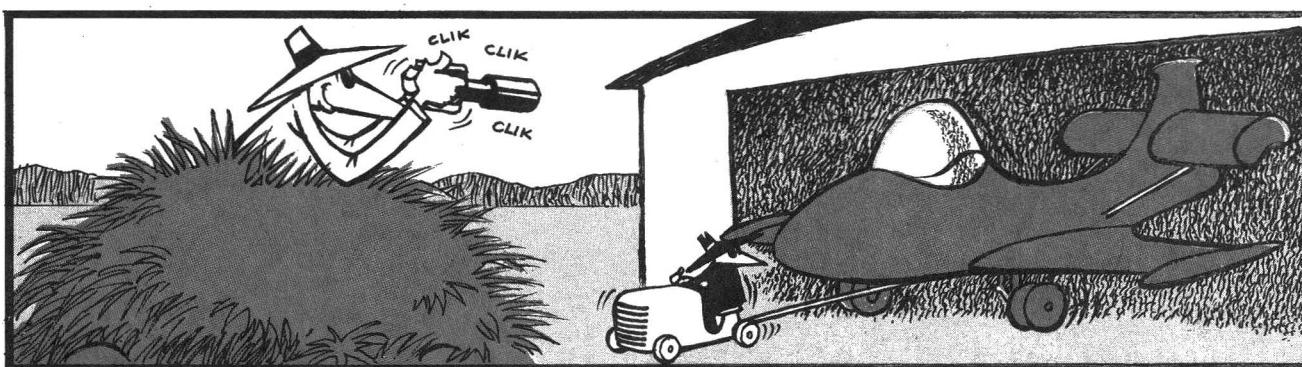
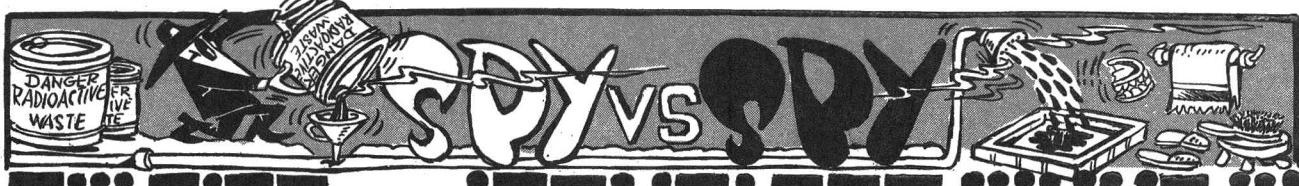


RELATIVES



DOCTORS





Today, thousands of health-conscious people are not only jogging, but submitting their bodies to all kinds of pun-

ishment in Health Clubs across the country equipped with Nautilus exercise machines. Now, as we see it, the real

SPECIALIZED NAU FOR PRACTICAL EVE

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

A Neck-Stretching Machine

To develop your neck muscles, thereby enabling you to extend your head great distances in different directions...

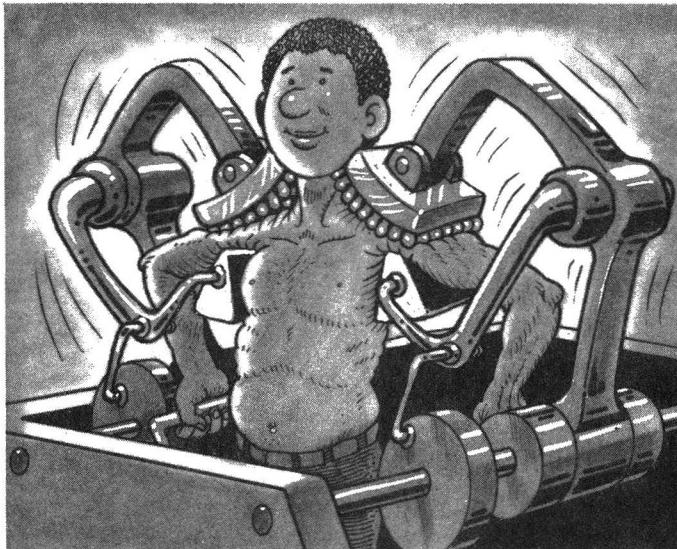


...for cheating on school exams, aptitude tests, etc.



A Shoulder-Building Machine

To strengthen shoulder muscles so that you will be able to carry enormous weights over long periods of time...



...for all you music lovers who get your kicks out of forcing your preference in music on helpless passersby.

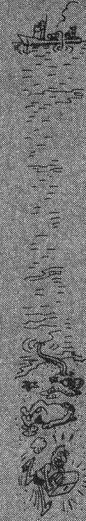


problem with Nautilus machines is that outside of making you look like a poor man's Arnold Schwarzenegger, they've

got very little practical value. Which is why we'd like to offer any interested entrepreneur our suggestions for

TILUS MACHINES RYDAY ACTIVITIES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

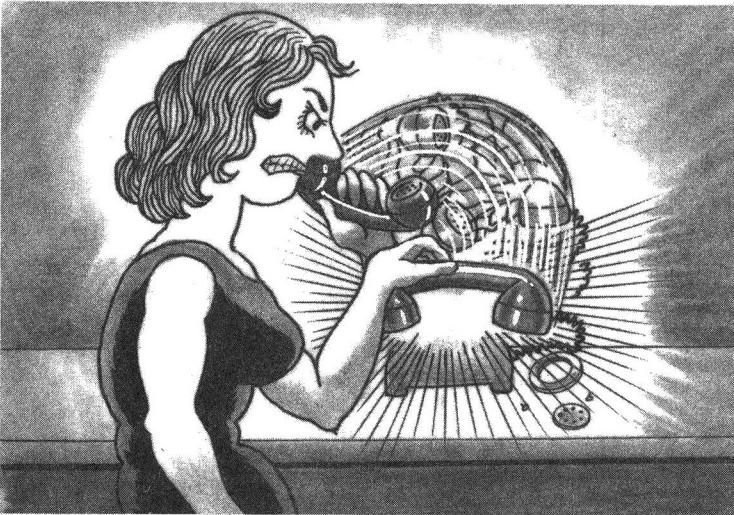


A Wrist-Conditioning Machine

To recondition and strengthen your weak, stiff wrists so they will be able to function with hair-trigger speed...

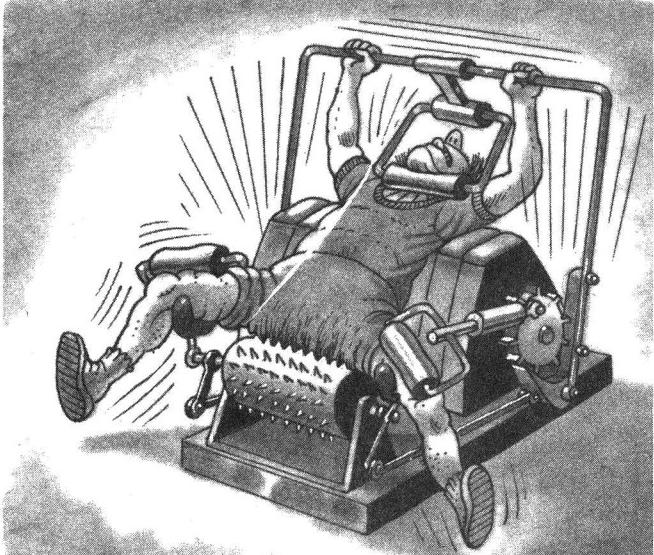


...in order to hang up a phone quickly when you run into one of those witless, moronic answering machine messages.



A Back-Strengthening Machine

To harden your neck, buttocks and thigh muscles...



...so you'll survive being dragged away from demonstrations.



A Contortion-Training Machine

To make your body supple and loose in order to enable it to twist into positions it has never been in before...



...for making out in a BMW with a 5-speed stick shift.



A Steel Punching Bag

To develop tremendous strength in hands and knuckles...



...for punching out those broken pay telephones and video games and cigarette machines that never return your money.



An Over-All Body-Building Machine

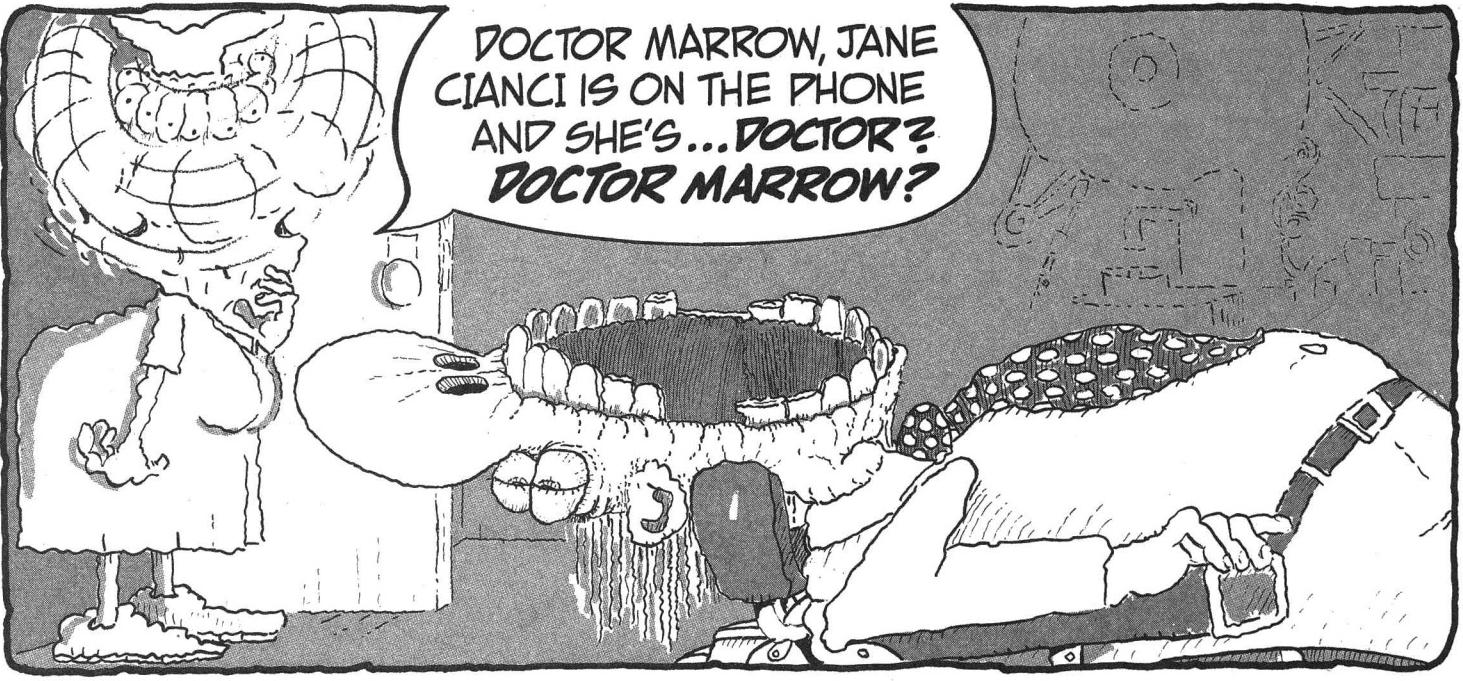
To build up your entire body for the vital "Decathlon of Life"...



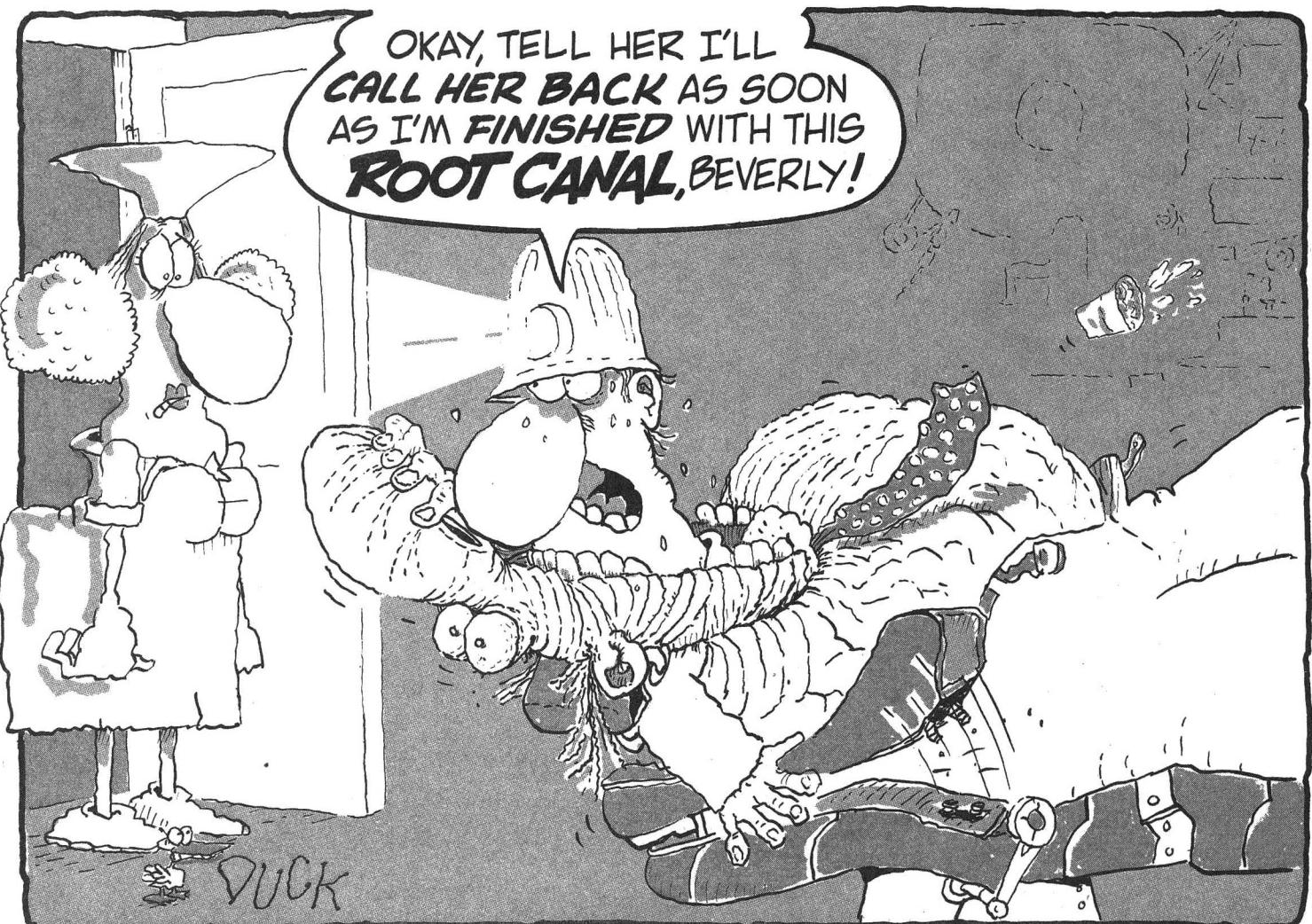
...in order to run fast enough to escape nuclear plant leakages, to leap high enough to clear toxic waste dumps, to swim strongly enough to out-distance oil slicks and 7 other catastrophic events too horrible and disgusting to mention.



THE DREADED DENTAL DEBACLE

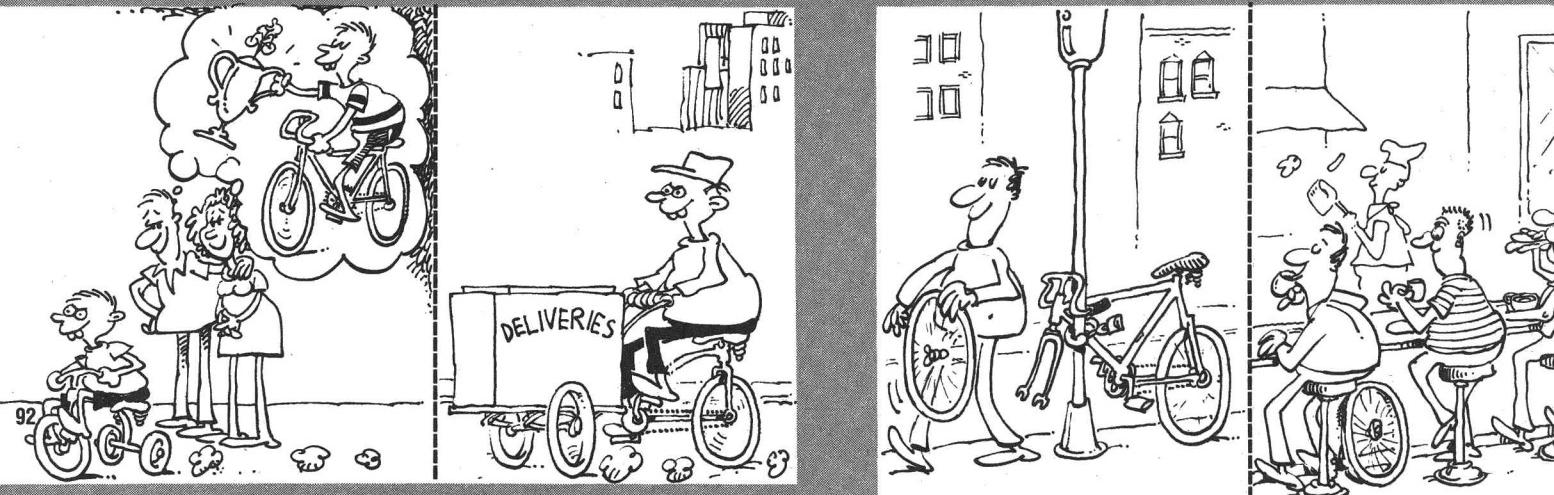
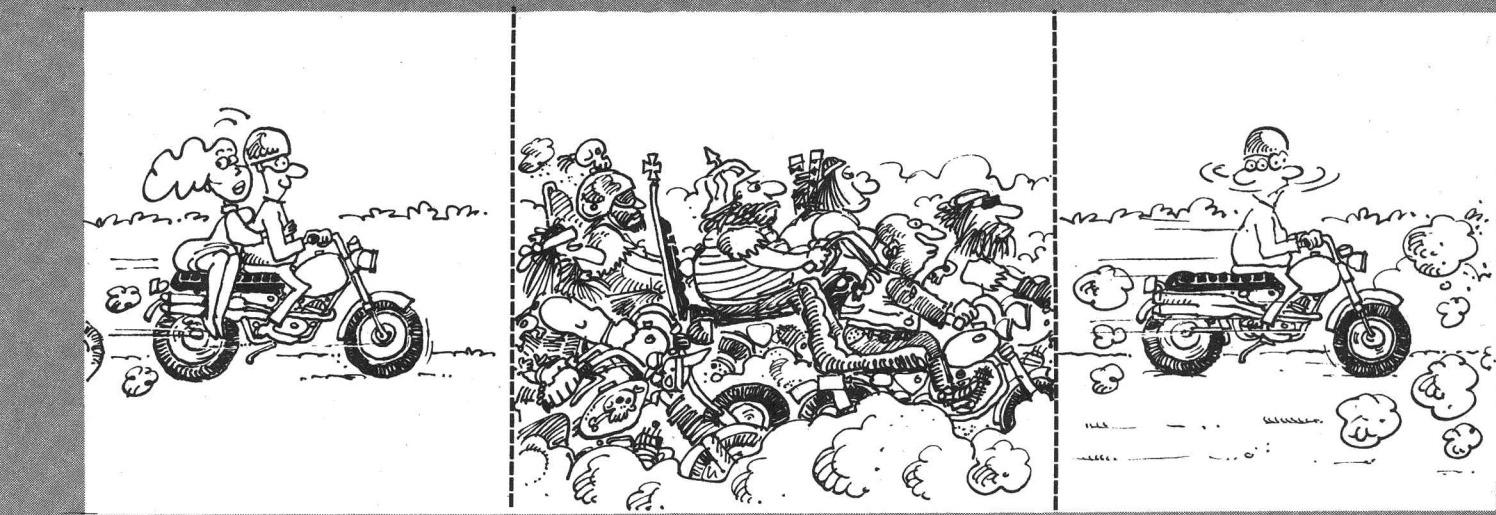
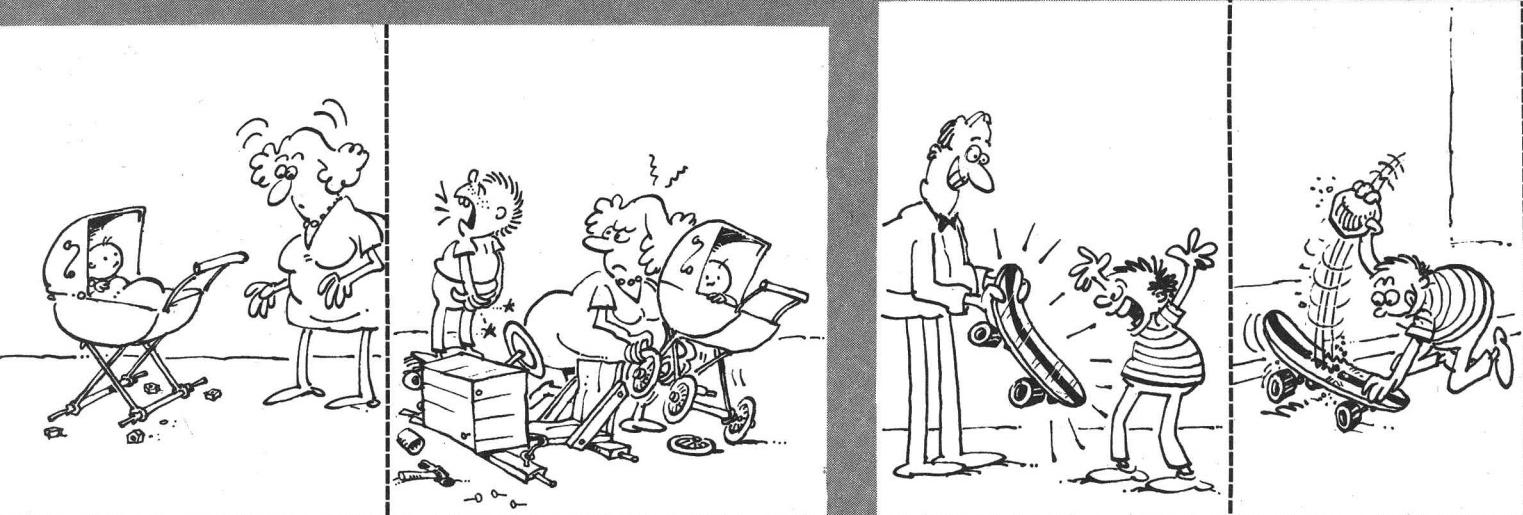


DOCTOR MARROW, JANE
CIANCI IS ON THE PHONE
AND SHE'S... DOCTOR?
DOCTOR MARROW?



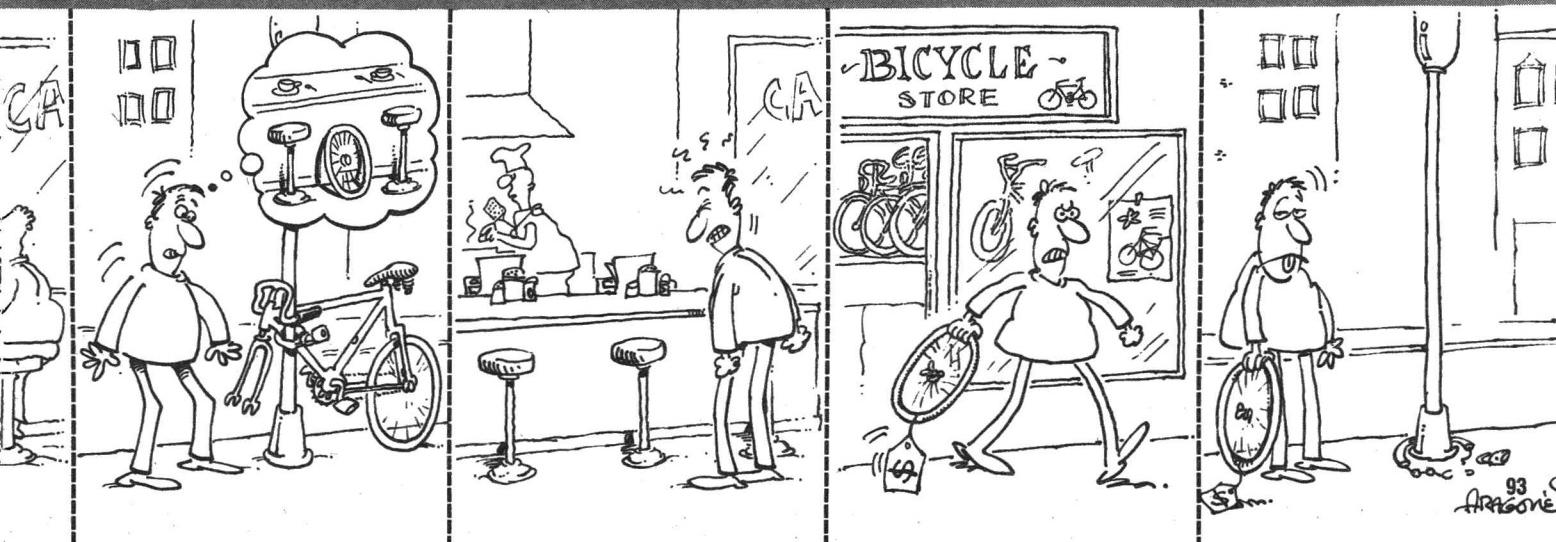
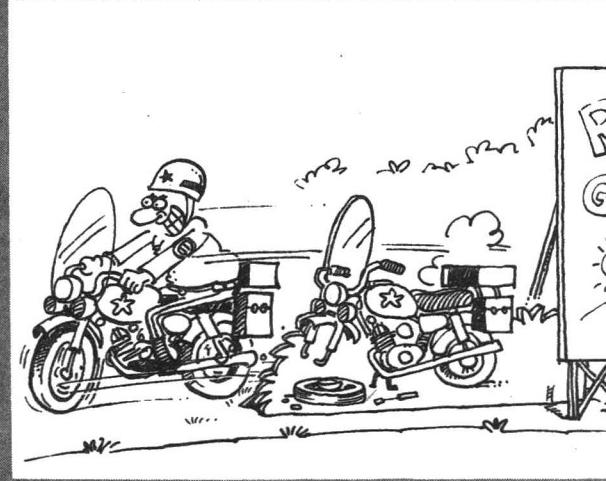
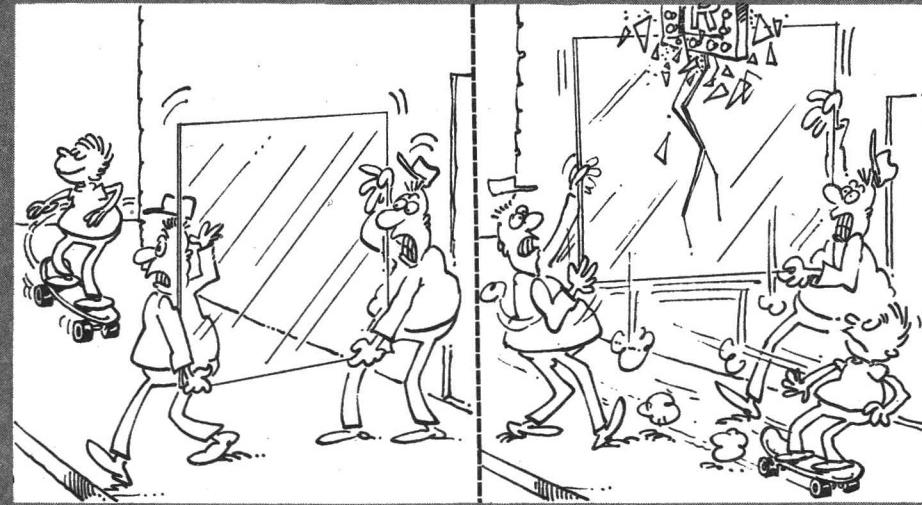
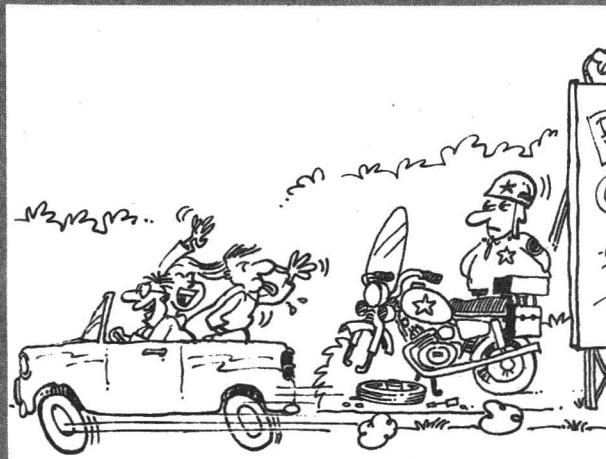
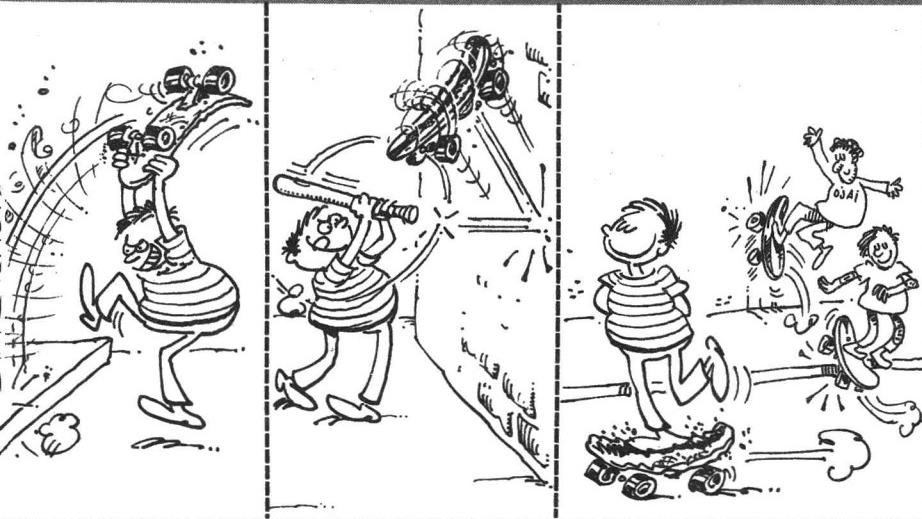
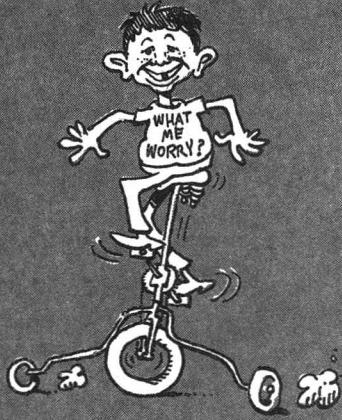
OKAY, TELL HER I'LL
CALL HER BACK AS SOON
AS I'M FINISHED WITH THIS
ROOT CANAL, BEVERLY!

A MAD LOOK AT



SMALL WHEELS

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



THE MAD D.

CHAPTER ONE

See the DJ work!
Work! Work! Work!
First he gives the news!
Then he does a commercial!
After that the weather report!
Then he does another commercial!
Next he gives the sports update!
Followed by a station break and the correct time!
Question: Why is he called "disc jockey" when he hasn't
played a disc in the past 47 minutes?



CHAPTER THREE



Hear the studio technicians laughing!
Har! Har! Har!
They laugh at everything the DJ says!
"It's raining outside—lovely weather for ducks!"
Har! Har! Har!
Do they really think the DJ is funny and amusing?
Let's rephrase the question—Do they want to keep their jobs?
Har! Har! Har!

CHAPTER FIVE

Hear the DJ speckle his banter with interesting information!
Like how the gang at Via Veneto Ristorante on West 54th Street
listen in every day!
And how Irma at A-1 Dry Cleaners on East 23rd Street wears the
station's sweat shirt!
And how Vinnie, the expert mechanic at Sassone Auto Repair,
personally requested this next great golden oldie!
What a nice guy the DJ is for passing out this valuable
information!
Ever wonder where the DJ eats, has his clothes laundered,
and his car fixed—for free?



J. PRIMER

ARTIST:
JACK DAVIS

WRITER:
LOU SILVERSTONE

CHAPTER TWO

This DJ is playing Beethoven!

Third! Fifth! Ninth!

Followed by Vivaldi, Mozart, Copland, Ravel,

Mussorgsky, Respighi, Mendelssohn!

Bach! Bach! Bach!

You'll hear no ads for jeans, sneaks, or acne creams!

Is this because of the DJ's respect for the serious composers?

Don't be a shmendrick! This is because of the sponsor's
respect for the ratings which tell them that teens
with big bucks don't listen to this square station!

Beethoven was no Mick Jagger!



CHAPTER FOUR

See the DJ is interviewing his guest!

He plays his guest's recordings!

He tells his guest how great he is!

At the show's end, he invites his guest to come back anytime!

Does he really like the guest that much?

Does he really think the guest is as wonderful as
he said all show?

Don't be a shmendrick! The DJ likes anyone who'll
do his show free!

CHAPTER SIX

See the angry man and lady!

They listen to this "zany" DJ every morning!

They listen to his vulgarity, obscenity, and blasts
at the flag, mom, and apple pie!

Why do they listen to him?

So they can record all the vulgar and obscene things
he says—and then write to the FCC demanding the
DJ be taken off the air!



Dear Elron,

You're always daring us, the readers, but now I've got a dare for you. I triple dare you to draw President Bill Clinton on your bare butt and show us!

Stephan Nicolleau
Baldwin, NY

I hope I somehow satisfied Stephan's twisted needs, although he might be better served by several sessions with a sensitive psychologist. Unfortunately, it's not always so easy to fulfill our fiendish fans. This next ghastly ghoul didn't get the carnage that he craved so he scrawled this screwy scroll...

Do you really think that I would desecrate my delicious derriere with a despicable depiction of our portly president? You butt I would! There's not a dastardly dare I wouldn't deign to do, so sample one of my stellar stunts below if you have the stomach...



DEAR ELRON,

THE "SPY VS. SPY" IN YOUR "SUPER HEROES SUPER SPECIAL" REALLY SUCKED. SUCKED! SUCKED! SUCKED! I PICK UP A MAD MAGAZINE I EXPECT EYEBALLS, TEETH, BRAINS, HANDS, FEET! I WANT TO SEE SPLATTER! BUT IN THIS ISSUE I DIDN'T EVEN SEE A CLOUD OF SMOKE! YOU KNOW WHAT I SAW? NOTHING! ALL I SAW WAS THE PLAIN OLD WHITE SPY! I HOPE TO SEE SOME IMPROVEMENTS! BIG IMPROVEMENTS... OR IF YOU HAVE AN EXPLANATION FOR THAT WRITE BACK IF YOU HAVE THE GUTS TOO!

VINNIE SANTILLI
AURORA, IL

Dear Elron,

In the Super Special titled "MAD Unplugged," it seems as though you've confused Led Zeppelin with the Rolling Stones. Was this intentional? Or perhaps this has some connection with the notion of Linda Ronstadt being a "rock star" also mentioned on the same page.

Heather J. Sherman
State University of New York
Buffalo, NY

How very visceral, Vinnie. But if you really want a magazine to supply you with disgusting and repulsive images of dripping entrails, mutilated carcasses and caked hair, might I suggest you keep an eyeball out for *Martha Stewart Living*. Perhaps then you'll be profoundly pleased, unlike this next person who continues to pester us with her postal prose as she did on the letters page of issue #319. Once again we are graced with her Rock 'n' Roll rigmarole...

Heather, it seems that being in Buffalo has numbed your noggin, for you are apparently naive of the fact that I, Elron, was one of the founding members of Led Zeppelin, as I am plainly pictured below with my musical cohorts, Robert, Jimmy, John Paul and John. Might I suggest that you and all our finicky fans do some fact-checking before writing to me at...

Elron
MAD Super Specials
485 MADison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

And be extra-cautious when faxing me at:
(212) 752-6872!

Babe, I'm
gonna
leave you!
Ah-ha-ha-ha!



**WHAT IS
THE MOST
SICKENING
TREND IN
MOVIES
TODAY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Just when you think the movie industry has shown every revolting possibility on the screen, the diabolical fiends seem to come up with a new outrage! To find out what their latest bit of vile work is, simply fold in page as shown in diagram on right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



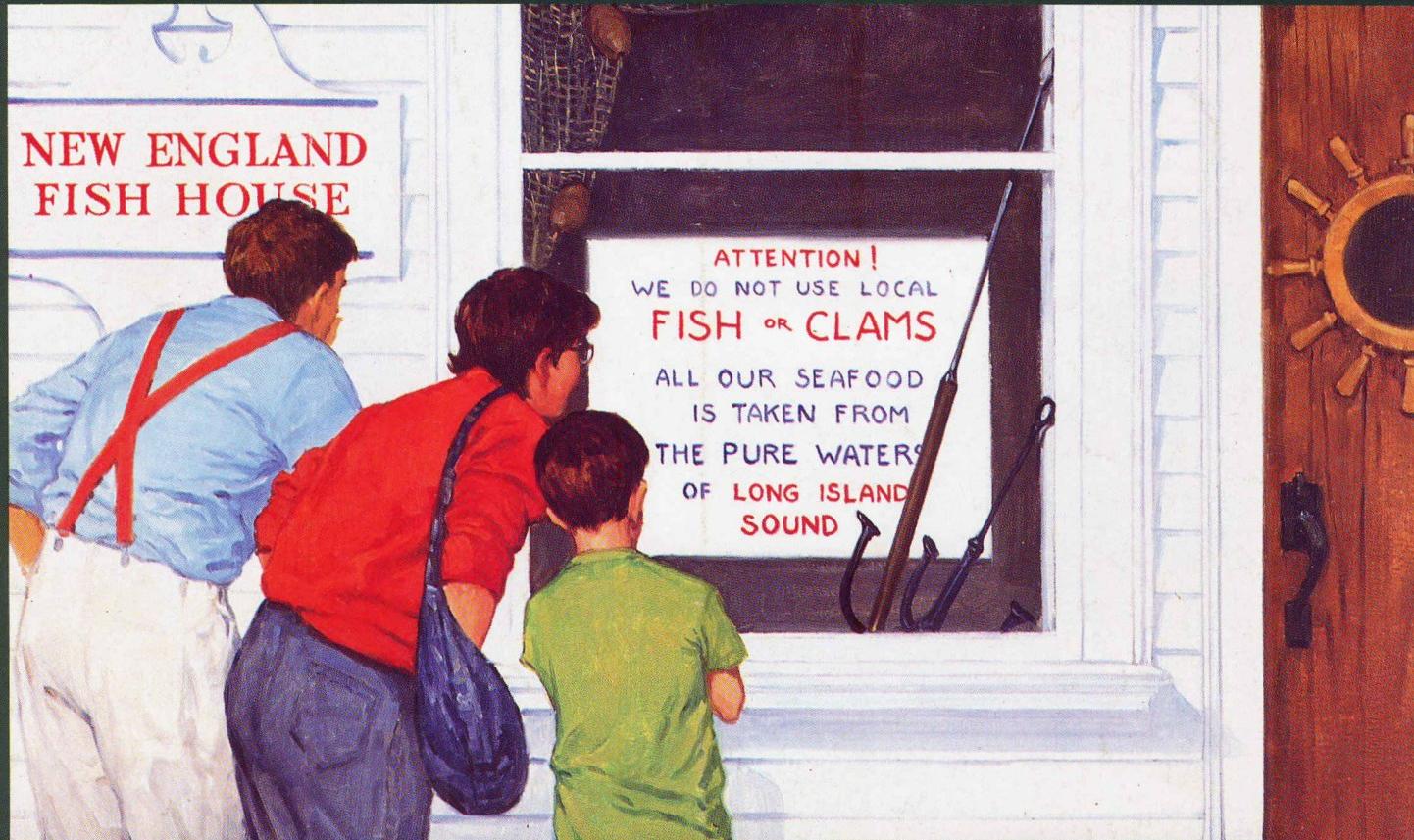
COMPLAINTS ARE MOUNTING AGAINST FILMMAKERS WHO SHOW MER-
CILESS VILLAINS, VULGAR SEX, AND SICK TWISTED MORALS
IN THEIR FILMS. NEW LAWS MAY SOON PUT THEM IN ROUGH WATERS.

A ►

◀ B

A MAD FISH STORY

LONG ISLAND CLAM HOUSE



**WHAT IS
THE MOST
SICKENING
TREND IN
MOVIES
TODAY?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ►► B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



COMMERCIALS
IN THEATERS.
A ►► B